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A ...ekly
F... ...j. Franklin

AUG. 7, '20

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A PASTEL BY NEVIN MCMEIN

LAST DAYS AND DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR TOLD IN OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS

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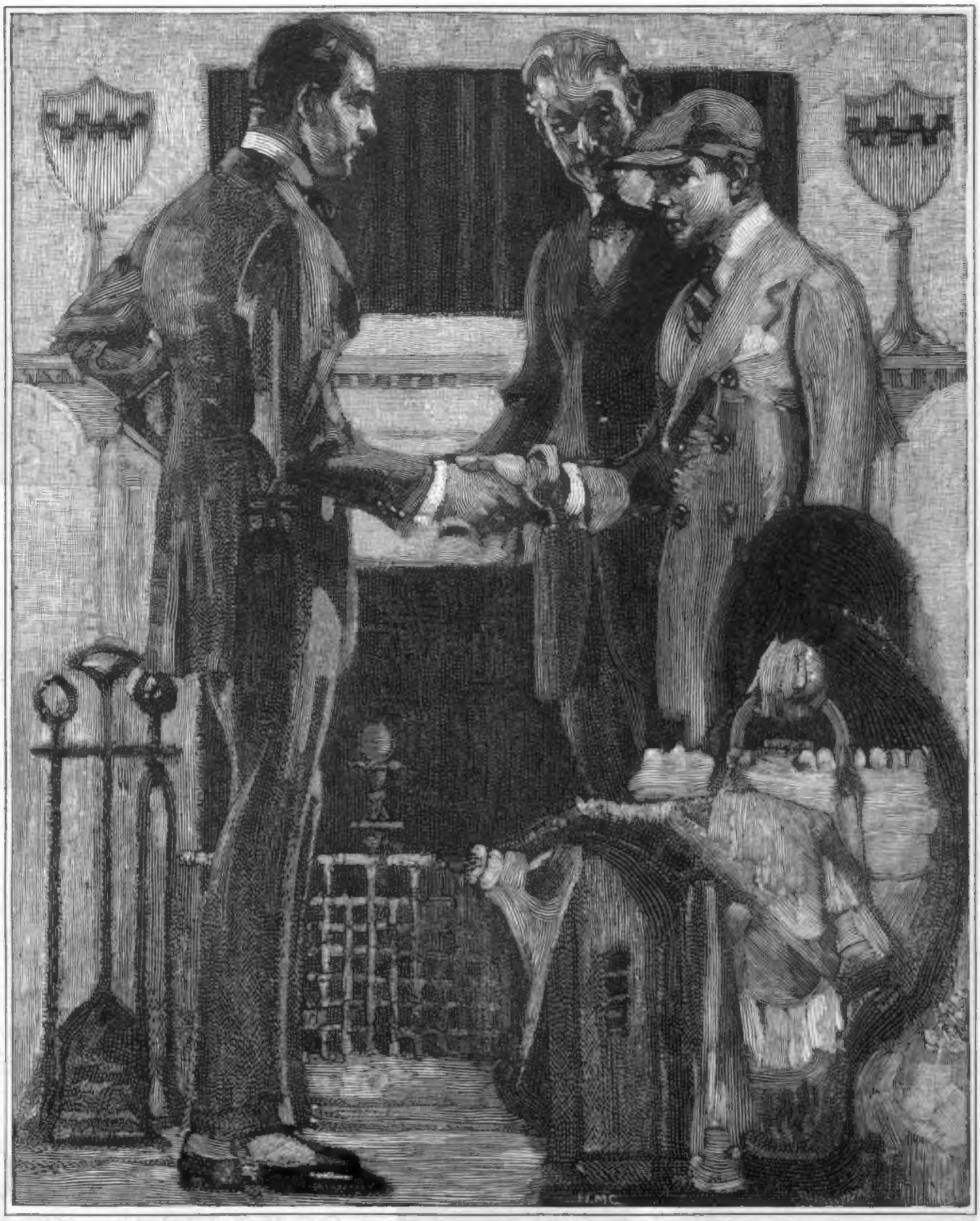

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THE ROSE DAWN

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

STEPPING to the edge of his veranda Col. Richard Peyton looked up into the early morning through the branches of his overarching live-oak trees. He was very proud of those trees, for they were taller and more widespread and branchy than any other live oaks in Arguello County, and that is saying a good deal. In fact, so impressive were they that the colonel had named the five or six acres they occupied Cathedral Oaks, thus placing them apart in all minds from the Rancho de la Corona del Monte, which was the colonel's real property. Every morning thus the colonel stepped early to his veranda's edge and looked up. And every morning something mysterious of the new day came down and met his spirit; whether it was a sound, as the low soft cooing of mourning doves; or a scent, as of something released by the dampness of fog or dew or the winter rains; or a sight, as of the slant of golden or silver light, or a solemn belated owl, or the sailing of slow clouds down the wind. These things he absorbed, and they grew into his subconsciousness and thus became part of him, so that at last he rose to a mild scorn of all who did not likewise rise betimes.

"By Godfrey, Allie," he would cry to his plump, bright-eyed, alert little wife, as he strode round the breakfast table to kiss her ceremonially, "I cannot understand these slug-abeds! They miss the best of the day."

And then he would seat himself across the table and beam about. The dining room thereupon resumed its natural size, for as long as the colonel was afoot it became much smaller than even its actual and modest dimensions. The colonel was not more than six feet, and he was slender, but he had presence. Everything except the Cathedral Oaks and the Sierra del Sur seemed rather undersized when he was round—and they only just fitted. As a matter of fact, the ranch house, when analyzed right down and stripped of its vines and its coco matting and its big pink sea shells and its wonderful haircloth mahogany and its doilies and stuffed birds and steel engravings and traditions, and such matters, would have turned out to be merely a rather small, one-storied, board-and-batten structure with a wide veranda running all the way round it, set comfortably amid the huge live oaks. It took a very clear-headed man to do this analysis. I know of two only, and they made their discovery with considerable surprise.

But this particular morning of one spring of the eighties was an especial occasion. The colonel did not, as was his usual custom, take a look at his oaks and his green half moon of lawn with its border of plumbago and geraniums and other bright flowers, glance down the perspective of his Avenue of Palms that led to the distant Camino Real, breathe deeply of the sparkling morning air, and so return to his table. On this one day were the most important matters afoot. It was Allie's birthday, and on that anniversary the Rancho de la Corona del Monte—hereafter let us call it, like the rest of the countryside, Corona del Monte for short—turned itself inside out and had the biggest barbecue picnic of the year. So the colonel put on his low-crowned, wide-brimmed hat and took his way round the corner of the house.

The colonel, as has been said, was tall and slender. Beneath his hat his clean-shaven face, with its hawk nose and kindly eyes, looked remarkably young and vigorous. Yet on closer inspection you could not have missed the network of fine quizzical lines that seamed his countenance, or the delightful winter-apple quality in the color of his lean, ruddy cheeks, or the calm, lofty, dignified set of the mouth, as in the portraits of Washington, Franklin and their compeers, which means not so much loftiness of soul as lack of teeth. No, the colonel was getting on. You never would have suspected it from the movements of his long figure in its black frock coat. The colonel never suspected it at all. No one had told him, not even life itself.

He moved round to the back of the house, humming something quite tuneless under his breath. On his way he did a number of little things of which he was not fully aware. He plucked successively leaves of the bay, the camphor tree and sweet geranium, rolled them in the palms of his hands and inhaled their aroma; he took off the cover of the *olla*—the earthen evaporation jar hanging from a tree—and inspected its supply of cool drinking water; he pulled up a number of weeds from the brilliant flower borders and concealed them carefully beneath the shrubbery. A flaming humming bird poised, buzzing, in front of his face. He held motionless until the little creature had darted away. None of these things could he have repeated to you. A modern psychologist would have told you they were products of his subliminal.

Manuelo, ranch foreman, at present superintending the preparations for the barbecue, would have shrugged his shoulders and said: "Eet is the señor. He ees like that." Same thing.

But near the kitchen door the colonel wakened from this sauntering, buzzing, happy dreaming. In the course of his progress hung the substitute of that day and place for the modern ice box—a framework covered with layers of burlap over which water constantly sprayed. The evaporation lowered the temperature. This contraption possessed of course a door, and the colonel's hand reached for it, as his hand had reached for the fragrant herbage or the cover of the *olla*. And then the alarm bell of his mind rang violently. The colonel withdrew his hand as from a redhot iron and looked about him with a comically guilty air. None too soon. Almost on the instant the back-porch screen door opened behind him.

"Good morning, Sing Toy," said the colonel.

"You wan' blekfus?" demanded Sing Toy.

"Presently. Pretty soon," said the colonel, managing a dignified retreat. He did not hasten his steps, yet one psychically endowed would have said he hastened. The expression of the calm, bland, white-clad Chinaman on the doorstep was as blank as still water; yet the sensitive would have distinguished accusation and reproof. Sing Toy had a queue, as did all the Chinamen of those days. It was almost as expressive in some ways as a dog's tail. The rest of Sing Toy remained as immovable as a bronze Buddha, but the tip of his queue wriggled ever so slightly, and in some subtle manner disapproval of all who investigated his domain overcast the day.

Thus roused, the colonel stepped out more briskly. He passed the large stables and their neatly whitewashed corral fences with hardly more than a glance, opened two

AUTHOR'S NOTE—The author has written this story mainly from personal experience and recollection. He has, however, used freely two books dealing with land-boom days. These are T. S. Van Dyke's Millionaires of a Day and T. R. Sanford's The Bursting of a Boom. From Van Dyke's really classic description the psychological sequence has been followed very closely, and from the Sanford book some of the auctioneer "patter" has been lifted bodily. This has been done with full appreciation and gratitude, and the author wishes here to record his indebtedness.

"Here are Matters for Your Inspection, Don Ricardo"

big swing gates and proceeded with brisk steps between a double row of small houses toward another group of live oaks beyond it and atop a small flat hill.

But he was not to be permitted to pass unchecked. A bevy of very small brown children swooped down on him noisily, came to a dead halt and an equally dead silence a few paces from him and stared round-eyed and expectant. They were very handsome children, somewhat grimy, with sketchy garments and bare feet. The colonel thrust his hands behind the tails of his frock coat and contemplated them gravely. They stared back without either embarrassment or impertinence.

"*Buenos dias, niños,*" observed the colonel at last.

"*Buenos dias,* Don Ricardo," returned the little group in chorus.

From this point you are to consider the colonel as speaking in the soft and beautiful language of California, with a deepening and mellowing of his natural manner. The colonel continued to survey them for some moments, his blue eyes twinkling, the fine network of lines deepening. The children stared back.

"I will wish you good day," said the colonel at last, moving as though to pass.

The great soft Spanish eyes about him clouded with dismay, the red full lips drooped at the corners, but the polite chorus came bravely back:

"God be with you, señor."

The colonel laughed aloud, thrust his hand in his coat-tail pocket and brought it forth filled with little hard peppermint lozenges. These he distributed, one to each, receiving a succession of staid "*muchas gracias, señor.*" He continued his walk. The children, sucking ecstatically at the fiery sweetmeat, fell gravely in behind. Some lank black-and-tan hounds, stretched at full length in the dust, rapped vigorously with thick tails, thus raising a smudge; rose and shook themselves, thus raising another; and trailed along too.

Halfway up the gentle slope that led to the second grove of live oaks the colonel was met by a very lean, dark, saturnine man with long drooping mustaches and deep vertical muscle lines running across his countenance. He, too, wore the low-crowned hat, with the addition of a woven horsehair band. As to the rest of his costume, he affected the modern rather than the traditional, though he was evidently pure Spanish. That is to say, he wore a vest but no coat, and tucked his striped trousers into soft-legged, high-heeled boots. His shirt sleeves, however, were bound by very frilly pink elastic bands with huge rosettes; his waist was encircled by a leather belt studded with *conchas* of silver; at his heels clanked loose spurs of great size, inlaid with silver, jingling with little clappers at the rowels, strapped with broad carved leather, ornamented at the buttons with silver *conchas* fully two inches across. A picturesque enough figure to satisfy any small boy, even though he carried no traditional gun nor wore traditional *chaparejos*—chaps.

This was Manuelo, major-domo, after the colonel the most important figure on the Corona del Monte.

He swept his hat from his head, the colonel raised his. Formal and stately greetings were exchanged according to the formulas in use among the Spanish. They fell in step and continued up the hill.

"All is in order, señor?" the colonel asked.

"All is in order, señor," assured Manuelo. "It was a matter of anxiety that young Juan had not returned with the pepper sauce promised us by the Doña Paredis. There is no pepper sauce like that of the Doña Paredis."

"That is true, señor," observed the colonel.

"But happily he has returned at dawn. Why inquire? Here is the pepper sauce of the Doña Paredis delivered—bright eyes or bright wine, señor; who knows?"

"And to leave either at dawn," said the colonel, "is both penance and testimony of a soul devoted to duty in spite of all."

"Or a late remembrance that he must meet Manuelo," added that worthy a little grimly. "But here are matters for your inspection, Don Ricardo."

Beneath the wide-spreading branches of the live-oak trees had been built row after row of long board tables flanked by benches.

These were evidently of long-past date, for their lumber was browned and weather-stained. But already they were partly concealed by pyramids of fruit cunningly heaped; by batteries of cutlery and tin plates and cups; by long loaves of bread; by tin pans full of walnuts and almonds; by bottles and glasses of condiments and jellies. A number of young girls and older children were darting here and there with armfuls of flowers which they arranged artfully still further to hide the brown planks—brodiæa, the great white Matilija poppies, Mariposa lilies, branches of mountain lilac, and above all great quantities of glowing golden-orange California poppies, like morsels of sunset entrapped. A very fat California woman sat on one of the benches and directed these activities. She had smooth, shining, black hair, and a smooth, shining, brown countenance and beautiful black eyes from which unexpectedly youth peered.

"The tables are beautiful, señora," said the colonel.

"*Ay de mi,*" sighed the fat woman. "These children, they know not the old arrangements of flowers. When I was a young girl ——"

"The *caballeros* gave you little time for flowers, señora, that I'll wager. It must be so, for never have I seen the tables better than to-day."

Señora Manuelo raised her fan from her lap to her face. The change was startling. The lower, grosser part of her countenance was covered. Only were visible the slumberous, youthful eyes, the smooth brow, the shining, black, parted hair. Returned for a magic moment was all the beauty of her youth. The colonel bowed in farewell, shaking his head slightly.

"No, never time for flowers, señora; for men are not blind."

Two of the tables at the end were covered with white tablecloths and furnished out with china and glassware and silver. This was for the colonel's personal guests as distinguished from the ranch retainers and those of his neighbors. Here two pretty girls were engaged, selecting from some washtubs of roses. They were very pretty in a soft, young, rounded fashion, with the lustrous, dreamy eyes and shining hair of their race. Not yet had they begun to ape the complexities of the American toilet. Their rather full-curved young figures were clad in plain, white-starched muslins, and their hair was parted smoothly and confined in the back by high, fan-shaped combs. Each had thrust one of the roses intended for the decorations over her left ear. I regret to say, also, that each had plastered on an inordinate quantity of white powder, but that was the custom. At the colonel's approach with Manuelo they ceased their activities and stood side by side.

"The table is most beautiful," said the colonel.

"*Si, señor,*" they bobbed together breathlessly.

"You have plenty of roses?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Do you enjoy yourselves at the *merienda?*"

"*Si, señor.*"

The colonel surveyed them quizzically. They were very correct, very respectful, very much in earnest to do the right thing before the master of the rancho. His hand sought his coat-tail pocket.

"Did you ever see anything like that before?" he demanded, holding up one of his peppermint lozenges.

They looked at each other, and their hands groped for each other, seeking encouragement at so embarrassing a question.

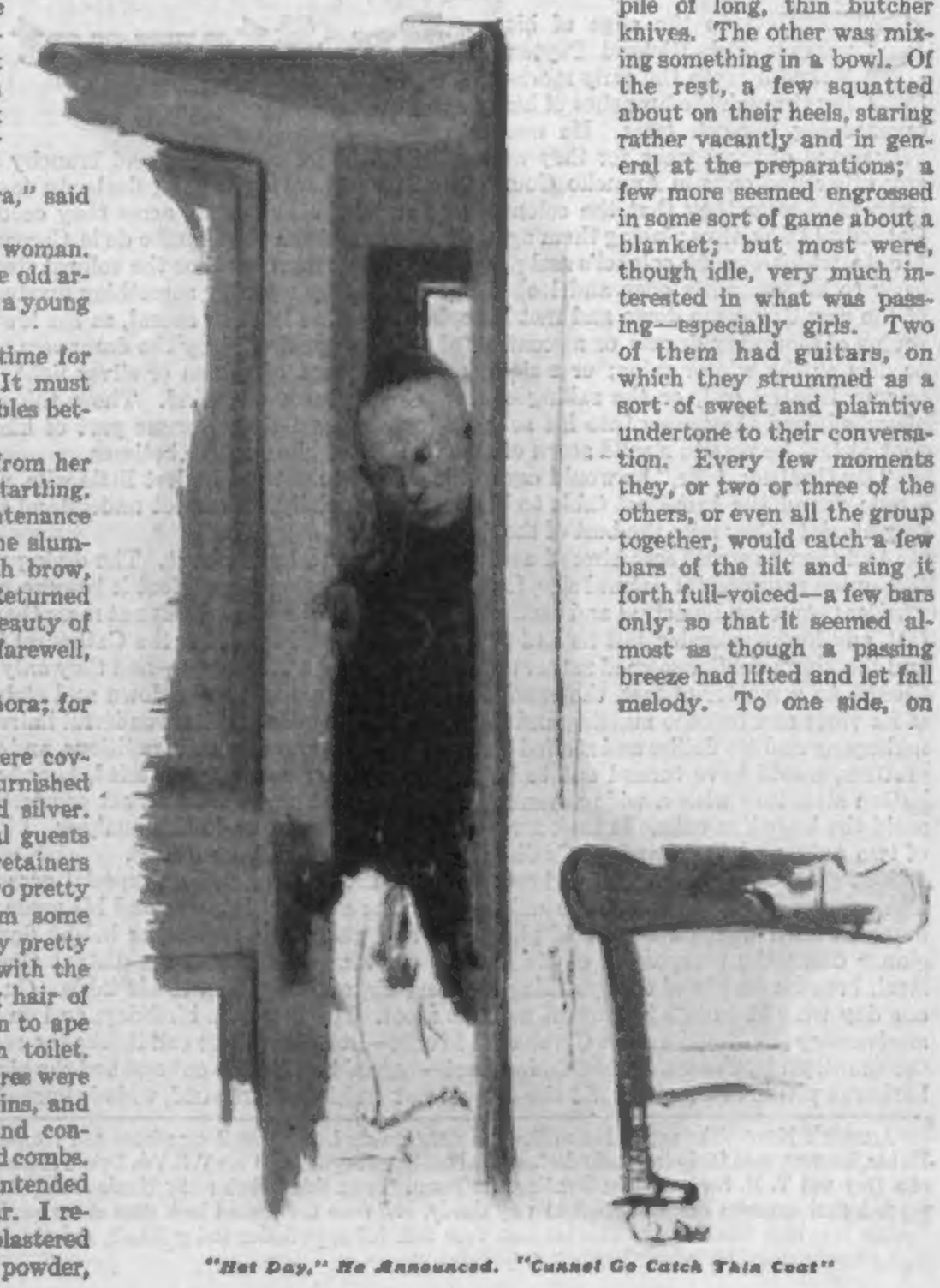
"Señorita Ynez Calderon, and you, Señorita Dolores Ygnacio," said the colonel—"you are a pair of solemn frauds. You treat me, me, as though I were the holy father and the blessed San Antonio and a total stranger all in one. And last year"—he turned to the saturnine Manuelo—"last year, mind you, they stood before me barefoot in *camisas* only, and begged me for these!" Again he held up the peppermint.

The girls dissolved toward one another in horrified protest.

"Oh, señor! Oh, Don Ricardo! Not last year! Many years ago! We are *doñas* grown these five years!"

The colonel bore down on them, bowed low, and bending forward in his most courtly fashion stopped their protests by thrusting between their lips one apiece of the celebrated peppermints. Then he bowed again gravely and turned away, leaving them giggling, their dignity all gone.

The two men now approached the heart and center of all this activity. Behind three tables of a construction more substantial than those just visited was inclosed a large open space. Here several fires were burning. Over some of these fire kettles had been suspended. Others had been built under grills or grates, and were being plied with oak and willow fuel in order to establish beds of coals. The pits had been heated, and even now contained the bull's head, the huge joints and the mutton of the main barbecue. All this was presided over by a very sleek, stout, good-looking Californian, who was perspiring freely even thus early and who wore a look of business, responsibility and care evidently out of his usual character. He seemed to have two official assistants—young, swarthy chaps; at least two young men of the many present seemed to be doing something. One was whetting a finishing edge to a pile of long, thin butcher knives. The other was mixing something in a bowl. Of the rest, a few squatted about on their heels, staring rather vacantly and in general at the preparations; a few more seemed engrossed in some sort of game about a blanket; but most were, though idle, very much interested in what was passing—especially girls. Two of them had guitars, on which they strummed as a sort of sweet and plaintive undertone to their conversation. Every few moments they, or two or three of the others, or even all the group together, would catch a few bars of the lilt and sing it forth full-voiced—a few bars only, so that it seemed almost as though a passing breeze had lifted and let fall melody. To one side, on



"Hot Day," He Announced. "Cannot Go Catch This Coat"

rough trestles, rested two aromatic barrels. A single old one-eyed man sat on a camp stool by them. Two laughing youths, their hands on each other's shoulders, stood before him.

"Not one drop, José, most worthy José, when we tell you that our throats are dry from the telling of your praises? And see, we have ridden across the Arroyo trail since last evening. It is a long ride, as you well know. Ours is not a case like all of these others. If Don Ricardo were to know of us he would instantly command us refreshments."

"He can easily know of it. Tell him yourself. Here he comes," growled José with considerable relish.

The two youths took one glance of consternation over their shoulders, and fairly ran right and left like scattered quail, pursued by delighted laughter from all those who had heard.

After a word with the grim old guardian of the wine the colonel passed to the open-air kitchen. The young men instantly rose to their feet, offered and received a stately greeting, and as instantly slid back into their strenuous occupations.

"How is the meat, Benito?" the colonel asked the cook. "Does it meet with your approval? Will it be worthy of our guests and of your skill?"

Benito's smooth, brown moon face took on an expression of ludicrously painful consideration.

"The beef, Don Ricardo," he replied, "is the best we have had since the year when the Blessed Virgin sent the October rains. Especially is that true of the roasting beef, which is, of course, as it should be. But the mutton ——"

He turned half away in an eloquent movement, as though abandoning the whole question in despair.

"The mutton is as good as the beef," struck in Manuelo. "I myself gave orders for it to come from the hills on Los Quitos. I myself saw it both before and after killing. The mutton is good."

"It is undoubtedly as the señor says," replied Benito politely, conveying quite the opposite opinion.

"We have good mutton at Los Quitos," said the colonel, "and both Mariano and Manuelo should know how to select. What is the matter with this, Benito?"

"The mutton is good, I do not deny, señor. It is in prime condition, it is tender. But the mutton of the island is better. There is a flavor, very faint to be sure, but which one can distinguish—it would have been better to have brought the island sheep, as always, instead of going afield to this Los Quitos."

"Fortunately we have Benito with his knowledge of the old days to make up the difference," said the colonel. "This rascal, Benito," he addressed the saturnine Manuelo, "would be relieved of all trouble. He could make a delicious *carne* of a burro."

The colonel's little convoy had by now succumbed to various temptations and had scattered. Only remained to him Manuelo and two solemn hounds. The former he dismissed. The latter accompanied him on his return journey.

At the edge of the live-oak grove he stopped for a moment and looked abroad, removing his hat to allow the wandering breeze to play across his high, narrow forehead and to lift his rather long, silky white hair. Beyond the village of his retainers, beyond the wide, low barns and sheds and the whitewashed corrals, beyond the green of the Cathedral Oaks, spread the broad acres of the rancho. Hill after low hill they rolled, oak-dotted like a park, green with the grasses of an abundant year or washed bravely with the brilliant color of flower masses as though a gigantic brush had been swept across the slopes. At last they climbed into foothills, and then into the milky slate of mountain ramparts, against the sun. But the colonel knew that they climbed those ramparts and descended part way the other side—thirty thousand of them, these acres. In the opposite direction, across the flat of the valley, across the King's Highway, across the waving of a broad tule marsh, was yet another low rim of hills, also oak-dotted like a park. And over their crest the colonel could make out a flash, which was the sea. Beneath the oaks it was safe to vision the cattle slowly gathering for shade—the colonel's cattle—and he could only have guessed at the number of them. Up in those sagebrush hills, shining gray, up in the chaparral of the rampart mountains, sheep were moving slowly like something molten that flows—the colonel's sheep.

As the colonel stood his eye rested on only two evidences of human occupation other than his own. Against the base of a hill, five miles away or ten—one could not tell, the air was so diamond clear—amid the green of trees gleamed white buildings. These were of the Rancho de las Flores, belonging to the colonel's friend and neighbor, Don Vincente Cazadero. At one time the Rancho de la Corona del Monte had also belonged to Don Vincente. Indeed, the two properties had been part of the same original grant, but there had been various perplexing matters of borrowings and extravagance and mortgages and some disputed titles and squatters and a whole host of vexatious, stinging little matters. It seemed on the whole simpler to get rid of them at a bite. The bite was del Monte. Las Flores still comprised forty thousand acres, and Don Vincente and the colonel had become in the course of thirty years wonderful cronies. So that was all right. The second evidence of human occupation was nearer at hand, in fact, a scant half mile distant. It was a brown little house, and it lay half hidden in the entrance of a cañon. Nothing much but the roof could be distinguished. This was the property of a man named Brainerd, and with its hundred and sixty acres had once belonged to del Monte. The colonel had sold it right from the heart of his own property, and it was the only bit of original del Monte not still in his hands.

The story is too long to tell here. But Brainerd was a gentleman and a lunger and a widower and the father of a little girl and down on his luck and proud enough to struggle for appearances and intelligent and a number of similar matters. To clinch matters he had read and could quote Moby Dick. He was going on a government homestead when the colonel found him, which was all very well, but the nearest government homesteads were a long distance out. Indeed, with the sea on one side, the Sur mountains on the other, the rich walnut and orange farms occupying the third, and del Monte and Las Flores on the fourth, the little town of Arguello might be said to be pretty well surrounded. To be sure there were the sagebrush foothills of the Sur, but they were dry, desert, fit only for sheep and quail. Take it all round, a man of moderate means, ordered to live in Arguello Valley if he would live at all, would be puzzled to find a little ranch unless he went far out. Then the colonel happened along. Somehow Brainerd found himself in the little brown house. He paid part of the astonishingly moderate price, kept up the interest on his mortgage, and there he had been for ten years.

But if the colonel had cared to turn round he could have seen the houses of Arguello only a mile away, with the

(Continued on Page 154)

He Was Surrounded by Fleffy, Gay Nymphs, All Young and Charming. Two Negligible Males Had Been Supplied by Providence as Witnesses

Last Days and Death of the Rus-

Told in Official Documents—By G. G. Telberg, Professor of Law at the

Deposition of Proskouriakoff

FROM the first to the third day of April, 1919, the coroner of the Omsk district court, N. A. Sokoloff, in conformity with Paragraphs 403–409 of the Regulations of the Penal Law Proceedings, investigated in the town of Yekaterinburg the undermentioned man, in the capacity of accused, who deposed:

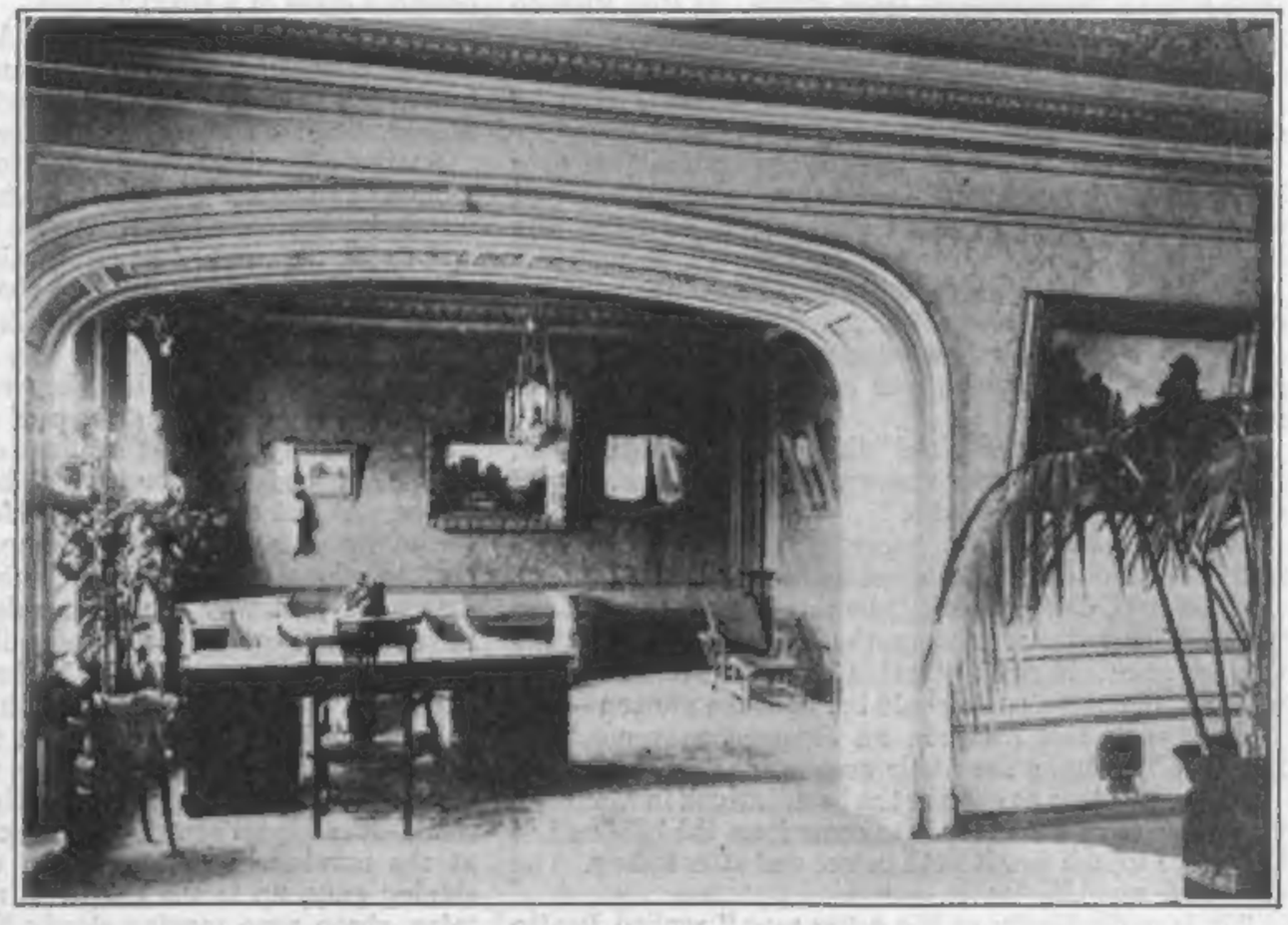
I am Philip Poliektoff Proskouriakoff. At the time that the crime was committed I was seventeen years old; I am a Russian peasant, belonging to the Orthodox Church, and single. For three years I went to the Sissert Five Class School. My specialty is electrical fittings. In answer to your questions I could explain as follows:

For many years my father had been a foreman in the iron works and resided all the time in the Sissert Iron Works. This was also my birthplace. I did not complete my studies in the Sissert school and had my studies only during three years. It was very difficult for me to learn; at the same time my father got sick and took me away from school. At first he placed me in the blacksmith's shop of the factory, so that I might learn the trade. I was instructed by Vasily Afanasevitch Belonosoff. I left after I had worked for about a year in the shop; this work was too hard for me. My eldest brother found me a position in the Palais Royal Theater, where I began to study for a position of electrician. I stayed there for about a year, learned something about electricity and started in business of my own, running electric wires in town. Later I got a position in the Central Electric Plant in Yekaterinburg. I worked there for about a month and, before Easter, 1918, went home.

I remember quite well that on May ninth I met on the bazaar a friend of mine, Ivan Semenoff Talapoff. He said to me that a certain commissar, Mrachkovsky, had started amongst our factory workmen recruiting for a special detachment that was intended to guard the Czar. Personally I did not see Mrachkovsky. I heard only that he was in command of some troops fighting against Dutoff—from whence he came here. I related to my father Talapoff's words. Both my father and my mother advised me not to enlist. My father's words were: "Philip, don't go; think it well over." I was anxious to see the Czar, so ignored my father's advice and on the next day enlisted. The enlistment took place in the house of Vasily Erkoff, which is on the Tzerkovnaia Street, close to the soviet. The enlistment was performed by one of our Sissert workmen, Paul Spiridonoff Medvedeff. Medvedeff told me that we would be paid four hundred rubles per month and we would have to perform sentry duties and would not be allowed to sleep while doing so. Such were the conditions explained to me, so I enlisted at once.

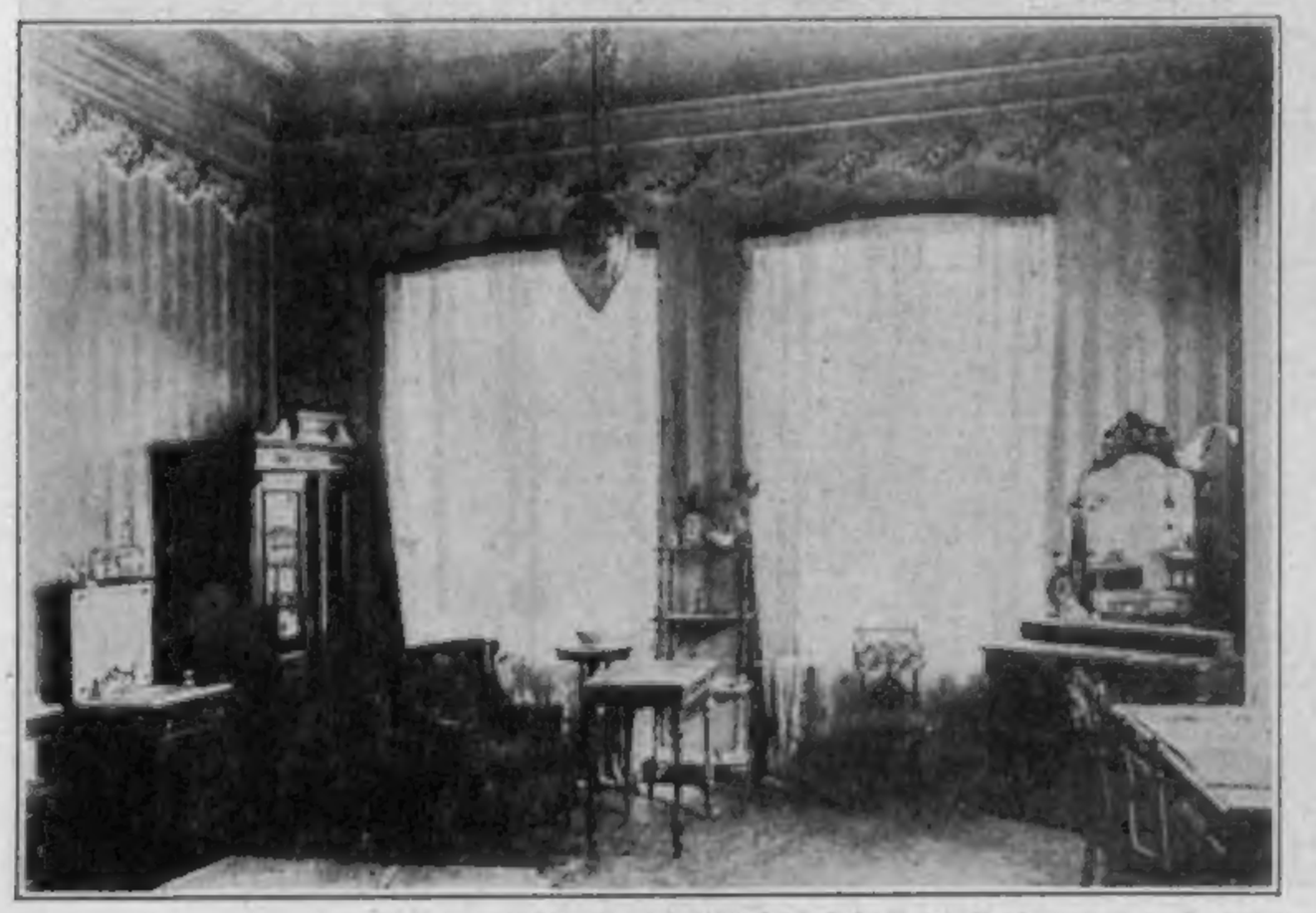
As I heard at that time, thirty Sissert workmen were all together enlisted. Later some of them withdrew, but the number of those who did so was small and they were replaced by others, also workmen from our factory.

Eleven of these first thirty men, as I was told, were members of the Bolshevik Communist Party.



The Royal Family's Sitting Room at Yekaterinburg

The Dining Room



Bedroom of the Czar

In the second half of May we arrived all together at Yekaterinburg. At first we were all quartered in the new *Gostiny-Dvor*—Bazaar House. There the soldiers of the Red Army also were located. We stayed there a few days without doing any work. At the end of May we were transferred to the Ipatieff house, where the Czar's family lived. We were placed in the rooms of the lower floor.

Alexander Moshkin, a workman of the Zhlokasoff factory, was in charge of the house and our guard detachment was under his orders. Medvedeff was the senior in our party. He was our chief. Nobody had elected him, but he was in charge of the enlistment of our party from the beginning; he paid the wages and changed the sentries. Our salary was four hundred rubles per month; Medvedeff received six hundred. Avdeeff remained all the time in the house and occupied the commandant's room. Generally he arrived at nine o'clock A. M. and left at nine o'clock P. M. Moshkin stayed all the time in the commandant's room, where he lived. Medvedeff also always stayed with those two in the same room and spent the night there.

The sentry posts were as follows: By the sentry box near the gate; by the sentry box near the chapel; between two fences, by the window of the house; in the front court, near the entrance to the house; in the back court; in the garden; in the entrance room of the upper floor, by the commandant's room; near the lavatory, where the toilet and bathroom were located. Besides that there were three sentry posts with machine guns: Beside the window of the attic; on the terrace that faced the garden; in the middle room of the lower floor.

Iourovsky Arrives as Commandant

WE WERE performing our duties for about a week when Avdeeff brought up about fifteen more men—all workmen of the Zhlokasoff factory. I suppose he did it because he thought we were overworked, as we were obliged to be on duty four hours at a time. It was raining, and we were not accustomed to this sort of duty.

The Zhlokasoff workmen lived with us in the upper floor. There were not any women in our detachment. We had our own male cooks, who prepared our food. At first Ivan Kategoff was the cook; later he was replaced by Andrew Starkoff.

At the end of June or maybe at the beginning of July Moshkin was arrested by Avdeeff, as he was suspected of stealing a small gold cross belonging to the Czar. At the same time Avdeeff was also dismissed and replaced by Iourovsky. Nikoulin was appointed as his assistant.

Positively I do not know who were Iourovsky and Nikoulin. Both of them arrived at the house together. They always remained in the commandant's room. Iourovsky arrived in the morning at eight or nine o'clock and left at five or six in the afternoon. Nikoulin practically lived in the commandant's room and spent the

sian Emperor and His Family

Saratov University, and Former Minister of Justice of the Russian Government at Omsk

The House Where the Czar Was Killed

night there. Medvedeff also continued to spend the night in the same room. In about a week after Iourovsky and Nikoulin assumed their duties all the Sissert and Zhlokasoff workmen were transferred to the Popoffs'—or Oboukoffs'—house, which was opposite the Ipatieffs' house. Instead of by us, the lower floor of the Ipatieff house was occupied by Letts, who were about ten in number.

Before the arrival of the Letts all the sentry duties were performed exclusively by the Sissert workmen. After their arrival all the posts on the upper floor, where the Czar's family lived, were taken up by Letts. We, Russian workmen, were not allowed to go to the upper floor. Such were the orders of Iourovsky.

The machine-gun teams, who performed no other duty than at the machine guns, were composed from our Sissert workmen.

At the time when Avdeeff was the chief all the other posts were occupied by the rest of the workmen. But after the arrival of Iourovsky and of the Letts, we workmen began to occupy only the posts outside of the house. All posts inside of the house were assigned to the Letts. Before the arrival of the Letts I carried, as well as other workmen, my sentry duties inside the house for about six times, keeping guard by the commandant's room and the lavatory. I performed this duty in the morning, daytime, evening and night. During this time I have seen all the imperial family: The Emperor, the Empress, Czarevitch, as well as the daughters: Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia. I have seen them very well when they went for a walk or to the lavatory or pass from one room to another. They all used to walk in the garden, except the Empress. I never saw her walking in the garden. The Czarevitch I have seen only once, as he was carried by the oldest daughter of the Emperor—Olga. The Czarevitch was ill all the time.

The Day's Routine

I CAN tell about the way they spent their time from the words of Medvedeff, who, of course, saw them more frequently than I did. They got up at about eight or nine o'clock in the morning. They had family prayers. They all assembled in one room and sang prayers. They had dinner at three o'clock. They all dined together in one room; I mean to say that they dined with the servants that were with them. At nine o'clock in the evening they had supper and tea. After that they went to bed. According to the words of Medvedeff, they occupied themselves in the following way: The Emperor read, the Empress also read, or sometimes embroidered or knitted something together with her daughters. The Czarevitch, when he could, made little wire chains for his toy ship. They walked every day for about an hour or an hour and a half. They were not allowed to take any physical exercise. I remember that Pashka Medvedeff told once that the Czar Nicholas Alexandrovitch once asked Iourovsky's permission to clean the garden. Iourovsky forbade him to do it.

The Commandant's Room at Yekaterinburg

I heard their singing several times. They sang only sacred songs. On Sundays they had divine service, performed by a clergyman and a deacon, who I think were from the Verhne-Voznesensky Church.

At first the food was brought for them from a soviet dining room—two women brought it; their cook heated it. Later they were allowed to prepare their meals in the house.

Besides the imperial family in the upper floor of the house there lived with them the following persons, whom I have personally seen. There was a doctor, a stout man with gray hair, aged about fifty-five. He wore spectacles that had, as far as I remember, gold rims. There was a waiter, aged thirty-five, tall, slim and dark. A cook stayed with them. He was aged forty, was short, thin, a little bald; he had black hair and small black mustache. There was also a maid with them, aged about forty, tall, thin and dark; I did not see the color of her hair, because she always tied a handkerchief on her head. There was also a boy with them. The boy was aged about fifteen; his hair was black and he wore it parted; his nose was long; his eyes were black.

Bolshevik Surveillance

SOME other two men stayed with the imperial family; as Medvedeff explained to me, they were also servants. One of them was tall, thin, aged about thirty-five; his hair was light red and cut short; he shaved his beard and trimmed his mustache; his nose was of medium size and straight. I don't remember his other distinguishing marks, but his skin was clear and looked as delicate as a woman's. The other was also tall, aged about thirty; his hair was black and parted. He was clean shaven. The first man wore a black jacket, trousers and shoes. The second man wore a jacket, a stiff shirt, with a tie, trousers and shoes. Both of these two men I have seen only once, when I was on guard in the house during the first days. Since then I did not see them. Medvedeff told me that both of them were taken to Number Two Prison, but what was the reason of imprisoning them I was not told and I was not interested either in knowing. On several occasions I have seen the Bolshevik Beloborodoff, who came to the house probably to inspect the life of the imperial family. Anyhow I was told by Medvedeff that such was the reason of his visits. Beloborodoff I have observed very distinctly. He looked as being aged twenty-five; he was of medium height, thin; his face was pale. Beloborodoff visited the house while Avdeeff was on duty there as well as when Iourovsky was.

Regarding the restrictions and treatment of the Emperor and his family by the executives and the guards, as a matter of conscience I could explain the following: Avdeeff was a simple workman, very poorly mentally developed. Sometimes he was intoxicated. But neither he nor his guards during his time offended or did any wrong to the imperial family. Iourovsky and Nikoulin behaved themselves differently. During their time the imperial family

(Continued on Page 129)

Evidences of the Murder

WILD CARROT

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JUD WYATT woke to the sound of hurrying metal, his ears filled with the quickstep of wheels clicking over rail joints, the creak and whine of couplers and of wooden beams, all distinct and clear above the deeper note of the train. A sharp acid smell rose from the littered trash on which he lay. For a moment the noise and odor pacified the uneasiness that had disturbed his sleep, so that he did not open his eyes. He knew where he was and how he had come there.

But some deeper instinct resisted the comfortable reassurances of ear and nostril. Something in him rebelled against a new submergence in sleep. As his brain cleared this same intuition restrained him from lifting his eyelids wide. He looked out through lashes, to see slanting slices of gray light thrusting through the cracks about the broken door. And in the same covert glance he saw the three men who moved toward him—saw and knew them for what they were.

Yeggs, these three—human wreckage in which a streak of strength survived. He watched them as they converged upon him with laughing, evil faces, their shoulders lowered, their arms bent inward at the elbow. He lay quite still, one arm outflung on the litter, but a hot, joyous excitement throbbed in him so that he seemed to hear his nerves singing like taut wires in a wind, felt a dancing tempo in his pulses. The uproar of the train smoothed into an expectant hush.

The pleasurable tension deepened as he saw one of the three pause and pull a gun. He would have liked to laugh at the odds against him. He recognized the man with the gun now: Fish. They had been in the same jail somewhere, and he had heard admiring whispers of Fish. A hard guy. Somehow the recognition heightened his enjoyment as one of the others crept in close and stooped above him, one hand patting the pocket of his coat. He waited till the fellow moved between him and the gun. Then his relaxed arm lifted and hooked tight about the man's neck. In the same motion his body was erect, the spring of his knee and thigh aided by the involuntary straightening of his victim.

He laughed softly. His elbow tightened and he jackknifed forward from the hip. The other man stumbled backward, out of balance. Wyatt's knee struck him in the stomach and a whinnying scream broke from him—a cry as rare and hideous as the shriek of a horse in pain. He went limp in Wyatt's grip. Wyatt laughed again, and threw him on Fish, as he might have thrown a half-filled grain sack. They went down together and Wyatt whirled to the sidling rush of the third. He scarcely felt the impact of a fist on his cheek bone. He laughed once more and struck twice, choosing his mark deliberately just below the flattened chest. He slipped to the side, evading the clumsy attempt to clinch, and struck again. Fish, halfway to his feet, tripped his mate as he staggered back. They fell, sprawling with a favoring swerve of the car.

Wyatt's spring carried him to the door. He turned for a final look at his work, and his lip drew flat above his teeth at the sight—three of them, and a gun, and all on their faces! A glow of contempt warmed him. Hard guys, eh? Bad men? They weren't hard enough or bad enough for this job! He thrilled to a sense of power, exhilarating like a drug.

The door rolled back under his thrust as Fish scrambled for a footing in the trash. He hesitated on the sill as the flit of the overgrown right of way warned him of the train's speed.

For an instant he meditated staying, fighting it out. But Fish had found his feet now, and the gun glittered. He saw death in the distorted face above it, and leaped up and out with the yelp of the shot in his ears.

A moment of free flight and he struck the slope of a cut, struggling to keep his feet against a power which suddenly wiped out his throbbing sense of strength, flung him forward so that his face found the gravel before his hands, dragged him over briers and flints and brought him up against a sapling with a snapping jerk which wrenched every muscle in him.

He lay where he stopped, shaken and a little sick, an army of separate pains tearing at him, all the lust and heat of his fight gone from him. The clatter and roar of the train jeered at him, dulled and died in the distance before he rose. He tested warily for broken bones, and a feeble afterglow of pride came to him as he found himself unhurt except for torn skin and bruised muscles. Mighty few men could have made that jump without paying more than a few scratches for it. He grinned again at the thought of the fight, the picture of the three startled, stupid faces turned toward him as he sprang.

His black felt hat hung in a bramble close by him. He put it on, becoming aware now of half his coat, which dangled from an elbow. He threw it off, scowling. There was a long rip in his overalls, through which he saw the play of lean muscles, but the flannel shirt had taken no harm. He could do without the coat easily enough, but its loss brought him back to a sullen realization of folly.

The three yeggmen would have frisked him, of course, for money or drink or tobacco. That was natural, inevitable. No sensible working stiff would have expected anything else of the situation, or objected to the process—especially if he had been aware in advance of empty pockets. It would have been perfectly simple to submit, knowing that when they found nothing on him they would let him alone, perhaps even stand him a drink or a pill out of their own supply. If he had not yielded to the urge of a fighting impulse he could have traveled on to the end of the division with them in comfortable peace; even profited, perhaps, by their familiarity with the business of beating a passage west.

As it was he had taken a few heavy blows, risked a bullet, run a good chance of breaking his neck by a crazy jump out into the middle of nowhere. He cursed himself silently as he climbed the bank of the cut for a look at the country. A fighting fool.

The land fell away before him in long, easy billows, checkerboarded in green and gold by square fenced fields of wheat stubble and corn and clover, with straight yellow lines of road lifting and falling past farms—farms with huge painted barns and towering silos, with cheerful houses set in clumps of shade. The sun had barely lifted clear of the eastward rim and the light struck toward him across a shining sea of dew. A great clamor of birds filled the air; clear and far away he heard the bugling of roosters, and the sound, strained and sweetened by distance, stirred dim, pleasurably melancholy memories.

He shook his head and his lips drew straight and flat. A mean country, he thought, for a man afoot, with its naked roads. His self-anger quickened at the thought of dusty, sun-scorched miles, with no cover of woodlands, the ready outrush of dogs, the distrustful hostility of men and women.

"A fightin' fool," he muttered. And he cursed himself again. "I had it comin' to me."

His eye traveled over the fields intelligently. Alien as these friendly mellow lands were to his memories of farming country he saw them with a certain understanding, noted the height and vigor of the corn, the lush leafage where potato rows had all but merged in an unbroken mat of growth. He measured and appraised the cattle grazing in the pasture just before him, and his eye narrowed at the sight of a dozen horses grouped beside a bare-banked brook.

He Saw Laura Usually on These Visits, and Contrived to Make It Clear That He Prospered

"Pretty soft," he told himself. "Long past sunup and nobody at work." He observed the distant chimneys and saw no smoke. "All in bed," he guessed. "Pretty soft farmin'."

He climbed a fence and walked through deep grass to the brook. The chill of the water stung the raw abrasions on his face and hands and his scowl returned at the reminder. He crossed the pasture and emerged on a road, compressed by wire fences to a straight gash between the fields. He walked with the shuffling stiff-kneed step of the cities, and his broken shoes lifted little puffs of dust, so that his dew-drenched trousers were yellowed to the knee.

He kept his eyes straight before him, narrowed against the sun, already hot enough to sting his cheek. He had no plan. Something urged him away from the rails, and he yielded sullenly. After all, one city was the same as another; it wasn't worth the trouble it cost to experiment. And he needed food anyway. Pretty soon these lazy farmers would be up and at their breakfasts. He'd eat, first of all. After that—he did not follow the thought. It didn't matter much what happened, after breakfast. He tightened the strap which did duty as belt, suddenly conscious of an aching hunger.

He turned in at the first farm he reached, grinning scornfully at the double line of maples flanking a curved drive, the smooth barbered turf below them, the clean white of the house shining through trained vines and climbing roses. Gentleman farming, he thought, with a sullen amusement in the phrase—some rich man playing at it as at a game. There were cushioned rockers on a recessed porch behind white columns, a box hammock. As he rounded the corner he saw an open door and a small car beyond it. They even had a garage, eh?

He stopped short before the silent challenge of a man who emerged from the side door and stood surveying him with even, understanding eyes—a man lean and straight like a spear, so that his white beard and hair seemed somehow to accentuate the strength and alertness of him. Wyatt met the eyes squarely, as if the conflict of glances were a test of strength; his instinct compelled him to accept their scrutiny as he accepted any other summons to fight. And he was dimly aware, for once, of an inspection in which he detected neither compassion nor contempt. This man studied him, read him, and yet, Wyatt felt, did not despise him.

"Well?"

The voice was crisp without harshness. In some mysterious fashion it lessened Jud Wyatt's combative impulse. He answered evenly.

"I thought you might stake me to breakfast." There was no plea in his tone. He merely stated a fact. "I fell off a freight, back there a ways."

"Tramp, eh?" The eyes did not change. Wyatt's surliness resented the word rather than the tone.

"No—lookin' for work. Plenty of jobs in Detroit."

The eyes regarded him with the same steadiness. "Farmer, to begin with, weren't you?"

Jud Wyatt arrested a denial at the point of utterance. After all, this man was a farmer himself. The word lost its flavor of offense, on his lips. He nodded.

"Grew up on a farm." He glanced about him. "Not much like this, though." The contrast loosened his tongue. "Vermont—best crop you get is stones."

"I've heard so." The eyes forsook their grip on Wyatt's, and moved deliberately, as if appraising the power in his wire-lean shoulders. "Got tired of it, did you?"

"Soon as I grew up I beat it, quick." Wyatt chuckled. "All a fellow could do to wrassle a livin' out o' the rocks."

"H'm. City didn't treat you very much better, did it?" The glance made him aware of his faded, torn overalls, the stained shirt and broken shoes. He scowled, more at the memory of what the cities had done to him than at the implication of the question.

"Not much." He tightened his fists and his eyes narrowed. The farmer chuckled without mirth.

"But you're bound for Detroit, eh? Going to try it again? Even if you have to beg your way from men who stayed by the land? Why?"

Wyatt's scowl deepened. The suggestion was wholly new to him, forcing him to think, and he hated thinking.

"Nothin' in farmin'," he said slowly.

The other laughed. "Depends on what you call farming, and where you try it. I've found a pretty fair house in the land right here—and pretty good living for me and my family. Forty years back I worked by the day on this place. I've seen men do worse in the city."

Again the words prodded Wyatt's brain uncomfortably. He felt as if he groped, blindfolded, toward an elusive mocking light. Something was wrong somewhere with an established conviction that only fools stuck to the farms, that only bone-cracking work repaid them for their folly. The leisured tolerant manner of this farmer appealed at once to his envy and his contempt. It must be nearing six, and the man could stand on his steps and talk to a passing hobo; shiftless—and yet shiftless farmers didn't own houses like this and run automobiles. He remembered suddenly the smokeless chimneys he had seen at sunrise, the work horses idle in their pasture, cows still waiting to be milked. Somehow all of these things pointed to a meaning that evaded him.

"You made a living, didn't you, on your poor land up in Vermont? Well, a man who could stay alive there could get rich here—with half the work. I could use you right here—and they'll offer you work at any house you find

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A Queer Thought Came to Him: If Hattie Had Been a Boy She Could Have Whipped Him

Combing Income Schedules

By FORREST CRISSEY

Personal Audit Section, Internal Audit Division

CONTRARY to popular suspicion, the income-tax unit is mainly inhabited and administered by human beings. Anyhow, they are human enough to appreciate the practical wisdom of the canny Mr. Turgot, who observed that good taxation is the art of plucking the goose without making it squawk. The officials of the unit frankly admit that they strive to please, and aim to make the process of plucking as painless as possible—at least to the taxpayer whose intentions appear to be honest. It is a settled point of policy with the administration of this important arm of the Government that too many squawking geese would be unpleasant and also a poor advertisement for the live-feather industry. A nation of contented income-tax payers is the big dream of those who are charged with the responsibility of plucking this form of government support from the pockets of our prosperous citizens.

Not long ago a citizen laboring under evident excitement entered the office of the commissioner of internal revenue and asked for an interview with the chief. If his name had not been instantly recognized by that busy official the interview would have been granted just as cheerfully, but the commissioner at once identified his caller as a man of importance in the financial affairs of a certain large city.

Invited to be seated and release his safety valve, the nervous visitor spoke with undiplomatic directness.

"I've just discovered," he declared, "that I've overpaid my income and profit taxes for the past year in the amount of a good many thousands of dollars. Of course I could grin and bear it—the loss of the money involved wouldn't break me—but there are certain features of that tax which seem fundamentally unjust to me and this tends to make me decidedly touchy, I suppose. It always upsets me to lose money through sheer stupidity. I can take a heavy loss on the market without a whimper—but to make a silly blunder in figuring or in paying out funds upsets me rather shamefully."

Touched, but Happy

"I HAVEN'T come down here with the idea that it's going to do me any real good, but just for the moral satisfaction of learning how much I'm out—and perhaps of getting somebody to admit it officially."

"To my mind," remarked the commissioner, "it's a poor rule of honesty that will not work both ways in a matter of this sort. The Government says that you must pay a certain income tax—and is mighty set and explicit as to just how it shall be figured. It admits no such clause as 'errors and omissions excepted.' The familiar invoice line to this effect is not to be found anywhere on your tax bill.

"The Government doesn't permit you to make a mistake and get away with it.

"I'd be ashamed to represent a government that took this stand as to mistakes made against it and would then turn round and take the benefit of a mistake in its favor. And I don't represent that sort of government. If a careful check of your income return shows that you have paid us a dollar or a million dollars more than you should have paid under a fair interpretation of the law, that sum will be cheerfully refunded to you.

"Of course if the situation should happen to be reversed by the findings and it turned out that you should be assessed an additional tax you would as cheerfully pay it as a matter of common fairness."

"Yes, of course," admitted the distressed caller, "but this time the shoe happens to be on the other foot!"

The visiting stranger was then introduced to the head of the income-tax unit and finally to the auditors assigned to check his return.

About three days later, when the commissioner had forgotten the incident, this citizen met him in his outer office, grasped his hand and smilingly exclaimed: "Just ran in to tell you, Mister Commissioner, that we've been all over my tax matter with a fine-tooth comb and it's all fixed up to my complete satisfaction."

"By the change in your expression and general appearance," remarked the commissioner, "I should judge that you are going away with a substantial refund."

"No sir," promptly responded the man from the West, "that's the queer part of it. I have just given my check to cover an additional assessment of more than forty thousand dollars. But I haven't a kick. And I'm glad I came. Your men showed me precisely where I was mistaken, and you and all the others I've met down here have demonstrated to me that this place is run strictly on the square and that you are just as much concerned to protect the taxpayer against his own mistakes as you are to get all that is coming to you under the law."

As the smiling taxpayer, who had been unexpectedly touched for an additional forty thousand, disappeared into the corridor the commissioner remarked: "Looks to me as if we're really learning how to pluck the goose without raising a squawk. I'd call that making 'em pay and making 'em like it, all right. There are certain taxpayers to whom we have handed back about a million dollars each who were not any better satisfied than this man who was called upon to make an additional payment of forty thousand dollars when he had expected a big refund instead—or rather had thought that one was due him but that probably he would not get it.

"And right there is an illustration of the attitude of the average honest citizen of this country. Show him that Uncle Sam is as human and fair as he is and that this official organization is not a kennel of bloodthirsty tax hounds bent on getting all they can, but a body of officers who are just as keen on giving justice as on getting it, and the result is a satisfied taxpayer—without regard to whether he gets a refund or an additional assessment."

"But," I remarked, "I noticed that you confined your observation to 'the honest citizen'—which might be a rather broad handicap."

"It might be," he replied, "but as a matter of fact it isn't. Our experience is that most income-tax payers intend to make square and honest returns. We are so thoroughly convinced of this average attitude that we base our own official policy on it. Our attitude on the opening of a tax return for examination is that it is intentionally honest. And generally this approach is justified. I have some reason for thinking that the public believes us to be professional pessimists of the most unqualified kind and that we have here the lowest opinion of average human honesty to be found anywhere in the country.

"That's a great mistake. On the whole we have a high opinion of the financial honesty of the average taxpaying citizen. I'm frank to say that it takes the most positive evidence of fraud to make us shift our normal attitude and say to ourselves: 'This man is a crook; he's deliberately trying to cheat the Government.' Of course we do have thousands of such cases. But we find immensely more of those showing evidence of intentional fairness. No doubt many are deterred from attempting to falsify their returns by fear of detection and punishment. But, admitting this, I am still inclined to feel that most income-tax payers do not wish to defraud the Government."

This naturally suggested the interesting question: What chance has the intentionally crooked taxpayer to cash in on his dishonest intentions and get away with it, permanently? I put this question up to Mr. Alexander, head of the technical division of the unit.

He smiled and replied: "I can't say that I consider his chances very encouraging. This is not because we are a breed of supersleuths down here but because we are dealing with human nature. Only a fair understanding of that factor is necessary to compel the conviction that concealing income, like murder, will out. The main thing which makes its betrayal almost automatic is the fact that any attempt at fraud generally involves more than one person—usually an employer and an employee. The employer who gets himself into this position is at the mercy of the employee who—willingly or unwillingly—connives to beat the Government."

Belated Penitence

"IT IS easy to say that an employer who would attempt to carry out such a scheme of connivance is not only foolish but foolhardy to the point of complete recklessness. The fact remains that this plan is attempted in hundreds of cases; this we know. Sometimes I think that the highest testimonial to the loyalty of the bookkeeping fraternity is furnished by employers of this class, who take it for granted that they can place their freedom from imprisonment and from financial and social ruin in the hands of confidential accountants without fear of being betrayed.

"In hundreds of cases this almost childlike confidence is well placed—for I do not flatter myself that we have as yet detected all the cases of intentional fraud embodied in our immense collection of tax returns. But here again we have to consider the dominant element of human nature. Partners quarrel and corporation auditors, treasurers and accountants have disagreements with their principals. These upheavals come most unexpectedly and after long years of intimate and confidential relationship. And when they do come the man who has helped his principal in framing a fraudulent income-tax return has a sure and reasonably safe weapon of revenge or extortion in his hands. Generally he knows how to use it.

"Belated penitence for connivance in a scheme of this kind must naturally be taken at face value. It is difficult to disprove. Also, it is just as useful in unearthing a fraud case, whether genuine or simulated, disproven or proven. Motive is generally difficult of positive proof and when a discharged accountant claims that his disclosures come from the proddings of an unquiet conscience instead of a desire for revenge he has rather the best of the argument—especially if he is able to give positive proof that his conscience should have troubled him."

The circumstances leading to the trial, conviction and sentence of two men doing a large business in an Eastern city illustrate the most common kind of income-tax-fraud leakage.

One day information reached the head of the income-tax unit that an accountant in a certain city was suffering acutely from the attacks of an outraged conscience in connection with the tax return of the firm with which he had been associated, and that he was ready to make a clean breast of the whole unsavory business. Naturally he did not neglect to negotiate for his own exemption from criminal prosecution.

There was no indefiniteness about the evidence which he gave—except in perhaps one particular. This was touching the fact that he had asked for a substantial raise in salary shortly before his conscience had triumphed over his fears. With a sublime faith in the traditional long-suffering patience of bookkeeper nature his employers denied his request and he was let out. The result of this overconfidence on the part of his employers was that they were let in for terms in a Federal prison and fines to the amount of about a million dollars. These men had maintained a double set of books and the job was extremely well done.

Undoubtedly the most ingenious fraud-defense plea ever offered to an officer of the income-tax unit was also provoked by a tip from a bookkeeper with an ax to grind. It is known in the technical division as the Spendthrift Brother Case. The confidential information which confirmed the suspicions roused by the regular audit and put the unit on the trail indicated where a little red book could be found. The search was fruitful and the book decidedly illuminating.

The Spendthrift Brother Case

WHEN the two brothers owning two-thirds of the stock in the tight little corporation were faced with the little red book and its revelations they threw up their hands and declared: "You do us a great injustice. We are not attempting to defraud the Government, but are simply trying to protect an erring and spendthrift brother who owns one-third of the company's stock and squanders every dollar he can secure. We decided that we must do something to protect him against himself until he comes to his senses and settles down to a sober and reasonable way of living. The only way by which this could be done was to conceal from him the profits of the business. That we intended to return to him his share of the profits when he reformed his spendthrift ways—and also to pay the Government the tax on that part of the profits and income temporarily withheld—is proved by the careful record kept in the little red book. Why would we have kept an exact record if we did not intend to make restoration to him and to the Government when we could do so without contributing to his downfall?"

The little red book indicated that the job of cutting out the major portion of the wayward brother's profits had been very neatly done, and that in these days of the high cost of dissipation he could not have traveled far along the downward speedway on the dividend checks from the family corporation after the elder brothers had split the guardianship fund two ways and thus disposed of one-half the company's profits.

The officials of the income-tax unit, however, failed to see these men as zealous protectors of their brother's morals. They even felt a bond of sympathy for the wayward youth and decided to exercise a close guardianship over the two self-appointed guardians. Which suggests that any reforms in which the amount of a firm's or an individual's income tax is involved should be carefully considered—together with the feelings of any bookkeepers or accountants who may be taken into confidence in the course of the transaction! Bookkeepers are queer birds and are quite as likely to harbor a sneaking sympathy for gay young spendthrifts as for those who are trying to reform them—at the expense of the objects of the uplift.

"The inventory is the nest," declared one official of the unit, "in which we always look for rotten eggs. This is a favorite place for their concealment. Corporation executives of a certain stripe seem to have acquired the impression that the auditors of the income-tax unit are babes in the wood when they encounter a complex inventory and will not be able to tell which way is north. This is a grave mistake. We have a choice collection of inventory sharks who regard taking the kinks out of a highly manipulated inventory as the greatest indoor sport ever invented. What is more important to the taxpayer, they seem to have developed almost a sixth sense for discriminating between an honestly mistaken inventory and one built with intent to deceive.

"To make a just and fair inventory for a large business—especially one that is as complex as it is extensive—is no simple task. For this reason we must be extremely cautious about concluding that it has been fabricated from a deliberate intent to deceive. Where the element of individual judgment enters into a figure or into selecting a basis of computation the taxpayer must be given the benefit of the doubt until a dishonest intent is clearly evident."

A field auditor on his return from a trip where he had checked the return of a large mill appeared before his chief and declared: "This case is a tough one. The inventory is badly out of plumb—but still I'm not fully convinced that there has been an attempt to trim the Government. At first it looked as if it were going to develop into a well-defined case of fraud; but I haven't been able so far to reach a positive conviction in my own mind of the criminal intent of this taxpayer. It is decidedly puzzling. If we get the officers of the company up here perhaps their intent can be more clearly developed."

A request to this effect met a generous response; the company sent a delegation of about fifteen of its most important men. Their attitude and manner, as the conference progressed, were closely observed, but failed to give any clear indications of a guilty conscience. It did not take long to show these men that their company owed the Government more than a million and a half dollars on a straight adjustment, and that the penalties incurred doubled that sum. This finding made the head man of the company gasp.

The examination indicated that the inventories had been on a proper basis up to 1917. Then came a change. That year presented possibilities of decided fluctuation and the inventory was figured at a price to protect against a drop in the market. At the same time this concern—doing a business of more than twenty million dollars—adopted the policy of hedging on the market, which brought them profits of about two hundred thousand dollars. All this change of base in figuring inventory values would, if not challenged, have saved the company fully one million five hundred thousand dollars.

The conference closed Saturday evening with a discussion of penalties also amounting to a million and a half. The opening of business Monday morning found the head of the big mill company camping on the doormat of the chief of the unit. With tears in his eyes he declared that the penalty would spell financial ruin for himself and his whole family; that the additional assessment of a million and a half would strain his resources to the utmost, but the doubling of that sum meant collapse. He also reviewed the circumstances of the change of base and urged various points indicating with considerable plausibility that there had not been a criminal intent.

The Purpose of Penalties

AT THE end of this plea the head of the tax unit made substantially this answer: "You have not wholly convinced me of all absence of criminal intent, but you have established in my mind and those of my associates connected with the case a reasonable doubt that you or your associates immediately concerned in making your return had a specific intention to defraud the Government. We recognize that the making of an inventory such as yours is a highly technical and intricate task; that the men who handled that work for you have given some evidence in the course of our conference of a lack of entire competency for the job, and finally that the affairs of your company indicate that it would be virtually impossible for it to raise the amount of its penalties together with the additional assessment. In other words, the assessment of the penalties would probably prevent the collection of the additional assessment because it would ruin the company.

"As a matter of human justice and of practical business we have virtually decided to give you the benefit of the doubt and not assess the penalties. So I suggest that you prepare a careful affidavit pointing out the indications of a lack of criminal intent and submit that for a final review."

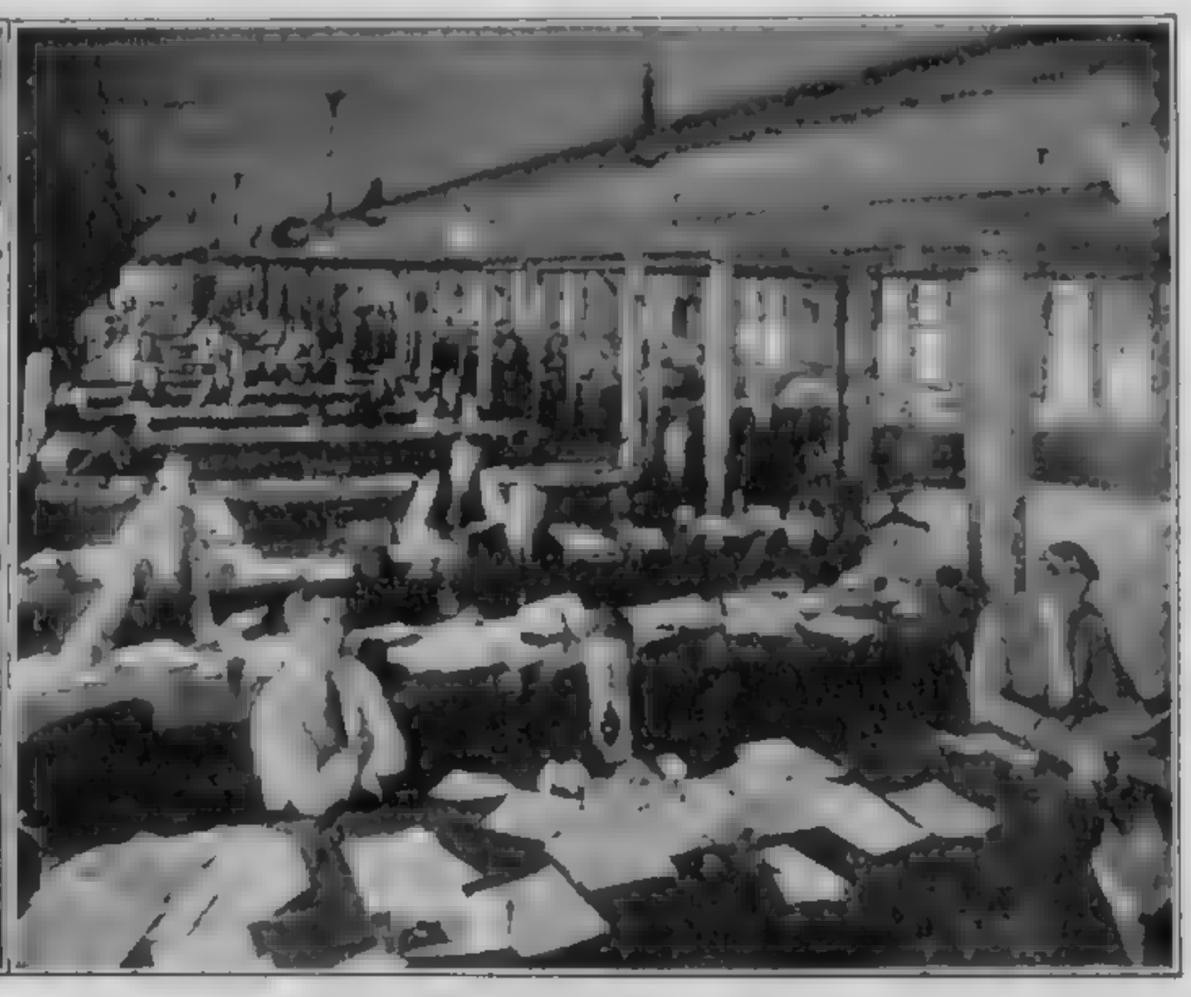
This taxpayer was not penalized. The chastened head of the company first exhausted all his personal resources, as did his principal associates, and raised the million and a half for the payment of the back taxes. Next he gave his attention to the reorganization of the accounting staff, employing highly competent men. If any mistakes are made in the income-tax schedules of the concern now they are against the company and not the Government—which is considered a fair indication that this erring taxpayer was sufficiently penalized without the imposition of the penalties that might have been assessed under the law.

"Our assessment of penalties," declares Mr. Newton, the head of the unit, "and our prosecutions for fraud cannot rest upon mere technical grounds and work out human justice and that public respect for the administration of the income-tax law that is necessary for the real and permanent success of the great task. The real purpose of penalties is not to increase the volume of income-tax receipts but to let honest men know that we're after the crooks and let the crooks know that they can't get away with a fraudulent return without suffering for it. And, of course, this is also true with respect to prosecutions.

(Continued on Page 44)

PHOTOS BY H. H. BUDGOUT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Revenue Records Section, Field Audit Division



The Trading Section, Internal Audit Division

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

The Shyster—By Arthur Train

Shyster, n. [Origin obscure.] One who does business trickily; a person without professional honor: used chiefly of lawyers; as, pettifoggers and shysters.—CENTURY DICTIONARY.

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.—B. FRANKLIN. At the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Dot's Him! It Was a Feller Mit a Red Sweater! Dot's the Vun Who Done It!" Shrieked the Butcher

WHEN Terry McGurk hove the brick through the window of Froelich's butcher shop he did it casually, as a matter of course, on general principles, and without any idea of starting anything. He had strolled unexpectedly round the corner from his dad's saloon, had seen the row going on between Froelich and the gang of boys that after school hours used the street in front of the shop as a ball ground, and had merely seized the opportunity to vindicate his reputation as a desperado and put one over on the Dutchman. The fact that he had on a red sweater was the barest coincidence. Having observed the brick to be accurately pursuing its proper trajectory he had ducked back round the corner again and continued upon his way rejoicing. He had not even noticed Tony Mathusek, who, having accidentally found himself in the midst of the mêlée, had started to beat a retreat the instant of the crash, and had run plump into the arms of Officer Delany of the Second. Unfortunately Tony too was wearing a red sweater.

"I've got you, you young devil!" exulted Delany. "Here's one of 'em, Froelich!"

"Dot's him! It was a feller mit a red sweater! Dot's the vun who done it!" shrieked the butcher. "I vill make a gomblaint against him!"

"Come along, you! Quit yer kickin'!" ordered the cop, twisting Tony's thin arm until he writhed. "You'll identify him, Froelich?"

"Sure! Didn't I see him mit my eyes? He's vun of dem rascals vot drives all mine gustomers avay mit deir yelling and screaming. You fix it for me, Bill."

"That's all right," the officer assured him. "I'll fix him good, I will! It's the reformatory for him. Or, say, you can make a complaint for malicious mischief."

"Sure! Dot's it! Malicious mischief!" assented the not overintelligent tradesman. "Ve'll get rid of him for good, eh?"

"Sure," assented Delany. "Come along, you!"

Tony Mathusek lifted a white face drawn with agony from his tortured arm.

"Say, mister, you got the wrong feller! I didn't break the window. I was just comin' from the house ——"

"Aw shut up!" sneered Delany. "Tell that to the judge!"

"Y' ain't goin' to take me to jail?" wailed Tony. "I wasn't with them boys. I don't belong to that gang."

"Oh, so you belong to a gang, do ye? Well, we don't want no gangsters round here!" cried the officer with adroit if unscrupulous sophistry. "Come along now, and keep quiet or it'll be the worse for ye."

"Can't I tell my mother? She'll be lookin' for me. She's an old lady."

"Tell nuthin'. You come along!"

Tony saw all hope fade. He hadn't a chance—even to go to a decent jail! He had heard all about the horrors of the reformatory. They wouldn't even let your people visit you on Sundays! And his mother would think he was run over or murdered. She would go crazy with worry. He didn't mind on his own account, but his mother —— He loved the old widowed mother who worked her fingers off to send him to school. And he was the only one left, now that Peter had been killed in the war. It was too much. With a sudden twist he tore out of his coat and dashed blindly down the street. As well might a rabbit hope to escape the claws of a wildcat. In three bounds Delany had him again, choking him until the world turned black.

But this is not a story about police brutality, for most cops are not brutal. Delany was an old-timer who believed in rough methods. He belonged, happily, to a fast-vanishing system more in harmony with the middle ages than with our present enlightened form of municipal government. He remained what he was for the reason that farther up in the official hierarchy there were others who looked to him, when it was desirable, to deliver the goods—not necessarily cash—but to stand with the bunch. These in turn were obligated on occasion, through self-interest or mistaken loyalty to friend or party, to overlook trifling irregularities, to use various sorts of pressure, or to forget what they were asked to forget. There was a far-reaching web of complicated relationships—official, political, matrimonial, commercial and otherwise—which had a very practical effect upon the performance of theoretical duty.

Delany was neither an idealist nor a philosopher. He was an empiricist, with a touch of pragmatism—though he did not know it. Even reform administrations have been known to advocate a liberal enforcement of the laws. Can you blame Delany for being a practical man when others so much greater than he have prided themselves upon that same attribute of practicality? There were of course a lot of things he simply had to do or get out of the force; at any rate, had he not done them his life would have been intolerable. These consisted in part of being deaf, dumb and blind when he was told to be so—a comparatively easy matter. But there were other things that he had to do as a matter of fact, to show that he was all right, which were not only more difficult, but expensive, and at times dangerous.

He had never been called upon to swear away an innocent man's liberty, but more than once he had had to stand for a frame-up against a guilty one. According to his cop psychology, if his side partner saw something it was practically the same as if he had seen it himself. That phantasmagorical scintilla of evidence needed to bolster up a weak or doubtful case could always be counted on if Delany was the officer who had made the arrest. None of his cases were ever thrown out of court for lack of evidence, but then, Delany never arrested anybody who wasn't guilty! And of course he had to "give up" at intervals, depending on what administration was in power, who his immediate superior was, and what precinct he was attached to.

He was not a regular grafter by any means. He was an occasional one merely; when he had to be. He did not consider that he was being grafted on when expected to contribute to chowders, picnics, benevolent associations, defense funds or wedding presents for high police officials. Neither did he think that he was taking graft because he amicably permitted Froelich to leave a fourteen-pound rib roast every Saturday night at his brother-in-law's flat. In the same way he regarded the bills slipped him by Grabinsky, the bondsman, as well-earned commissions, and saw no reason why the civilian clothes he ordered at the store shouldn't be paid for by some mysterious friendly person—identity unknown—but shrewdly suspected to be Mr. Joseph Simpkins, Mr. Hogan's runner. Weren't there to be any cakes and ale in New York simply because a highbrow happened to be mayor? Were human kindness, good nature and generosity all dead? Would he have taken a ten-dollar bill—or even a hundred-dollar one—from Simpkins when he was going to be a witness in one of

He Told Her That Tony Could and Would Rot in the Tombs Until Such Time as She Procured Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars

Hogan's cases? Not on your life! He wasn't no crook, he wasn't! He didn't have to be. He was just a cog in an immense wheel of crookedness. When the wheel came down on his cog he automatically did his part.

I perceive that the police are engaging too much of our attention. Let us hurry on to Tutt and Mr. Tutt. But it was necessary to explain why Delany was so ready to arrest Tony Mathusek, and why as he dragged him into the station house he beckoned to Mr. Joey Simpkins, who was loitering outside in front of the deputy sheriff's office, and whispered behind his hand, "All right. I've got one for you!"

Then the machine began to work as automatically as a cash register. Tony was arraigned at the bar, and, having given his age as sixteen years and five days, charged with the "malicious destruction of property, to wit, a plate-glass window of one Karl Froelich, of the value of one hundred and fifty dollars." Mr. Joey Simpkins had shouldered his way through the smelly push and taken his stand beside the bewildered and half-fainting boy.

"It's all right, kid. Leave it to me," he said, encircling him with a protecting arm. Then to the clerk: "Pleads not guilty."

The magistrate glanced over the complaint, in which Delany, to save Froelich trouble, had sworn that he had seen Tony throw the brick. Hadn't the butcher said he'd seen him? Besides, that let the Dutchman out of a possible suit for false arrest. Then the magistrate looked down at the cop himself.

"Do you know this boy?" he asked sharply.

"Sure, Yerroner. He's a gangster. Admitted it to me on the way over."

"Are you really over sixteen?" suddenly demanded the judge, who knew and distrusted Delany, having repeatedly stated in open court that he wouldn't hang a yellow dog on his testimony. The underfed, undersized boy did not look more than fourteen.

"Yes, sir," said Tony. "I was sixteen last week."

"Got anybody to defend you?"

Tony looked at Simpkins inquiringly. He seemed a very kind gentleman.

"Mr. Hogan's case, judge," answered Joey. "Please make the bail as low as you can."

Now this judge was a political accident, having been pitchforked into office by the providence that sometimes watches over sailors, drunks and third parties. Moreover, in spite of being a reformer he was nobody's fool, and when the other reformers who were fools got promptly fired out of office he had been reappointed by a supposedly crooked boss simply because, as the boss said, he had made a hell of a good judge and they needed somebody with brains here and there to throw a front. Incidentally, he had a swell cousin on Fifth Avenue who had invited the boss and his wife to dinner, by reason of which the soreheads who lost out went round asking what kind of a note it was when a silk-stocking crook could buy a ten-thousand-dollar job for a fifty-dollar dinner. Anyhow, he was clean and clean-looking, kindly, humorous and wise above his years—which were thirty-one. And Tony looked to him like a poor runt, Simpkins and Delany were both rascals. Froelich wasn't in court, and he sensed a nigger somewhere. He would have turned Tony out on the run had he had any excuse. He hadn't, but he tried.

"Would you like an immediate hearing?" he asked Tony in an encouraging tone.

"Mr. Hogan can't be here until to-morrow morning," interposed Simpkins. "Besides, we shall want to produce witnesses. Make it to-morrow afternoon, judge."

Judge Harrison leaned forward.

"Are you sure you wouldn't prefer to have the hearing now?" he inquired with a smile at the trembling boy.

"Well, I want to get Froelich here—if you're going to proceed now," spoke up Delany. "And I'd like to look up this defendant's record at headquarters."

At That Moment Mr. Tutt Took His Stand at Tony's Side

Tony quailed. He feared and distrusted everybody, except the kind Mr. Simpkins. He suspected that smooth judge of trying to railroad him.

"No! No!" he whispered to the lawyer. "I want my mother should be here; and the janitor, he knows I was in my house. The rabbi, he will give me a good character."

The judge heard and shrugged his bombazine-covered shoulders. It was no use. The children of darkness were wiser in their generation than the children of light.

"Five hundred dollars bail," he remarked shortly. "Officer, have your witnesses ready to proceed to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock."

"Mr. Tutt," said Tutt with a depressed manner as he watched Willie remove the screen and drag out the old gate-leg table for the firm's daily five-o'clock tea and conference in the senior partner's office, "if a man called you a shyster what would you do about it?"

The elder lawyer sucked meditatively on the fag end of his stogy before replying.

"Why not sue him?" Mr. Tutt inquired.

"But suppose he didn't have any money?" replied Tutt disgustedly.

"Then why not have him arrested?" continued Mr. Tutt. "It's libelous *per se* to call a lawyer a shyster."

"Even if he is one," supplemented Miss Minerva Wiggin ironically, as she removed her paper cuffs preparatory to lighting the alcohol lamp under the teakettle.

"The greater the truth the greater the libel, you know!"

"And what do you mean by that?" sharply rejoined Tutt. "You don't ——"

"No," replied the managing clerk of Tutt & Tutt.

(Continued on Page 170)

Postwar Conditions in World Finance

By James S. Alexander

PRESIDENT, NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK

LEVEL-HEADED business is the only solution I know for the world's present financial difficulties. The problem of readjustment is not one for the few but for the many. It is not one for special methods. It is not one man's problem or one nation's problem but all the world's problem. It is not one merely for ministers of finance, for bankers, business men and economists to solve, but one in which all people must bear a greater or smaller part.

That is why level-headed business is the only method big enough to cope with the situation. It is the normal way in which the vast majority of people naturally carry on their affairs, either through their own initiative or by submitting to abler initiative. The world could not have attained to-day's advanced stage of progress if prudence and sanity and level-headedness had not dominated the activities of men, outweighing all the blunders, all the wastefulness and inefficiency and folly that, it must be admitted, play a large part in human affairs. This natural and dominating force of prudence in the world's affairs is the unifying principle in human conduct that must be relied upon to bring about a resumption of normal national and international economic life.

Deep-Rooted Monetary Habits

THERE is more point in asserting this plain truth than appears unless one stops to consider all the special methods, artificial schemes and wrong-headed plans that have been urged since the war as a means for reëstablishing commercial, monetary and social order in the world. The financial thinking of this postwar period has been varied and intense. In the belief of many, events have clearly demonstrated that the business organization which the world has built up through centuries of complex evolution was wrong, and that now was the time to correct it at a stroke.

Thus some, focusing their minds on methods rather than principles, have contended that if we reverted to a stage of pure barter the world's financial troubles would disappear. Others have believed, and in Russia have acted on the theory, that if paper currency were issued in such volume as to destroy the value of money the root of all evil would thereby be killed. Still others, applying themselves more particularly to the specific after-effects of the war than to general theory, have held that a cancellation of all the world's war debts would make possible a new deal all round, so that the world could start out afresh, relieved at a blow of its war-born incubus of financial problems.

All these, and many other chimerical plans, visualize clearly the expected effectiveness of the theories and methods proposed, and equally clearly the achievement of the result to be desired; but they do not give equal weight to the many steps, difficulties, impossibilities and unforeseeable conditions intervening between the start and the finish, between the proposal and the realization. They do not seem to take into account the fixed habits of millions of people, whose many and diverse minds through centuries of custom have gradually merged into a normal line of practice in carrying on dealings with each other by means of established and efficient business instrumentalities. To overthrow these established business institutions would mean to destroy this unity of action achieved through them, and to replace it with controversy.

To abolish money, for instance—just to consider for a moment the most radical proposal—would be to seek to sweep aside habits of mankind evolved and developed since the most primitive times. The difficulties involved would be greater than the difficulties they seek to cure; instead of making less trouble this would make more trouble in a world already sufficiently burdened with trouble. How hard it is to change the money habits of a people was pointed out in the recent report of the British Royal Commission against replacing the present pounds, shillings and pence money system in the United Kingdom by a decimal system. The commission said: "A large part, including the least instructed portion of the community, reckons its income and expenditure in terms of shillings and pence; and we are satisfied it is idle to expect that the public would readily accept the disturbance caused by the interference with their habits and the basis of their accepted notions of value by a change for which they have expressed no desire and which will not benefit them except in so far as they keep accounts. We are satisfied that its introduction would provoke widespread opposition."

The change proposed called for only a modification of a habit, not for its total uprooting—that is, merely for replacing the English system, which requires continual computing, with the decimal system, which is almost an automatic method of making change and computing values. Yet because it has become the habit of a people it is easier to stick to the harder way—a paradox of great truth, illustrating the power of mass psychology and established habit, which many of those with sweeping remedies for the financial troubles of the times seem to overlook.

To subject the business system of the world to any such strain as many of these remedies propose would produce social disturbances far in excess of any advantages theoretically accruing. Even more important than this is the fact that the fundamental problem is not found in the institution of money or any other of our particular methods of human intercourse. These methods are sound and of proved worth; it is in underlying causes that the fault is to be found and the correction must be made.

Consider, for instance, the implications of the plan advanced by some for the cancellation of all war debts. In nations governed by public opinion, expressed through the party system, no national policy can be carried out without becoming a partisan issue. No party could live that did what the majority of citizens aggressively considered contrary to their best interests. With this thought in mind, and also remembering that we are seeking less, not more, trouble, let us analyze what the cancellation of war debts would mean to the United States and to the world.

The debts of a nation are the debts of its people. It is the people, each individual person among them, who must, one way or another, pay the nation's debts, through taxation direct or indirect, whether it be called income tax, commodity tax, luxury tax, internal-revenue tax, stamp tax, tariff, or any other kind of means for raising public revenues.

Before entering the war the United States had a public debt of $1,208,000,000. The annual debt charges were $23,000,000. The debt per capita was $11.33. The annual public debt charges per capita upon the people of the United States were only twenty-two cents.

If We Gave Away Eleven Billions

TO-DAY, chiefly as a result of the war, the total gross public debt of the United States is $24,944,677,797. The gross annual debt charges are $1,792,300,000. The gross debt per capita is $230.50. The annual per capita gross public debt charges are $16.56.

Of the gross debt $9,505,622,043 is due from the Allies. The annual interest on the Allies' loans is being funded for two or three years as the Secretary of the Treasury shall decide, beginning with 1920. At the end of three years the total debt due from the Allies, including an estimated $1,409,799,058 of funded interest and present principal, will be a total of $10,915,421,101.

Therefore, assuming, in order to give us definite figures to consider, that the proposed cancellation of war debts went into effect in 1922, the specific question involved for us would be whether the people of the Allies would pay that $10,915,421,101 or whether the people of the United States would pay it.

If the people of the Allies were to meet their obligation it would reduce our public debt by almost $11,000,000,000. It would reduce our per capita debt by about $100. It would reduce our annual debt charges by about $550,000,000. It would reduce our per capita debt charges about five dollars.

On the other hand, if war debts were canceled and the whole of our public debt remained a charge against the people of the United States, these reductions would have to come out of the pockets of our own people.

I have analyzed this proposal thus far not with the thought of considering the righteousness of the idea that the United States in this way should assume a larger part of the burden of the war; not with the thought of considering its soundness as an international fiscal measure; nor with thought as to whether theoretically the world's economic position would be bettered by universal war-debt cancellation. I have analyzed the idea thus far merely to get it down to practical human terms to a concrete proposition by which the psychology of the thing can be judged. Like other sweeping measures proposed, it should be judged as to whether in actual operation it would bring less trouble or more trouble to the world; whether it would solve the problem or complicate it; whether it is practical or impractical.

As to the United States—this question as to whether every man, woman and child here should, in effect, each have $100 added to his portion of the public debt, instead of its being paid by the peoples of the Allies, could not escape becoming a bitter partisan issue, with unlimited opportunity for demagoguery. After all the bitterness, trouble and ill feeling engendered, not only within the United States but also as between the United States and other countries as a result of the many ill-advised things that would be said here in the heat of the debate on the subject, I am confident the proposal would inevitably fail in the end. The enthusiasm of war and the fervor of patriotism, which made people willing to tax themselves for a great national emergency, would no longer be present to impel them to tax themselves $100 apiece for the payment of Europe's debts. This proposal as a cure-all for the world's economic ills is a political impossibility and would fall short of its aims; it would not cure, it would aggravate.

Still others seeking comprehensive measures to meet the world's financial problems have, instead of proposing to sweep aside existing circumstances and institutions as in the foregoing plans, proposed to organize existing conditions on heroic lines into special methods of carrying on international trade.

The Return to Individual Initiative

FOR instance, shortly after the war many of us thought it would be practicable to make use still of the great spiritual forces roused by the war emergency whereby the people had been schooled and organized to work as a whole in achieving the great end of victory; personal habits, large and small business, social organizations—the resources of all these were virtually pooled to this great end and applied to it, whether in the form of buying Liberty Bonds, of devoting plant output to war needs, of eating less sugar, going without gasoline or of suspending sporting activities. It was thought that the reconstruction needs of Europe as a whole could be considered as a problem that was but a continuing phase of the war, and that the financial, industrial and commercial forces of the United States as a whole could be unitedly applied to the problem.

Naturally, enough, however, it was found that, with the subsidence of the fervor of war and patriotism, the public temper had changed. Business men who had been wholeheartedly willing to subordinate self-interest and to cooperate in winning the war were eager, once the war was won, to return as quickly as possible to individual initiative, competitiveness and to the legitimate promotion of self-interest. That, of course, is a truer manifestation of normal human impulses than was the submersion of individual ambition in a plan of national and international coöperation. What was done easily under war conditions could not be done under conditions of peace. Aggressiveness for individual success is the motive power of business; the enterprise, the energy, the development of national resources, and the exploitation of human initiative and ingenuity which have been inspired by ambition for achievement have made possible the present advanced stage of civilization. Once the war was won, mankind again needed the driving power that comes from a universal struggle for self-advancement to supply its needs, rather than the admittedly ideal but nevertheless somewhat abstract inspiration of doing things for the sake of humanity.

It must be recognized therefore that in meeting the world's financial needs we have got to get back to first principles of human conduct and build our plans on that foundation. We cannot deny human impulses or even widely divert them from their natural channels. Therefore no extraordinary method of doing business, however ideal it may be, however perfect in abstract theory, can be an adequate substitute for individual ingenuity, initiative and ambition. We must take humanity pretty much as it is. We must use as our basis of action existing methods and machinery, existing habits of thought and existing ways of doing business. Enlightened political, social and business leadership can infuse them with a spirit of progressiveness and humanity; but established methods, which represent broad and deep economic principles, and therefore normal human conduct, cannot be swept aside. They must be recognized and utilized, and rationally, not radically, adapted to the new day's requirements.

For instance, the matter of the foreign exchanges represents a phase of the world's financial problem that is particularly suggestive as to what can and what cannot be done. We have heard much of "correcting the foreign exchanges." This phrase seems to imply that the foreign exchanges are a cause instead of an effect of the world's present state of financial and business maladjustment.

The depression of the foreign exchanges in the United States is a strictly normal manifestation of the present lack of equilibrium in the relationship of exports and imports between America and Europe. A rather detailed consideration of some of the chief characteristics of foreign exchange and its function will make this clear. When exporters in one country sell to purchasers in another country it is the custom for the sellers, instead of waiting for the purchasers to send their checks at the end of the month, to draw at once drafts, acceptances and other forms of negotiable instruments, payable to themselves or bearer, against those purchasers or their banks, for the amounts due. In the United States when these drafts are drawn in foreign money it is preponderantly in pounds sterling. That is, they are drawn in terms of English money on houses in London, which has long been the international clearing house of the world.

These drafts are then sold in the American foreign-exchange market, which centers in New York, for what they will bring at the time of the sale. This, under ordinary conditions, fluctuates within narrow limits and remains close to their face value. The total volume of such drafts and other instruments for transferring foreign credits coming into the foreign-exchange market constitutes the supply of foreign exchange in existence at that time, its amount being dependent upon the volume of exports, or sales, to other countries. The foreign-exchange market consists, for instance, of checks payable in London, which bankers and others send there for collection or for the establishment of bank balances.

Under ordinary circumstances, while Americans sell goods and securities and render services to foreigners, foreigners are rendering services and selling to Americans. Americans therefore have claims to meet abroad from their foreign creditors; to cover these debts they may negotiate drafts, acceptances or other forms of credits through the foreign-exchange dealers against the balances which those dealers have established abroad through the previous purchase of foreign exchange. Thus, while American exporters sell foreign exchange, American importers buy foreign exchange. The former create the supply, the latter create the demand.

Why Foreign Exchange is Down

BEFORE the war the supply and demand were about equal, since the total volume of goods sold and services rendered to Europe was approximately equivalent to the total volume of similar items obtained from Europe. The difference in the two accounts fluctuated within narrow limits, because normal international trade was in approximate equilibrium. The excess balances of indebtedness one way or another were settled by shipments of gold.

This shipping of gold came when, for instance, an oversupply of sterling bills in the New York market depreciated their market price to such a point that it was cheaper for London to incur the costs of transportation, insurance and loss of interest on gold with which to pay its debts here than to continue paying with depreciated sterling bills. When the reverse situation developed gold flowed from New York to London.

The foregoing describes in general terms what formerly took place in the prewar foreign-exchange market. It omits many technical details, that, however, do not alter the main thought here, which is to bring out the fact that foreign-exchange rates are not the cause but the effect of international trade conditions.

The ordinary state of affairs here described has been greatly affected by war conditions, though the underlying principles still remain unchanged. In the first place there occurred enormous increases in the volume and value of our exports to Europe; and also great decreases in our imports from Europe. Reflecting this change in the relationship between imports and exports there came into our foreign-exchange market a vastly greater volume of drafts on Europe than there were European drafts on America, resulting in a far greater supply of foreign exchange than there was a demand for on the part of the Americans who had payments to make abroad.

When the supply of any salable item exceeds demand, and there is no artificial restraining influence, prices fall. Therefore the price of foreign exchange finally fell, though for a time artificial expedients kept it from falling commensurately with the excess of supply over demand. During the first period of Europe's excessive war purchases from the United States, before America's entry into the war, foreign exchange on Europe was kept from depreciating to levels subsequently reached, by the excessive volumes of gold which Europe sent us to liquidate her adverse balance of indebtedness here, until the time came when she had sent us all the gold she could spare, ending what might be called the period of gold support. At about this point America entered the war and the Government of the United States, in addition to purchases for cash abroad for our Armies, extended credits to our Allies to be used in their continuing purchases in this country. These Allied purchases therefore, being paid for by credits established on this side, did not create an equivalent volume of foreign exchange, so that drafts which otherwise would have come from them into the market were in effect funded in long-time loans. This operation further postponed the development of a depreciation in exchange equivalent to the actual trade inequilibrium.

After that the extension of government credits by the United States ceased and there was nothing to prevent foreign exchange from coming into the market in greater supply than there was demand for it, reflecting the fact that Europe was continuing to buy from us in greater volume than she was selling to us. In addition to this commercial cause for depressed exchange the European exchanges suffered an additional depreciation from monetary causes. Foreign currencies suffered internal depreciation because of excessive issues of paper money, the reduction of the gold basis through those huge shipments of gold to America mentioned above, and by the abandonment of gold redemption. Now, foreign exchange preponderantly calls for payment in terms of foreign money, and since foreign money was below par, even in its own country, foreign exchange also expressed that depreciation in market value here, in addition to the depreciation caused by oversupply and underdemand.

Price of Goods and Price of Sterling

THIS has made it necessary for the American seller of goods to European buyers to dispose of his foreign drafts in the market at a depreciated value. In order to receive the full amount of his selling price for his goods he must therefore make up for this depreciation by adding it to his quoted prices to the European purchaser. Thus, if a man sells a lot of cotton to a London merchant for which he expects to receive $100,000 net, and if sterling exchange, at the moment he draws the bill, is quoted at $4.00 to the pound, he divided the 100,000 by four, which gives 25,000. In other words, he must ask the London merchant to pay £25,000 for the cotton so that he himself will realize about $100,000 net when he sells the draft here. If sterling exchange were at the mint parity of $4.86, as in normal times, he would divide the 100,000 by 4.86 and draw the draft for the result, which would be £20,576. Therefore, even with sterling exchange depreciated to only $4.00, the

(Continued on Page 84)

The Downward Swing

NO'TH AF'ICAN LLOYDS, LTD.

By W. A. P. John

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Nen Ah Has de Famous Pol'cy o' de No'th Af'ican Lloyds—de Cum'lative, Ge'metrical Pr'gressive Pol'cy, 'Plyin' to Folks Less'n Sixty Yeahs Ol' "

MISTUH SMELT ceased his complacent contemplation of the cerulean skies and cautiously shifted his position. Which was the third time within half an hour he had moved to remain within the all too rapidly crawling shade of the pignut linden. And Mistuh Smelt abhorred motion; especially so on a blazing August afternoon when the heat rebounded fiercely from the brick pavement and sent the searing air of Clay Street into mirages of undulating motion.

From up Franklin Street way came the raucous blast of a fish horn—ra ta-ta, ta-ta—followed by a chanted call: "Snowballs—nice col' snowballs."

Again Mistuh Smelt swept the heaven with an indulgent and complacent air. Not a cloud marred its brilliant blue unbroken dome.

"Rain," he mused, "jes' hol' off twell t'-morrow night, an' No'th Af'ican Lloyds am fo'ty dolluhs richeh. Mistuh Weathuhman, stay right!"

Ra ta-ta, ta-ta. "Nice col' snowballs."

A vermilion four-wheeled cart pushed slowly out of Franklin Street and swung down Clay, propelled by a bent and shambling darky.

"Snowballs!" breathed Mistuh Smelt, smacking his lips. "Nice col' snowballs!"

With anticipatory delight he observed the crawling approach of the creaking cart and eyed the rapidly evaporating trail of drops which marked its wake. The monotonous call of the vender's horn was music to his ear—a siren call which thrilled his heart and set his gustatory nerves atingle.

Nice cold snowballs! Tempting cubes and globes of coolth and color, color and coolth! Shaved ice tanged with fruity flavor!

Had Mistuh Smelt been cast for the part of Odysseus in the Hellenic melodrama, his Circe would have charmed him to the lonely shores of Æea not by sinuous endearments but by mutely extending a refreshing dainty fashioned out of ambrosial snow and flavored with loganberry nectar from the Olympian Flavor Factory. Had he lived before his day and played the part of a hapless boatman, Lorelei, combing her golden hair, would have been but a casual bit of scenery worthy of only a searching look and a grunt. But let her comb become an ice shaver, and her golden hair a cake of artificial ice —— Enough! Even Wolfgang Goethe with his sweeping imagination would have stood aghast at weaving a ballad from such material!

Despite his patent worldliness, despite his familiarity with the more exclusive, expensive and smiled-upon means of gratifying the appetite, Mistuh Smelt had a warm spot in his heart—or shall I say stomach?—for the plebeian snowball on which the infrequent pennies of his Chattanooga boyhood days had been riotously spent. A single glance would suffice to convince even the most unworldly that Mistuh Smelt was a man of the world. But the Afro-American man of the world remains forty per cent child even when his brow is wrinkled by the passing years and his hair is turned a patriarchal gray.

Ra ta-ta, ta-ta. "Nice col' snowballs! Nice col' snowballs! Hod do, Mistuh Smelt?"

"'Do, Uncle Ep?"

Uncle Ep halted beneath the pignut linden and searched his coat for a handkerchief. "Wahm t'-day," he observed, mopping his glistening brow.

"Pow'ful," grunted Mistuh Smelt, moving only his nether jaw.

"Snowball, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Double headah."

Uncle Ep threw back the lid of his cart and removed a soggy layer of newspaper from the cake of ice within. "Round or squah, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Squah, Ah reckin."

Uncle Ep selected the cubical scraper and shoved it back and forth across the surface of the cake. Even the rasping of steel teeth against the ice had a cooling effect upon Mistuh Smelt, whose eager eyes drank in the operation. Uncle Ep inverted the scraper over a square of manila paper, tapped it with the horny heel of his hand, and a snowy cube of shaved ice slid forth. He repeated the operation.

"Whut flavah, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Whut flavahs has you?"

"V'niller, pep'mint, 'n' or'nge, leming, 'n' strawberry."

"Gimme pep'mint 'n' or'nge."

From the cool depths of his cart Uncle Ep extracted two bottles fashioned on the hip-pocket design, and whose corks were pierced with goose quills. Mistuh Smelt watched the virgin whiteness of the ice flakes change to anilinic orange and green as Uncle Ep shook the bottles judiciously.

"Li'l' moh on de lef' flank, thah, Uncle Ep."

"On de lef' whut?"

"De flank—dat's a'hmy talk fo' side."

"Heah?"

"Thah. Dat's scrumpchus. Watch out fo' you doan' let none o' dat flavah git away thah, Uncle Ep."

"Watchin' like er hawk, Mistuh Smelt," replied Uncle Ep, carefully folding the paper about the colorific cube. "Thah," he commented as he handed it to the purchaser, "an' watch out yo'self 'fo' you gits dat vest ob yo'n all stain."

"Watchin' keerful, Uncle Ep," retorted Mistuh Smelt, throwing back his head and allowing a stream of chilled and watery flavor to trickle from one corner of the paper down his throat. "Yah!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Makes yo' th'oat col' like ice!" He settled back against the wall and mumbled over a mouthful of snowball. "How much Ah owes you-all, Uncle Ep?"

"Two cents."

With a moist finger Mistuh Smelt fished in a pocket of his lavender waistcoat, extracted a dime, and tossed it to Uncle Ep.

"Keep de change," he added carelessly.

"'Bliged, Mistuh Smelt," replied the snowball vender, placing the coin in an ancient purse dangling from the handle of his cart, and slapping shut the cart lid. "You's a hot spoht."

Mistuh Smelt wrapped his lips about three-quarters of a snowball and sucked thirstily.

"Thass me!" he replied easily. "Yas suh," he continued, "Ah always wuz a hot spoht. An' tippin' 'em waitahs ov' in 'em swell French caffays an' 'em English gal ba'hten'uhs made me wusser'n evah."

"You wuz a sojer?"

"A hot one."

"Whuhbouts you fight?"

"Firs' in Englan', nen in de Bordeaux sectuh."

"Kill many Gummins?"

"Fo'ty-fifty, Ah reckin."

Uncle Ep was impressed.

"Makin' lots ob money, Mistuh Smelt?" he queried after a moment's sweltering silence.

Mistuh Brockenridge Was Rapidly Recovering the Breath He Had Recklessly Dusty Streets. "No, Suh! Bob Acres!

"Right smaht."

"Nice sign you-all got dah."

"Cost me thutty bucks."

Mistuh Smelt proudly surveyed the smalt and gilded sign which graced the entrance to North African Lloyds, Ltd.

NORTH AFRICAN LLOYDS, Ltd.

LLOYD SMELT, Sole Owner & General Manager & Proprietor.

Life, fire, tornado, act of God insurance.

We insure anything once. No risk too large. No risk too small.

Beautiful green and gold policy. Framed free of charge. Let us protect your future. Cheap. Safe. Try me out.

LLOYD SMELT, *General Manager*.

"You's de sole pr'pri'tuh, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Can't you read?"

"Not 'thout mah specks"—resentfully. "Uh, whut you 'sures, Mistuh Smelt?" curiously.

"Anything an' ev'thing."

"Fer zample?"

"Well, fer zample, you thinks yo' goat's gwine to git de 'fluenza an' die. You comes to me, and fo' a scientific'ly 'rived-at premium Ah ga'ntees to pay you-all de value o' de goat should he demise."

"S'posin' de goat die?"

"Ain' Ah said you gits de face value o' de policy?"

"An ef he doan' die?"

"Den Ah makes money."

"Whut'll hit cos' me to 'sure mah goat?"

"Ah's got to see de goat. 'Scort him roun' some evenin'."

"Fer zample, 'gin?"

"Well, fer zample, Ah's 'sured de Franklin Street M. E. Church 'ginst de rain at they picnic t'-morruh."

"Splain on, Mistuh Smelt."

"They's rented Sugah Grove, hired de 'scursion train, boughten lots o' ice cream, 'n' b'loons, 'n' watahmellins, 'n' sich, figgerin' on a big 'tendance. Ef hit rains they stands ter lose 'bout foh' hun'erd dolluhs 'count no 'tendance. So Bruth' Peebles ask me will Ah 'sure de chu'ch 'ginst de rain. Bein' de No'th Af'ican Lloyds, Ah does."

"You does?"

"Ah does."

"How much dat 'surance cost de parson?"

"Fo'ty bucks."

"'N' if come rain, you pays de Franklin Street M. E. Chu'ch foh hun'erd dolluhs?"

"Zackly."

"How you-all know how much to cha'ge fo' dat 'surance?"

"Ah consults de weathuh maps, an' de table o' probilities, an' 'en follers mah hunch."

"Ain' you-all li'ble ter lose?"

"Ain' los' but once yet."

"Jes lucky?"

"Jes natchelly bo'n lucky, Uncle Ep."

"Sorter shootin' craps wit' de weathuhman, eh, Mistuh Smelt?" understandingly.

"Zackly! Sorter aide-bettin' ten to one dat it doan' rain."

Uncle Ep grasped the handles of his cart and prepared to get under way. "You's a hot spoht, Mistuh Smelt," he said, shoving off into the merciless sun; "a gamblin' fool!"

"Gamblin' fool Ah is. Ah reads 'em right."

"'Day, Mistuh Smelt. Thankee fo' dem eight cents."

"'Day, Uncle Ep. Doan' mention it."

The general manager, et cetera, of North African Lloyds, Ltd., shifted his weight to his left foot and licked the last saccharine trace from the manila paper, which he tossed into the powdery layer of dust beyond the curb. With a purple-and-green silk kerchief he dried his fingers and wiped his anthracite countenance. He tucked the kerchief into a breast pocket of his smartly tailored maroon suit, bestowed an approving glance on the sun, and relaxed gratefully against the wall.

"Mistuh Sun," he chuckled, "jes poke dat ol' face ob yo'hn inside mah winder t'-morruh mo'ning and whispuh, 'Git up, Lloyd, and bank dem fo'ty bucks.' La-la. Gamblin' fool. Yassah!" And he hummed:

An' when Ah rubs dat rabbit foot,
De gallopers gits right,
Dey sebens and dey lebens
F'um de mo'nin' twell de night;
When shoes an' booze am awful dear,
Ah shoots mah dice to win;
'Cause Ah's a rarin' gamboleer,
'N' a son of a gun fo' gin.

II

"MISTUH SMELT?" Mistuh Smelt blinkingly opened his eyes and surveyed a rabbit-faced gentleman whose complexion paled the inside of a tar kettle, whose shepherd's-plaid suit hung hopefully on his diminutive frame, and whose tones carried a causticity bred of impatience.

"Fo' de fo'th time Ah asks you, is you Mistuh Lloyd Smelt?"

Slowly it dawned upon Mistuh Smelt's well-baked comprehension that the shade of the pignut linden had shifted to the east, leaving him to stand asleep in the sun, that someone had been plucking aggressively at his sleeve, and that the someone was the gentleman whose nose was thrust dangerously close to his chin. He gingerly shifted his lame back, scrootched his throbbing neck, stretched his muscle-bound legs and moved into the shade of the doorway.

His eyes burned, his collar was limp, his cerise silk shirt clung damply to a spot between his shoulder blades, and his mouth had a chalky taste. To the undersized gentleman who had interrupted his nap with unwelcome abruptness he replied sharply, "An' fo' de fo'th time Ah tells you Ah is!'

"'Nen step f'um outen de heat inside and lemme ax you-all some q'estions. Ah's a customah."

"Come right in, suh," exclaimed Mistuh Smelt, backing into the dim interior and glowing with sudden cordiality. "Step right in whuh't's cool an' nice," he continued, leading the way to the rear of the office.

"Step right 'hin' de railin', please, an' set yo'self down, suh. Lemme staht de licktric fan. Thah! Pow'rful wahm, sleepin' out in de sun, thah," he said, sinking gratefully into his swivel chair and plying his kerchief. "Li'ble to ketch me de sunstroke."

"F'm de way yo' mouf wuz gappin' open," retorted the visitor, "de linin' o' yo' stummick's li'ble to be all tan up."

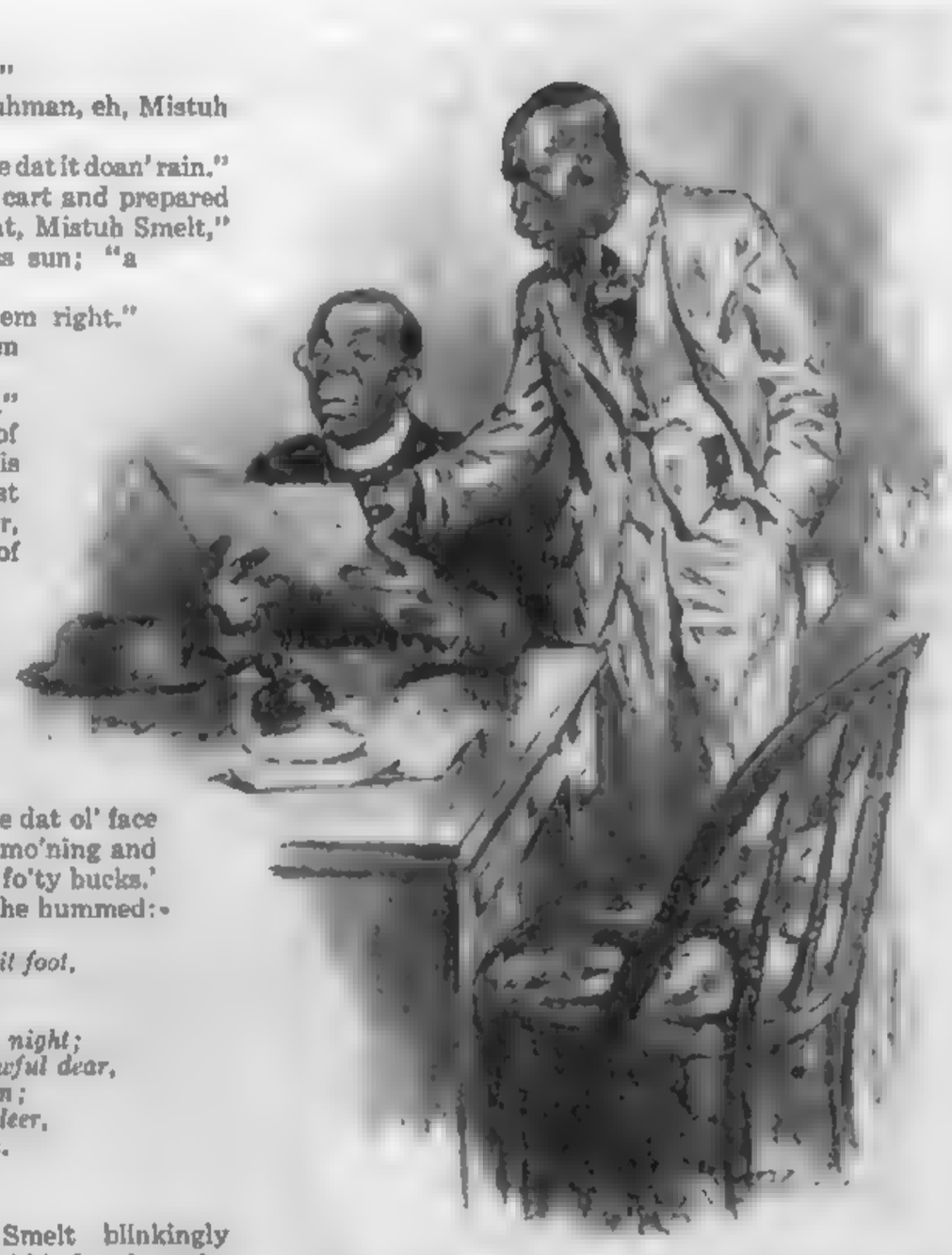
"Thass a trick Ah has."

"Den jine a circus an' git rich."

"Huh, you's too funny." A pause. "Ah does feel kinduh wahm inside, de truf," began Mistuh Smelt, loosening the mother-of-pearl buttons on his waistcoat. "Er—uh," he continued, "you—uh—desires to see me p'fesh'nally?"

"Yassah," replied the visitor briskly, "Ah does. Ma name am Breck'nridge—Ho'ace Hancock Breck'nridge. Ah un'stan' you insu'ahs anything. Am dat right?"

"C'reck."



"Sign on de Dotted Line," Urged Mistuh Smelt, "an' de Transaction am Complete"

"You insu'ahs 'ginst de rain an' de snow, 'ginst pigs an' sech househol' pets dyin', 'ginst acks o' God?"

"De sign on de do'h sez *anythin'*, Mistuh Breck'nridge," came the retort, "an' de sign doan' lie. I insu'ahs anythin' once, p'vided de premium am satisfact'ry. Uh—is you huntin' fo' p'teckshun?"

"Ah is."

"'Ginst which?"

"'Ginst mah luck."

"Yo' luck?"

"Yassah, 'n a crap game."

"You means you wants me to p'teck you 'ginst losin' yo' money wit' de gallopers?"

"Zackly. Ah jes c'llecks mah bonus o' eighty-two bucks f'um de terbaccah fact'ry, 'n t'-night Ah's gwine tuh declare mahself a stock div'den'. Mah right han' itches in de palm, Ah done passed fo'h wagonloads o' empty bar'ls on de way down, an' a Juney bug drap on mah hat nunder dat mulberry up on Fulton Street by de trestle. De dice reads seven all roun' fo' me, an' Ah feels mean."

"'Nen why fo' you comin' heah fo' p'teckshun?"

"'Cause they's slips 'tween de mouf an' de dipper; an' mah 'ooman knows dat Ah gits mah bonus. Ef Ah walks in 'thout dat bonus Ah walks right out ag'in. Fo' me, no bonus means no bed an' boa'd."

"Ah un'stan', though I ain' married," consolingly.

"How much you-all cha'ge fo' to write me a papah p'tecken' me 'ginst row o' craps er a passin' fool?"

"That depen's."

"On what?"

"On how good you shoots yo' dice."

"Is you askin' fo' cha'cter witnesses?"

"No, suh, Ah's askin' fo' fira'har' info'mation."

"How you gwine git it?"

"By shootin' you some dice right heah to try you out."

"But Ah's savin' mah money fo' t'-night!"

"Cullud man," exclaimed Mistuh Smelt with some heat, "does you 'spec' me to issue a pol'cy on sompin' Ah ain' nevah yet saw?" He reached into his pocket, withdrew a pair of transparent cubes and suggestively rattled them close to his ear. "Ef you's good, Ah writes you a policy cheap; an' ef you got to weep to de dice to make 'em come to 'tenshun, de premium rises."

Horace Hancock Breckenridge's agate bright eyes glistened and he smacked his lips hungrily.

"Gim' dem dice," he commanded. From the depths of his trousers pocket he brought forth a roll of bills which crackled enticingly. He tore one off recklessly and tossed it on the worn pine floor. "Ah wahns you, Mistuh Smelt," he exclaimed, rubbing the dice up and down on his right thigh, "ah wahns you fai' and squah, when Ah gits ma dice hot they stays hot!"

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Dissipated in a Mad Sprint Over Two Miles of Hot and Ah' They's All Black!"

The Wonders of Washington

The Man in the Sack Suit—By George Kibbe Turner

COMING away from Washington the second week in June I sat down in the diner opposite a man of about sixty-five in an old-time pepper-and-salt sack suit, one of that kind of loose dressers from the Middle West who still stand on their constitutional rights of not letting their tailors put cuffs on the bottom of their trousers, where Nature never intended cuffs to grow. It seemed he was, or had been, in the business of manufacturing agricultural machinery.

"I see Congress has shut up shop," I said, starting a conversation, "and going scuttling off to the national conventions."

"Yes," he said, looking over at me; a quiet-appearing old man, with wrinkles gathering in round a bright little faded-blue eye.

"Like a lot of schoolboys," I said, going on. "Dropping everything. After all their promises about what they were going to do for us financially, running off and leaving the country to lug round these Federal taxes for them, just as bad off or worse than we were before—to say nothing of a lot of worse troubles which might come out of it for us."

And I went on to tell him what I had run across down there—about the way they all handled the Government's finances. "Billions," I said, "going out, with no head nor tail nor management to it. You think at first you've struck into a madhouse."

He smiled now, a kind of still dry smile in his close-cropped beard.

"And especially," I said, "since this war. If Washington don't get down to business pretty quick and wind this war up, and these war expenses, they'll bust us all sky-high."

"It's a bad combination," he said, talking finally.

"What is?"

"Washington and war."

"Are they crazy down there or am I?"

"Neither one," he told me, "I guess. Only you don't get their viewpoint. You don't get the clew to this at first—about how they work. Have you ever watched Washington at work, close to?" he asked me.

"No," I answered him, "I never had the time to."

Queen of the Antipodes

"I NEVER had," he told me, "till this year. But this winter I had to lay off and I've been down there a good share of the time visiting my daughter, who's married to a congressman."

"You must have got a good look at it."

"I did, I guess," he said again, smiling that quiet smile he had.

"What's it like," I asked him, "when you see it from the inside?"

"You remember," he asked me after a minute or so, "when you were a boy studying geography the first idea you got when you heard about the Antipodes, where everybody was walking upside down to you?"

"Yes," I said, grinning.

"Well, that's Washington," he told me, "as I get her."

"What is?" I asked him.

"She's the queen of the Antipodes."

"The queen of the Antipodes, huh?" I said, looking at him.

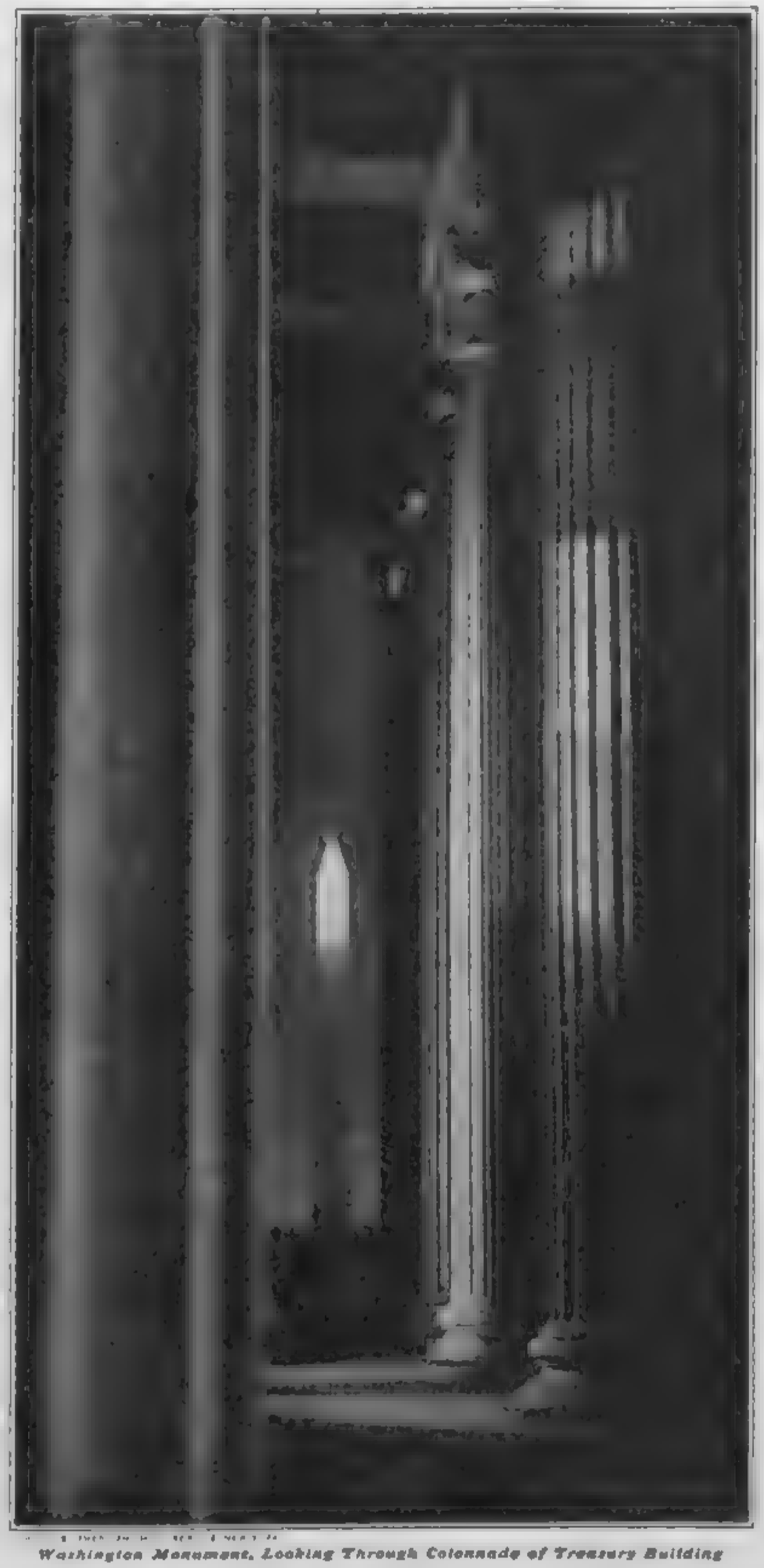
"Where everything's upside down. Where everything is just the opposite of what you thought and what you've been told all your life by all these speakers and writers on the subject and what you've got a right to expect from your own experience."

I looked at him again, and I recognized him—his kind. I saw he was one of these old-timers you see in almost every American small town—lean, wiry, independent old men, made up of leather on a hickory frame, who figure out things for themselves and have their own way of expressing them.

"The queen of the Antipodes?" I repeated, aiming now to get him started. "Everything upside down, huh?"

"And all perfectly natural, from their viewpoint."

"Let's take a look at it," I said. "What is it?"



Washington Monument, Looking Through Colonnade of Treasury Building

"I was like you," he told me. "I was all up in the air on it till I got my first clew."

"What was that?"

"Whistles," he said, looking across at me with those sharp, bright faded-blue eyes.

"Whistles?" I said after him.

"Did you ever hear a factory whistle there—in Washington?" he asked me.

"I don't know as I ever did," I said, thinking.

"It's the only good-sized place in the country where some good share of the folks, anyway, ain't waked up at from half past five to seven o'clock and sent to work every morning by some bell ringing or whistle blowing."

"That's true, I guess," I said, watching him. "But I never thought of it especially."

"It's more than that. It's the one place of its kind, of any size, in the civilized world," he went on to say, "as far as I can find out—even including St. Petersburg."

"I don't know as I get you yet," I said to him after a while.

"Look. Put it this way—or the way it comes to me," he started in to explain, "through my own experience. I was raised on a farm in Indiana. We had it pretty hard. We earned our bread by the sweat of our brows—and of a couple of mules. But take it the year round, and we sweat more by the gallon measure than the mules. And we got out of it, when it was all done—what? What did we have in the end as the net result of all this? What did we have as our final produce to sell?"

"Grain, I suppose," I answered. "Or some food of some sort."

"Yes," he went on. "Say food in general. That's what we produced finally, when we had good luck. We turned out food of one kind or another and sent it to the city. To get money to buy clothing, and all that."

I nodded at him.

"Now then," he said, "after that, when I was more of a boy and I first got into Chicago, I remember, just like yesterday, the thing that kept me surprised and wondering all the time was how all those people in all those houses got their living—what they raised, what they produced. It is now, to a great extent. But I know now, in a general way."

Just Ultimate Consumers

"JUST what are you getting at?" I asked. "They produced something tangible with their hands, didn't they, just as we did? They manufactured something—which they tell me means the same thing as 'make by hand'—to trade back to the country for the food which we brought in to them to eat."

"That's where the factory whistles come in?" I said, still watching him.

"That's what I'm trying to say," he told me. "A natural normal city, like the country, makes something with its hands—produces something tangible to trade back for its eats. And it ships and pushes along with its hand the various things that other people produce. And at certain times of the day you'll hear the whistles shouting that the work's beginning or the work's done."

"And Washington?" I said, bringing him back.

"Washington," he answered, "of course, produces nothing in the line of food, any more than any other city, and it handles nothing through. It has nothing tangible whatever to trade for its living—it's not a producer in any way. It's a dead end for production—always taking in and never putting out."

I nodded again at him.

"You remember," he was going on, with that faint dry old smile he had, "those days of the old tariff debates and old Tom Reed's remark about the ultimate consumers—how there was evidently a large class in the United States that just sat in the sun and consumed."

"Yes," I told him, grinning.

"Well," he said, "that's Washington. You said you didn't understand it. I didn't myself until I'd been there a couple of months. I thought I was crazy, just as you did. But finally I got this clew. That's Washington—mentally, morally and physically. It's the town of the ultimate consumers."

I grinned again.

"And the only one, as far as I can learn, in the known civilized world."

"Is that right?" I asked him.

"You know how they built the place," he said, looking over, "to order, down there in these open farm lands on the Potomac, to be the seat of the Government—the capital of the country?"

"Yes."

"The other national capitals of the world grew up, it seems, in regular normal commercial and manufacturing cities. I've been in quite a few of them myself—in London and Paris and Berlin. I thought for a long time that St. Petersburg—or Petrograd, as we've got to call it now—would be more like Washington, being made to order in something the same way. But they tell me not. They say

it is a regular commercial, manufacturing, shipping city, like the rest, where the government is in with and gets in touch with the regular life of the rest of the country that's working for a living. So that leaves Washington, just as I said, in a class by itself—all government. All consumers—four hundred thousand strong. The only genuine, Simon-pure, hundred per cent city of ultimate consumers, as far as I can learn, in the civilized world."

"Well," I said to him, "where does that leave us?"

"It leaves us," he told me, "just as I said in the first place, with the queen of the Antipodes, where everything is upside down"

"How do you make that out?" I asked him.

"Why wouldn't it be," he asked me back, "where all your ordinary motives of life are upside down—where everybody's making a business of consuming as hard as he can in place of producing? Getting his living by it?"

"Getting his living by consuming?" I said after him.

"Yes," he said, and stopped short. I sat and gazed at him and he gazed back.

"Look," I said finally, "we're both through here; what do you say we go back into the smoking compartment together and you work out this idea of yours a little more in detail?"

"All right," he said. And we paid our waiter and went out

"I mean it," he said, after we'd gone in and sat down together. "Just what I said. Everything down there in Washington is just exactly the opposite of what you think and you're led to expect by what you hear and what you read about it. And what's more, I can prove it to you out of your own mouth."

"All right," I said. "Go ahead—prove it."

A Congressman's Chief Business

"WELL," he went on, "for instance, take the thing I've seen closest—through my son-in-law there in Congress! What in your idea would be the main important business of a congressman?"

"I don't know," I answered him. "Speaking perhaps—considering and debating public questions."

"Ah-ha!" he said. "And where would you expect to see them when they're busy—when they're attending strictly to their business? I mean, of course, when Congress is in session."

"I don't know," I said. "I suppose, naturally, on the floor of Congress."

"Debating—listening to debates?"

"I suppose so."

"Ah-ha! That's what I thought at first."

"At first?" I said after him.

"Did you ever see them," he was asking me, "come drifting in after lunch with their toothpicks in their mouths and sit there lounging with their knees up against the seat before them—a little handful on each side of the House, talking and whispering and reading newspapers while somebody was speaking?"

"I've seen them," I said; "yes. And those empty seats round them. It's a shame, with the business of the country on their minds—and us all waiting for them to do something—and three-quarters of them absent from their jobs."

"I'm not so sure about that," he told me.

"Not so sure about what?"

"About that proving what you say. Do they look to you like men who are busy as they sit there?"

"They certainly do not," I said. "That's one thing I'm kicking at."

"They wouldn't, in my opinion."

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Well, the fact is," he told me, "that's the place they come—the House and the Senate chambers—the rank and file of them—when they're resting and have got nothing else to do."

"Nothing else to do?"

"Certainly," he said. "You don't think the average congressman's business is done in Congress, do you?"

"Not in Congress?"

"Certainly not. As a matter of fact, the less you see him there the busier he's apt to be."

"The less you see him there," I repeated after him, "the busier he's apt to be?"

"Certainly," he said. "You know that as well as I do. You know what his chief business is."

"If being in Congress isn't his business, what is?" I asked him.

"His main business," he said, "is giving something away—of the Government."

"Giving something away?"

"Especially if he's successful."

"Go on," I told him. "Just elaborate that a little if you don't mind."

"You know that," he told me, "as well as I do, if you'll only remember what you've seen."

"I do, eh?" I said. "How do I know it?"

"You've been in and out of their offices, haven't you?" he asked me. "Over in those two marble Senate and House office buildings?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you ought to know. How are they organized for work in their offices, day after day? Take the ordinary congressman's office—what's the chief volume of its business, on the face of it?"

"I don't know," I answered, watching him. "What is?"

"Well, it's right there," he told me, "staring you in the face. You take my son-in-law there in his office—what's he got for office organization? He's got a secretary, hasn't he?"

"Yes. They all have that, I suppose."

"And an assistant secretary and a stenographer. That's one more perhaps than most have—he's fairly well-to-do. But the least you ought to get along with is two—a secretary and a stenographer. If he's going to have any time to himself a congressman's got to have them there to handle and hold off his consumers."

"His consumers?" I said after him.

Filling the Wants of 200,000

"THAT he personally represents. His constituents, in other words," he said, "who are writing in or coming in to see him."

"Well," I said, "what of it?"

"They don't write in or travel down to Washington generally to give the Government anything, do they?"

"No. Not in my experience."

"No," he said. "Nine times out of ten when they come to Washington they want something out of the Government or they wouldn't be there."

"I suppose that's true," I had to admit.

"There's two hundred thousand odd—all potential consumers, I call them, to a congressional district. Somewhere there there'll always be somebody who wants something from the Government every day. And they'll go, when they want it, naturally to just one place—the only one they know."

"Their representative in Congress?" I guessed.

"Yes. They're liable to want anything from getting their boy's body home from France to getting started on the way to pick up a government contract. And they naturally come first to their congressman."

"Naturally."

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President Wilson Addressing a Joint Session of Congress

Maroon-Colored, With Wire Wheels

"I'll Take You Home. It's a Nice Night. Mebbe You'd Ride Round a Little"

By GRACE TORREY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MEN," said Trixie de Lashmut, burying her impertinent little nose in a huge bunch of lilacs, "do not elope with women professors."

Miss de Lashmut, starring in that popular musical comedy, Bedtime, might have done several other intriguing things as she flung this challenge to the morning reader. She might have extended a silk-clad ankle. She might have taken a card from the envelope handed her by her maid, looked at it, slightly raised her pencilled eyebrows, and tossed it aside, saying, over her shoulder, as she did so, "No answer."

She might have buried her nose in the huge bunch of American Beauty roses which her maid handed to her, after unwrapping them from florists' tissue paper. If all the things she might have done, however, are to be enumerated, the fact will remain unknown that Miss de Lashmut never uttered the challenge, and that though her nose was little enough and impertinent enough she did not bury it in a huge bunch of lilacs because there were no lilacs. There were no American Beauties either, and there was no maid. Miss de Lashmut's ankle may have been silk clad, but that cannot be verified, as she was wearing fur Juliets. She had to wear them because of a tendency toward rheumatism.

Yet the Morning Clarion printed the whole quotation, women professors, nose, lilacs and all, in its Friday morning issue. It was the final sentence in Hilma Harding's sprightly interview with the well-known stage favorite whose last appearance in West Sconset had been in that phenomenal success, Where's Your Wife? that made four hundred successive appearances in New York before it got out on the road at all.

"For goodness' sake, Hilma," Miss de Lashmut had urged at the beginning of the interview, readjusting the hot-water bottle under her left cheek, "don't tell the world I had a tooth out this morning. Fix me up something young and cheery."

"How about a word concerning the late lamented?" suggested Hilma Harding. "It might be good press stuff."

"About Harry?" Miss de Lashmut sighed. "No, the public's getting tired of family rows. I'm sick of them myself. To tell the truth, I'm sick of men. Don't print that, though." She sent an alarmed glance over the edge of the hot-water bottle. Her old friend surveyed her thoughtfully.

"It's your teeth," was her sapient comment. "Listen. What you need is an interest."

Miss de Lashmut groaned.

"I certainly do. When I think of going on to-night and singing I've a Husband Behind Every Door for the three-hundredth time," she sighed again, "not including encores —— Maybe it is my teeth, but it's lost all excitement for me."

Hilma Harding sat up and fixed a brightly hypnotic eye upon Miss de Lashmut's downcast face.

"When you sing that song to-morrow night," she directed, "you sing it right at Section E, Seat Eight, Row Six, in the balcony."

"Why?" Miss de Lashmut queried without interest.

"Because, my dear girl, sitting in that seat will be three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; seventy thousand in cash, and three hundred thousand invested in four per cents, just waiting to be gathered to some loving bosom."

Miss de Lashmut sighed again.

"It's funny," she said, "but I can't seem to quiver. You must remember I've had three husbands. I suppose you might say I still have fragments of Harry."

"But this one is different."

Miss de Lashmut shook her head.

"I've never seen one that was. Men are all alike, as I've seen them. And I may be said to have had experience."

She poked her footstool with an unguarded toe, and groaned. "Do you think having that tooth out will really help my feet?"

Hilma disregarded this for greater matters.

"No, but he really is different. He's been in Alaska for fifteen years, mining. He's just struck it rich and come out to live. He doesn't know one thing about anything, from finger bowls to light opera. He thinks woman is an angel. And all he knows about cars is that he saw a maroon-colored one with wire wheels on the street, and bought it right from under the man who was driving it."

"Just because it was pretty?" Miss de Lashmut turned a languid eye upon her friend.

"Just because it was pretty," repeated Hilma Harding. "And when he sees you singing that song, he'll act the same way. I gave him my press ticket on purpose. I tell you, my dear, he's the opportunity of a lifetime."

"You're certainly a good friend, Hilma," said Miss de Lashmut. "How old is he?"

"He's awfully big and brown, and not bald or anything. He looks forty or something like that. But he's really a child unborn."

Miss de Lashmut sighed.

"I can't seem to rise to the idea of a child unborn. Wouldn't it be a good deal of a strain?"

Hilma Harding began to gather up her papers.

"Well," she said with meaning, "you can't say I haven't done my best for you."

Miss de Lashmut sat wearily erect.

"I'm grateful, honestly. I expect it's that laughing gas he gave me. You fix me up a nice young-looking interview, something sort of hopeful and glad, and I'll do my best. Section E?"

"Seat Eight, Row Six," Hilma Harding prompted her.

As she went away, she was feeling very sorry for Trixie de Lashmut. In the disagreeable midday light she had looked what no star in Bedtime can afford to look—tired, and sallow, and thirty years old.

"She'd better nab him and retire," Hilma told herself. "She's losing interest." At that moment she decided on the lilacs. Lilacs are a spring flower, and full of hope.

The lilac idea occurred to Hilma at one P. M.

At seven-twenty-eight the next morning Mary Elizabeth Williams, instructor in English, and Dean of Girls in the West Sconset Andrew Jackson High School, was debating with herself whether or not to have a second cup of coffee when old Mrs. Brandegee from her sunny window corner called over, "Oh, Miss Williams! Have you read Hilma Harding's interview yet?"

"No," said Mary Elizabeth Williams, with a brief smile.

She and old Mrs. Brandegee always breakfasted alone in the big green-and-white dining room of the West Sconset Inn. They were as far apart as the geography of the room permitted, each at her own little table. Before Miss Williams left, however, each morning, old Mrs. Brandegee always managed a little sociability.

If nothing more passed between them she inquired, "Well, Miss Williams, how are all the school-teachers to-day?"

Miss Williams always replied that she thought they were all about as usual, and then their ways parted. Miss Williams' way always led her to the Andrew Jackson High School by eight-fifteen. Old Mrs. Brandegee continued to sit in her sunny corner every day until the last boarder at the West Sconset Inn had breakfasted and gone, leaving her well started on her day's chronicle of hotel whisperings.

On this Friday morning, when she had received Miss Williams' brief smile, she went on, "It's on the ninth page, third column. You want to read it. I'd like to know what you think of it."

As Mary Elizabeth Williams read the interview she could feel old Mrs. Brandegee smiling significantly behind her. She read it carefully. It was in Hilma Harding's brightest manner, and told how many offers Miss de Lashmut had refused, to go into pictures, and how it was rumored that two prominent New Yorkers had met in mortal combat just outside her dressing-room door at the initial performance of Bedtime. The final sentence about elopement was the peroration of Miss de Lashmut's exposition of a theory of charm. Mary Elizabeth Williams read it all.

Then she said to her waitress, "I think I will have another cup of coffee."

As she went out, jacketed and hatted for her walk to the Andrew Jackson High School, old Mrs. Brandegee tittered at her, "What do you think of that about men not eloping with women professors?"

Miss Williams smiled at her brightly.

"I think she was about right," she said, and disappeared through the swinging door.

"She was awfully upset," old Mrs. Brandegee told General and Mrs. Peavy when they came to her table at twenty minutes past eight.

"Did she have on that new plaid skirt?" asked Mrs. Peavy.

Old Mrs. Brandegee remembered that she had, and a spring hat.

"It seems to me," was Mrs. Peavy's comment, "that for a teacher in the public schools she dresses quite extravagantly."

General Peavy, who remembered very well when the teacher in his district boarded at his mother's home and got twenty dollars a month and was thankful, here reminded them that Mary Elizabeth Williams was drawing down two thousand dollars a year of the taxpayers' money for spending her day in comparative idleness. She had to do something with her income.

"So," contributed old Mrs. Brandegee, "naturally enough, she puts it all on her back."

Mary Elizabeth Williams walking briskly to the Andrew Jackson High School felt some such conversation going on behind her. Her mind, however, was upon the truth in Trixie's peroration.

When she was seventeen she had carried half a copper penny in a little silk bag that hung by a silver chain about her neck. She carried it there for six months, from the night of high-school commencement until Christmas vacation. She would never forget that warm June night, with honeysuckle dripping fragrance about her and Will Waterbury as they stood together on the front porch. He had brought her home from commencement exercises. And he had kept the other half of the penny.

When she came back from college, at Christmas time, Will Waterbury was going with Carrie Seaver. He had a place in the Seaver bank. He was married to Carrie now, and they had four children, an Airedale, a Queen Anne house and a seven-passenger Sizzer.

There was a Junior at the state university who had laid his heart and fortunes at her feet when she was twenty. His heart was glowing, but his fortunes were little beyond a glee-club tenor and some skill with the mandolin. With this equipment he went into insurance, and later married, very fortunately, the daughter of his company's chief. When it had come right down to the question of marrying her tenor she found that she really preferred a postgraduate year at college. She had gone to his wedding when she came back, and had witnessed it without a heart throb. She saw the two drive by not long ago in his high-powered maroon-colored car with wire wheels.

Four years ago Hiram B. Prendergast, a prosperous West Sconset widower, asked her to share his declining years. She had thought about it for a week. It would have been a comfortable and perhaps brief episode.

In a kind of panic, when she found herself near the brink, she drew back.

This summed up the romantic history of Mary Elizabeth Williams. She was neither homely nor disagreeable. She was thirty-two years old. As yet, men had assuredly never eloped with her. A great many men had respected her. High-school boys confided their troubles to her. Heads of English departments in different universities had told her she was promising material. A male editor had once written her an autographed letter, saying that the story she had sent him had charm and originality, and with the addition of a little heart interest would be readable. As a result of this life history she was a successful and unusually well-paid member of a profession in which men were never to be seen. There were only three men in the Andrew Jackson High School. One was old Mr. Briggs, the principal, who would hold his place until he died because he was the uncle of Senator Briggs. The two others might be called men, were they less dispirited. They were both married, fathers, and heavily in debt. She saw these men every day but there was no prospect of their eloping with her.

Her mind, occupied with these thoughts, now became aware of Trixie de Lashmut's impertinent little nose featured on the billboard in front of the West Sconset Theater. It was not the kind of nose, nor was Bedtime the kind of drama that teachers of high-school English are supposed to contemplate. She contemplated the nose for a moment. Then she went to the ticket window and bought a two-dollar seat—Number Seven in the sixth row of the balcony, Section E. Joy, guilt and despair rioted within her as she put the ticket in her purse.

"Well, well, Miss Williams! I'm surprised at you!"

Her public, close at her heels, took the form of the glee-club tenor, himself intent on buying tickets. She had not spoken with him for a year. She blushed now, violently.

"Why?" The hour was perilously close to eight-fifteen, but she took the time to challenge his surprise.

"Got a box for four?" he said to the window. Then: "Well, Bedtime isn't exactly your sort of thing, is it? You used to be awfully highbrow. Browning and Ibsen."

He turned away, putting his four tickets in his pocket with an air of much satisfaction.

"Can't I take you along? Don't you teach school near here?"

She was beside him in his dark blue runabout when he went on:

"You see, my wife's in California. So four of us who used to be madly in love with Trixie when we were Freshmen are going to sit in a box and try to feel young again. Gee, she was a peach! But you ——" He looked at her curiously.

She laughed and told him she was making researches in youth.

"Where's that wonderful new car of yours?" she asked as he checked the runabout at the Andrew Jackson High School.

"Peach, wasn't it? Sold it two weeks after I got it to a Rip Van Winkle kind of fellow from Alaska. Been mining up there for fifteen years or so. Struck it rich. Came back to the States to spend his wad. Didn't know anything about makes of cars. But he offered me anything I asked because mine was maroon colored and had wire wheels. I didn't lose anything on him."

She thought he eyed her curiously as she said good-by. As she ran up the steps she could hear the runabout breathing its exit down the sunny street. Inside it, she knew, he was remembering that she was Dean of Girls and wondering whether in that responsible position he quite liked to have her buying a ticket for Bedtime. He would have a daughter in the Andrew Jackson High School himself in three or four years. He didn't know whether a woman who enjoyed Trixie de Lashmut was the kind of woman he wanted to have advising his daughter. The thoughtful shifting of gears with which the runabout rounded the corner and started up the hill sounded as if its driver were distinctly disappointed in Mary Elizabeth Williams.

"A teacher in the public schools," it murmured as it ran, "ought to feel that in a way she kind of takes the place of a parent."

For the rest of that Friday Mary Elizabeth Williams kind of took the place of a parent to eleven hundred girls. As instructor in English she had conducted, by three o'clock, four classes, one in The Merchant of Venice, one in oral expression, one in the Victorian poets, and one in advanced composition. Each class was overcrowded, necessitating in a number of instances two in a seat. As the ventilating system elected on this warm spring day to emit the heat it could not supply in January, and the school regulations of West Sconset forbade opening windows lest the ventilating system be incommoded, the four overcrowded groups of English students gently simmered until Miss Williams had her will of them.

As Dean of Girls she was relieved of the remaining two periods which she should have given to argumentation and verse. In their place she conferred with and in a way took the place of a parent to forty-seven girls who boiled up to her notice out of the pot of her eleven hundred children. Some of these girls had played truant, and it was the business of Mary Elizabeth Williams to know this and advise their parents of the circumstance. Some had weak eyes, and it was her function to advise glasses. Some were failing in their studies, and it rested with her to inspire them to a zeal for knowledge. Some had been flirting during recitations. Some wore immodest shirt waists. Some needed to be told to bathe more regularly. One presented a face at which Mary Elizabeth Williams looked once, then asked: "Who is your physician?"

She stopped in at Principal Briggs' office on her way to oversee the rehearsal of The School for Scandal and advised him that Susanne McLoney, a fourth termer, well erupted with obvious smallpox, had exposed the Andrew Jackson High School to another taxpayers' war. Principal Briggs,

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"When You Boys Were Freshmen and I Was Only Sixteen! My! It's Certainly Old Times to See You!"

A SENATOR'S STORY

THIS is the story of an average man, told by himself for other average men. It is true. I have been persuaded to tell my own story; the suggestion didn't come from me. I have kept my name out of it to avoid personal notoriety and publicity. I don't want to advertise myself or my views. I am not skilled in writing, as you will soon discover for yourself, but I do know the story of my own days and my own progress through the world, and that I can tell without frills.

I am not happy and contented, nor are any of my friends or the people I know. I don't recall that I have met a single happy and contented man since the war ended. Something seems to ail us all. I don't know what it is. But I do know that we aren't pulling together; that we don't seem to have a common aim or know where we are going. We are none of us satisfied with our condition. Why is it? I know that most people consider me a lucky man—especially the fellows I grew up with. They think the wear and tear of life doesn't touch me. I suppose I have been luckier than some, but my days are not spent on a bed of roses. Not that I expect anybody to sympathize with me. This is not a hard-luck tale. But it is the tale of a poor man, born poor, who has worked hard all his life, who is still poor and who wants to help other people who find getting on in the world as hard as I have found it. That, I think, is a fair statement of my case and of my reasons for telling it.

I have served in the House of Representatives and in the Senate for more than seventeen years. I am a senator now. Until the breaking out of the World War I was always able to save something out of my salary. During all of my public life I have devoted considerable of my time, almost invariably at my own expense, to campaigning for men and issues that had the opposition of so-called political leaders in my own party. When the high cost of living became acute I found it difficult to make both ends meet. I was not able in the city of Washington to live and support my family even in the most modest way on my salary. The meager savings of a lifetime I invested in Liberty Bonds, and with the small income from this investment, even by practicing the most scrupulous economy, it is difficult for me to keep even.

Lean Years in Washington

I HAVE on a coat at the present time that was bought six years ago. At that time I bought a suit of clothes with an extra pair of trousers. I have worn this coat every winter for six years.

My wife used one pair of trousers to patch up the other pair. She eventually cut up the vest to patch the coat, and the indications now are that the coat will last me for at least two winters more.

Few people realize how senators are imposed upon simply because they are senators. I presume this comes about from the fact that in times past the Senate was in reality a millionaires' club, and it became a habit with everyone to overcharge anyone who was a senator. It became a tradition that all senators were rich. For instance, I was recently compelled to go to the dentist on account of having the toothache. He discovered—or at least he said he discovered—three cavities in three of my back teeth. He filled them, and sent me a bill for $122.

A senator who is poor and must live on his salary cannot afford to be sick. An attack of appendicitis on a member of my family kept me paying in monthly installments for nearly six months. Cob pipes, however, are as cheap now as they were when I was working on the old farm, and no method has yet been discovered by the men who profiteer on senators to take away a luxury like this.

It is not a difficult thing for me to practice economy. I began life without anything, and have never had anything given to me. When my father's estate was settled I got less than two hundred dollars as my share. I have known nothing but poverty, and would not enjoy luxury even if I could now obtain it. I have sometimes felt, though, that if I should suddenly fall heir to a million dollars the first thing I would do would be to hunt up a first-class restaurant and order a meal without taking into consideration the prices on the menu card. If I had anything left I would build a hospital with it.

I never had any ambition for public life. Every office I have ever held has come to me because of some incident that seemed to make it necessary for me to fight for the position, and yet I have never been elected when I did not have the bitterest kind of a fight. Before the days of the primary I was several times nominated when it was believed by those who nominated me that there was no show of election. I should have been retired from public office years ago had it not been for the primary system. I have never tried to keep up a machine, and have never tried to control a convention. Politicians of my district and of my state as a rule have been against me. I have disregarded them, and in the main have disregarded the platforms which they enunciated, though I do not mean to say by this that I have practiced deception in elections. I have always frankly stated where I stood on every question that was an issue in the campaign.

I have been handicapped in my public life because I have so often come in contact with graduates of the great colleges, and though I have not been so much impressed with their superior education or their superior knowledge, yet during all my life I have noticed that, everything else being equal, the man who is backed up with a diploma from Yale, Harvard or some other well-known college has a great advantage over the man whose education is limited and who has attained what little knowledge he possesses by his own efforts and sacrifices.

A good share of the time when I was in school I boarded myself, and though I perhaps did this mostly from necessity and poverty, yet I always enjoyed it, and never having known anything but poverty and hard work it never appeared to me that it was a sacrifice. I remember the close of one school year when I was left without money enough to buy a ticket on the railroad to the small town where I was to teach school during the next winter. I had all my earthly possessions in a small value I had purchased at a secondhand store. I waited until after dark and crawled into a freight car loaded with wheat. In some way the conductor or the brakeman discovered there was a tramp on the train, and at a small country station in the middle of the night I was put off of the train. I got on the same train again before it pulled out, only to be put off at the next station, and it was nearly morning before another freight came along, when I had better success and finally reached my destination, where I went to work chopping wood and splitting rails for a farmer.

My roommate was to teach school not many miles from my location. He came on about three weeks before our schools were to open for the school year. He had been born and reared in the city and was not able to do hard work, and at his suggestion I gave up my job and we started out on a campaign to sell political maps. It was during a presidential campaign. We had cheap but highly colored maps containing the pictures of the candidates, with the platform printed in red ink—one for each party. Armed with this material, we took the train and went about fifty miles away from where we were to teach, and commenced our work as canvassing agents. The maps cost us twenty-five cents apiece, and we were selling them for fifty cents. My roommate was rather successful, but I was a failure at the business. As a rule the farmers where we stopped chided us because they said such healthy, able-bodied young men ought to be at work rather than traveling through the country trying to sell such worthless stuff to the farmers.

My Corn-Husking Match

WE WENT over into a field one day where a man and his boy were husking corn. We discovered in conversation with him that he was a Democrat, and then we showed him the beautiful picture of the Democratic candidates for President and Vice President, with the Democratic platform printed between the two pictures, all ready to hang upon the wall. He was very much interested, but finally told us that he would refuse to patronize worthless fellows who were going through the country and who ought to be at work in the field, as he and his son were.

One of the things I always excelled in on the farm was husking corn. It was a natural knack, and even when only a small boy I was able to husk more corn than many of the men in the community. My roommate had never worked at husking corn, but I had worked on the farm as a boy, and had made up my mind from watching the farmer and his boy that I could husk more corn than they could. I told him this and, of course, it only made him more angry. But I finally proposed to him that he should put his boy in the wagon and I would take a row with him across his field, and that if I did not beat him husking I would give him a present of a map. If I did beat him he was to give me a dollar for one.

This offer of a contest and wager pleased the farmer immensely, as he thought he had an easy thing. We put the boy and my roommate in the wagon, while I started in the race across the field. We had not been at it long before the farmer saw he was no match for me in the corn-husking business. If they kept the wagon up where I could reach it it was so far ahead of him that he could not throw his corn into it. This farmer never worked harder in his life, but I helped him out and kept him within reach. He was game, gave me a dollar and took the map, and then he proposed to hire me on the farm. I would have gladly accepted this offer and worked until my school commenced a couple of weeks later had it not been for the predicament in which it would have left my roommate, and under the circumstances I had to decline his offer.

During several winters of school-teaching I studied Blackstone, Kent and Chitty, and was admitted to the senior class in a law school, where I completed the regular law course. I taught school again in order to get money to start in practicing law. I used this money to buy a ticket for what was then Washington Territory. I was in Spokane when pine stumps were still standing in the main streets.

I finally landed in Walla Walla with less than forty dollars of my savings. I failed to appreciate what the future had in store for this country, and decided I did not want to stay there. I tried in vain to get something to do. I finally hired out as a sheep herder, but just as I was about to start into the country with the outfit the owner of the sheep found himself able to make a contract with an old employee whom he preferred to me, and I was discharged without being given a trial.

I then looked up the county superintendent of schools, and was able to convince him that I could teach school. He took a great interest in me, but said there was only one schoolhouse in the county where school was not being held, and that it was impossible to have school in that locality because there was no place for the teacher to board. This seemed to me an impossibility, and I told the superintendent that if he would give me the necessary credentials I would go into that corner of the county and make an attempt to find a living place.

On a Saturday night sometime after dark I found the home of the man to whom I had a letter from the county superintendent. He told me frankly that though he was anxious to have a school, and had two children of his own who would attend, nevertheless there was no place in the district where the teacher could board. He let me sleep on the floor that night in the one room that served as parlor, living room and dining room, and the next morning bright and early I visited every house in the district. There were not many of them, and they were widely scattered. As a matter of fact, there were only seven children in the district, and under the law of the territory children of a certain age had to be dismissed at two o'clock, and under this rule there were only three pupils left.

How the Tenderfoot Turned

TO MY surprise and mortification, no one in the district was willing to board the teacher. I came back that Sunday afternoon to the house of my new friend, who lived near a newly constructed railroad, and who ran a gang of Chinamen working on the right of way. As I walked down the track I saw an old shack of a building about ten by twelve. My friend had said he would be able to board me, but he had no place for me to sleep. He had only three rooms in his house, and his family consisted of himself, wife and four children. I asked him if he would not permit me to sleep in this old shack. He was very glad to have me do so. I took his hammer and nails and a few old boards and nailed up a bedstead. His wife took some pieces of cloth and sewed up a bedtick, which I carried over to a straw stack about a mile away and filled with straw, and thus furnished my new home.

I became very fond of my landlord and his family. They were the only people in the entire community who had ever lived anywhere else except in that locality. The other people were old settlers, had been there before the railroad came in, and were in fact opposed to the coming in of the railroad or the settling up of the country.

The terminus of the railroad was quite a bustling Western city. It was about forty miles farther on. The industry was principally lumbering, and in this town was located a brewery. It was to become the county seat of a new county, and my friend thought it would be a great place for me to open up in the law business. One Sunday bright and early he got some of his Chinamen on a hand car, and we made a pilgrimage to this new city. On the way up we gathered an addition to our force. It was the toughest outfit I had ever seen. Among the number was an escaped convict from the Oregon penitentiary, and about ten or twelve others equally bad—if not worse. When we got to the new town, though it was Sunday, the whole crowd went to the brewery, and I did not have an opportunity to examine the town, because when we left the brewery it was long after dark. The doors of the brewery were securely locked, because what was going on was entirely illegal, but the proprietor of that joint sold as much beer that day as he probably sold any other day in the week.

I was regarded as a tenderfoot. I was designated by the leader of the gang as the schoolma'am. I realized I was looked upon with contempt by everybody there except my friend with whom I lived. Unfortunately this friend drank too much beer, and it was not long before I began to think I was entirely alone. We played pool, played cards and drank beer all day. I was the only sober man in the bunch. I know this sounds fishy, but it's true. This was perhaps because of my fear rather than any virtue that I possessed. When they lined up in front of the long bar to drink I was declining beer and taking a cigar instead. Finally the leader of the outfit, noticing this act of mine, demanded that I take beer instead of cigars. He was as supreme in the control of his gang as the Czar ever was of his government in Russia. His word always went, and when he told the bartender that the schoolma'am must drink beer he expected to see his orders obeyed.

I suppose I was just as tender and just as unsophisticated as they took me to be. The facts are at this time I was frightened nearly to death. I knew that every man in the crowd was armed, and I was no exception to this rule myself. I had always been very familiar with the use of a gun and a revolver, and in a modest way was quite a marksman. I did feel that I could shoot as fast and as straight as any man there, especially when I took their condition into consideration. Up to this time, though I had participated in the games and all that, I had not resented any of the slurs that had been heaped upon me or the sly remarks that had been made back and forth about the schoolma'am, but as frightened as I was, I had no intention of drinking beer under coercion.

I had no objection to drinking. In fact I had imbibed at the beginning as freely as any of them, but I knew—or at least I thought I knew— that my safety depended upon my keeping sober, and I made up my mind I was not going to drink any more. I very modestly told the bartender I was not going to drink any more, and asked him to give me a cigar. This enraged the big ruffian. He pushed aside three or four of his companions and started for me. As quick as a flash I stuck my gun in his face, told him to hold up his hands, and he stopped as suddenly as though he was facing a real bandit. While I had him in this position I called him everything I could think of. I used all the vulgar language in the superlative degree I had ever heard in a lifetime, and made the air blue with profanity. All this had a tendency to put me in good standing with the crowd.

To my surprise my friend, whom I had supposed was too far gone to be of any assistance, revived sufficiently to expostulate with the big fellow I was holding at bay, and told them I was an all-round tough; that I was only disguised as a schoolma'am, and that I was a better and quicker shot than any man in the crowd. It all happened very suddenly, but the crowd was greatly impressed. The big fellow backed down, said the schoolma'am could have her way and did not have to drink unless she wanted to, and though they went to the bar many times afterward, I always pushed away the beer, and took a cigar; and there was no further interference with my liberty. The big leader always announced when he said that everybody must drink that the schoolma'am was an exception, and when we separated I think if I had been an applicant for admission into this frontier organization there would not have been a black ball cast.

Revolver Practice in School

MORE than twenty years after that day I was making campaign speeches in the same territory. I was billed to speak in this same town. It then had paved streets, fine buildings, and was modern in every respect. I slipped away from the local committee on entertainment and reception and went in search of the old brewery. In making inquiry I found that most of the citizens of whom I inquired did not know of a brewery that had been located in that town in the early days. But I found it finally, standing intact and used for some other and better purpose than formerly. The schoolhouse in which I had taught was in the final stages of dilapidation and decay. It had never been plastered, but was boarded up on the outside and inside. I remembered how the woodpeckers used to get in between the two walls by the dozen, and sometimes used to interfere with the children who were trying to study.

I used to practice shooting with a revolver at these redheads after school when they were stuck through the holes in the wall, until I became an expert. It not only required straight shooting, but I had to shoot quickly, so

(Concluded on Page 126.)

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DEUCE HIGH

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

VI (Continued)

TO PRENTISS after this all days became as one day. A languid, sensuous, jungle-born day, purring heavily, rank with sweetness, enervating as the air of a hothouse. He lost count of time, forgot in the sudden drugged lassitude of the tropic air many of the things which he had previously counted very important indeed. But he did not forget to write every night in the little waterproofed book which was as much a part of him as his hat, which he stowed inside his clothes when he slept, having heard stories of devouring tropic ants. And each night when he finished his bit of journalizing he wrote decisively at the bottom of the page: "Start for the coast to-morrow." And each morning he took up anew the baffling battle with Mary Lassaigne.

"We leave to-morrow," he told her every evening as she fastened her tent.

"I'm not going," was the invariable reply.

"I said we were going." Prentiss' youthful sternness would take on a sharp edge.

"I hope you have a pleasant journey."

Against that wall of monotonous obstinacy Prentiss' arguments broke off short, until the struggle wearied him more than actual physical combat. Since the episode of the pistol Mary had been apathetic, still and stubborn as the implacable river. She avoided Prentiss as much as possible and spent most of her time on the river in the little steel boat. Sitting sulkily on the shore Prentiss watched her master the current with a sort of grudging admiration. She belonged to the river—bare brown arms, body poised with savage lightness.

The boat was the core of their contention, the answer to the riddle of Prentiss' patience. But for one thing he would have uprooted Mary Lassaigne ruthlessly from the poisoned soil to which she clung. Mary carried the key to the boathouse, and Prentiss was not yet hardened to the point that would justify him in forcibly searching the girl. Remained the alternative of demolishing the boathouse. Prentiss had debated over that, but a certain lingering gallantry urged further diplomacy. Hence the prolonged, almost wordless conflict.

"If those specimens don't get to Washington soon"—he employed every wile that he knew—"they'll be worthless."

The answer to this was silence, a brown cheek averted, the flash of a scorning eye.

Prentiss knew at times the dazed awe of a conscientious parent for an amazingly disobedient child. But he dared not force the matter, dared not tempt again that troubling and shameful impulse which still left a hidden heat burning within him as though his boyish soul lighted a contrite candle in atonement for an obscure sin.

"If it's because you haven't any clothes," he was inspired to say one morning, "you needn't worry about that. We'll buy some at the first port."

"Clothes?" She stared at him. "Clothes?"

She leaped into the tent and dragged out a little leather trunk, furry with green-white mold. Lifting the lid the rusting hinges fell away, letting it clatter to the floor.

Most Big Moments are Like That—Like Benign Goddesses With Their Brows Touched by the Olympian Mists

Prentiss saw that it was full of garments, gray with mildew. Mary lifted these out gingerly, with a bamboo stick, and shook them until a cloud of dust set Prentiss to sneezing, and laid them upon the bed.

A little middy suit of serge, a ruffled white dress green with mold, a scarlet jacket—pitiful, short, childish things—the wardrobe of the maid who had come trustingly into the jungle three years before, and whom the jungle had hardened into womanhood.

"Those things are too small," Prentiss protested. "You couldn't wear one of them."

She held the blue middy, dubiously streaked and stained, before her, measuring it against her body. Then before Prentiss could protest she snatched off the ragged khaki shirt, revealing muscular shoulders as ivory white as the meat of a coconut, garbed in a ragged undergarment of obviously masculine origin. Swiftly she jerked on the blouse and her face fell.

The sleeves fell absurdly short of her wrists and the fabric was strained at the shoulders until every movement brought forth a sound of rending.

"This was a pretty dress," she said a bit wistfully. "The only pretty dress I ever had. Frank bought it at Port-au-Prince. I—I didn't know that people grew like that!"

In the end it was the devil who drove her, as Prentiss' little birdlike mother would have said.

Prentiss was working in Lassaigne's farthest cane planting at the point where the river fretted continuously at the impeding point of the island, when he saw her coming, crouched low in the boat, her paddle dipping frantically in silence, her eyes staring downstream, her face yellow-white as ivory and stricken with such fear as he had never before seen upon the face of a woman. She drove the little craft swiftly into the shelter of the cane.

"Get in!" she commanded tensely.

Prentiss stared at her.

"Get in!" she repeated hoarsely. "We're going. Down river!"

Prentiss saw that she had loaded most of his belongings in the boat, but that she had brought nothing of her own save a black tin box which lay beside her on the seat.

"Don't talk!" she hissed as he opened his mouth in involuntary amaze. "Get in quick! I saw him coming—downstream. I slid out of the cove and came all the way round. He's rounding the island now. Can't you see him?"

Prentiss stooped in the cane and followed her finger. Against the teeming crowding green of the opposite shore he saw a small boat creeping, keeping warily inshore, a furtive and unpleasant-looking craft. Two swart sailors rowed it, and Prentiss did not need to ask the identity of the man who directed them. Too well he knew the outline of that pulpy paunch, those fat shoulders! It was Jesus Alvaso.

Prentiss slid through the muck down to the boat.

"Give me that gun!" he said to Mary Lassaigne, but she held it away, her face ghastly white.

"No, no!" she cried in a panic. "There are three of them. They would kill you—and they would not kill me! Get in—get in, I tell you!" There was utter sickened terror in her voice.

Prentiss did not wait. He gave one reluctant look toward the white tent where Lassaigne's work lay waiting in little labeled paraffin pots, and then he snapped off swiftly a dozen seed heads of the cane—Lassaigne's precious cane for which he had lived, for which he had died—and wrapped them in his corduroy coat. Then stepping carefully into the boat he took up an oar.

Alvaso was just landing at the little canvas boathouse when they drove the swift steel government canoe into the tugging heart of the current. The Chilean had not seen them. What his errand was Prentiss could only guess. But he knew what Alvaso would find. A deserted tent—and a grave.

VII

ANDREW PAGET was restless. He straggled into his club late on a spring afternoon and flung into a chair. Outside the misty twilight was quenching a sunset made of gold drifts, and the soft hues of lilacs and a silvery light lay long on the hard streets.

Somewhere in the forest of brick and steel a bewildered bird, astray, sang over and over a single aching measure. It was spring. And Andrew Paget, who had indifferently existed through some forty glowing, mating springtimes, was feeling the loneliness, the tug, the glad sorrow and thrill of this spring with a keenness which he would not have admitted even to himself.

Neither would he have owned to the fact that a generous portion of his unrest was due to the fact that Harlem is a rather extensive borough, and, so far as Paget could discover, entirely built of apartment buildings highly appropriate to iron beds and golden-oak furniture. Yet it was true that Paget was missing Freddie Forsyth more than he had thought it possible to miss anyone. He had searched for her rather persistently for two weeks, but with no clew to begin on, the search had been, of course, absurdly fruitless. He slouched down in a chair and smoked a cigarette diligently, his back turned to the window, where the opal sky was distilling into amethyst and gray, his ears dulled against the lovesick bird. He thrust his face into a paper and thought that he was reading the news from the spring training camp of the baseball club when in reality he was wondering, a bit angrily, what the deuce a little squeaking rat like Dan Forsyth meant by plunging into financial affairs over his insignificant head and dragging a girl like Freddie off into the murky backwaters of poverty.

It was not necessary to fall in love to appreciate a blue-and-gold thing like Freddie. Paget recalled that last afternoon in the little basement place where the mocking birds were singing. He remembered Freddie's face as she had talked about her mother and Shannon Water. He snapped

the paper open a bit resentfully, and then the floor quivered and big Puss Trainor came in.

"Archie Prentiss is back," was Trainor's greeting.

Paget sat up and dropped the paper.

"He's got the girl," announced Trainor, heaving into a stout chair.

"Girl?" repeated Paget a bit blankly.

Then it all came back—this same room, and a deck of cards, and Prentiss had cut the deuce. Deuce high! A damned idiotic bet. And, Paget recalled, it was written in the bond that somebody had to marry the girl ultimately. That was rot of course! A man could not be coerced into marriage. Very likely the girl would refuse anyway.

Trainor was babbling on:

"Prentiss found her somewhere down along the South American coast. Father had a government appointment—investigating something. He died and the girl's got nobody; Prentiss brought her out. They were four days in an open boat with a dago ship captain on their trail. It's a great story the way Archie tells it. This girl—you ought to see her, Paget! Lived in a jungle all her life; read Victor Hugo and French poetry, and didn't know how to turn on a light! Got her hair down in a pigtail and some sort of little-kid dress on—looks for all the world like Archie had captured a little Indian and tried to tame her, till you see her eyes."

"I suppose you are expecting to keep your part of the agreement?"

Trainor took a bundle from under his arm.

"Catalogues. Been telephoning schools all the afternoon. Makes me feel old—as though I had an orphan granddaughter left on my hands. Not going to be easy to classify that girl either.

"She knows all those sour old classics by heart—and she can't add fractions. She's got a trick with her eyes—looks at you like she was an island queen or something. Not easy to tell a girl like that that ladies don't say 'damn' or eat chops with their fingers!"

"By George," laughed Paget, "this begins to be interesting!"

"Wait till you see her," prophesied Trainor, thumbing the leaves of a pictured catalogue. "You'll realize then how pitifully little you know about life. This girl—Prentiss calls her Mary Lassaigne—buried her father with her own hands. Yet she says she hates men, and women make her sick. You can see that Archie has had a lively fight with her. He looks worn-out. And whenever he suggests anything she gives him one of those annihilating looks. I've won your money, Andy, my son."

"Don't count it yet," advised Paget. "Your little savage may balk at finishing schools. They're rather sophisticated places usually. I've got a niece who visits me occasionally and enlightens me on Paris hats and the social distinctions in motor cars. I imagine a girl from the jungle unacquainted with marcelled waves and manicures would have a rather unhappy time of it."

"I've counted on that," returned Trainor. "I'm going to give her a month—going to get a little widow I know to chaperon her and teach her. She's a woman, you know, not a child; she's had education of a sort. Her father taught her, and she had a year in a convent. She'll learn like a flash when she decides that ladies aren't always sick in bed with camphor on their heads, and that soap isn't loathsome stuff, and hairpins an abomination. The girl's nineteen years old, Paget—and she has never seen an elevator or a phonograph or an automobile! Talk about virgin soil! This is missionary work. This is educating the heathen!"

The Little Gray Bird of a Woman Who Came to Meet Them Seemed to Her a Marvelous and Saintly Creature

VIII

PRENTISS, returning from two days in Washington, found Mary Lassaigne sitting forlornly in the hotel room which he had gotten for her, her body drooping and a nostalgic woe dimming the defiant brown beauty of her face. She had on the faded old khaki frock, which he had not been able to persuade her to destroy, even after they had purchased a wardrobe of sorts at Ponta Pablo. The skin moccasins she had worn lay limply upon the floor and she held a stockinged foot tenderly in her hand and regarded resentfully the scattered footwear which lay all about her.

There were soft rich slippers and natty little pumps with shining buckles, gray suèdes like the pelt of a mouse, browns as tawny and rich as chocolate bonbons, white kids with a bridal look, and sturdy sport ties. Trainor evidently had sent samples of every style and size available, and Mary Lassaigne sat and looked at them all with scorn and a trace of angry tears upon her eyelids.

Across the room the gentle middle-aged woman whom Trainor had persuaded to chaperon Mary—one Mrs. Mooney—sat and looked at the girl in a sort of baffled incredulity.

"She declares she won't wear them," was Mrs. Mooney's wailed greeting to Prentiss. "She won't even try to walk in them. What in the world will we do? She can't go out—in those!" She dismissed in disgust the limp stained moccasins which Mary had insisted on wearing to New York.

"But—you've got to wear shoes!" argued Prentiss, with a youthful assumption of fatherly sternness.

"Why have I?" inquired Mary coolly.

"Because"—Prentiss knew again that parental feeling of helplessness at combating her still obstinacy—"people wear shoes! It's the proper thing to do. You have to live in the world as it is, you know. You can't make laws for yourself."

"I don't want to make laws," declared Mary, lacing her moccasins; "I merely want to be comfortable."

Ultimately Prentiss browbeat her into crowding her unaccustomed feet into a pair of soft sandals, color of smoke in winter. Then he tramped out into the street, the argument having left him wearied and with a feeling of having bullied something innocent. He had known the same nagging discomfort in his conflicts with Mary ever since they abandoned the little government boat at a river port of consequence, and Mary, subdued by the noise of a world of which she knew little and no longer goaded by the terror of Alvaso, had relinquished command of the expedition to him.

Prentiss had known few girls in his life, but those he remembered had been amazingly different from Mary. His gay little red-cheeked stepsisters had been eager for experiences, ecstatic over a new gown or a ribbon, inquisitive and imitative as little pecking sparrows. But Mary, all the youth of her somehow drained by the jealously ancient jungle, grudged the world so much as a sidelong, scorning look.

Prentiss knew that this was not fear so much as a sullen self-sufficiency. She did not care how she looked. He had had a hard time persuading her to have her untamed brown hair subdued into proper puffs and curls.

And his trip to Washington had proved to him that Trainor's plans for Mary were important. There was small hope in Prentiss' mind that the girl would ever profit from her father's lifetime of toil and devotion to science. Men high in the Department of Agriculture—so high that they were easy to see and to talk to—had examined Lassaigne's specimens and pursed their lips noncommittally. It was impossible to say offhand, they agreed, whether or not Lassaigne had wrought anything for the department which had not already been accomplished by breeders on the government plots. Lassaigne had been sent to obtain the strong, wild outcrosses. He had overstayed his mission a full season. They could not tell; of course when the seed was germinated ——

Prentiss had come away discouraged in spirit and a little indignant. But his indignation at the red tape which smothered the genius of Lassaigne and denied him even a pale reward of glory after he was dead did not chill his own fever for the adventure. His brief taste of the wilderness had left him tingling with the intoxication of it and convinced him that for him the glory of life would lie in being one of the humble tentacles with which science searches into the hidden secrets of the world. Already he grudged the hours he spent in this stone-and-steel city

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IT PAYS TO SMILE

IX

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"A Clean Sweep!" Whispered Peaches. "No Use Kidding Myself. I'll Make the Break Clean. It's the Only Thing to Do!"

MY DEAR father used to maintain that true love seldom dies, chiefly because it is so seldom born, which I take to be an aspersion upon the average love affair.

But this would scarcely be fair to widows, or maidens who have been bereaved before betrothal, would it? For, of course, it is conceivable that such a one might in time recover from the shock of her loss and form a second genuine attachment. But whether I was justified in putting Peaches into the latter class or not I could not judge at the time. Because, of course, we should have been extremely lonely on the northern ranch without Mr. Markheim, especially after Richard, the chauffeur, enlisted, and dear Mr. Pegg began his increasingly frequent trips to Washington, where he had something to do with supplying the Army with fruit. The way that man constantly ran over to Washington from California was simply too—too—well, too Californian for words. For the natives of this region save time in every conceivable fashion, yet regard distance as nothing. He spent almost all of his time either on the train or in the southern part of the state, where his principal groves of citrus fruit were located.

At any rate, we should have been tremendously lonely on the home ranch without Mr. Markheim. Really I should not have supposed that a millionaire could be so human or a *nouveau riche* so condescending, or, rather, so tolerable. But I suppose his being in love with Alicia had something to do with it, for before we had been twenty-four hours at the King-pin ranch I saw how things were.

On account of his name, poor Mr. Markheim took no active part in the war, though I understand that he lent somebody a great deal of money—the Belgians or Irish or someone, I forget just who.

But at any rate, he used to ride over to our place a great deal, every day when it wasn't twice a day, and at first Peaches would have nothing to do with him beyond mere politeness.

I settled myself to watch the progress of the affair, because I do love a lover, even when I don't like him, and I felt sorry for Mr. Markheim and interested in his attentions to Peaches, though, of course, he was of an age which would have rendered his devotion to an older woman far more suitable, and I was confident that nothing could shake her devotion to the dear duke, that handsome and romantic rascal—that is, if he was a rascal, which now seemed plain enough. But every woman loves a rascal at some time or another, and though friends and family may succeed in persuading her to give him up she goes on nursing her fondness in secret just as long as the flavor lasts.

At any rate, Peaches thought only of Sandro; that was plain to any woman, and, though she seldom spoke of him, I could see that we never went to the little dust bin of a town for the mail but she looked for a letter in his handwriting. But she did not discuss him, even with me. And when Mr. Sebastian came over from his toy ranch she would ride with him, talk with him, swim in our pool with him or accept the little things he bought her with a sweet, gentle resignation which brought me to the verge of tears, it was so unlike her old fiery self.

And thus we dragged through a long, long period which has really nothing to do with my account of our particular affairs—the period of the war, in point of fact. I feel it is not incumbent upon me to make a record of the war, though it occurred at this time, inasmuch as several quite competent persons, including Mr. Wilson and the Associated Press, have covered the matter pretty carefully and quite as accurately as I should, the more especially as I spent the entire span of the war in California, and the Golden State was removed from any sense of actual warfare.

Not that I mean to say that we Californians were in any way lacking in patriotism or that we failed to do our part, for goodness knows we just about fed the entire nation, and prices didn't go up, either, the way they did in the East. You could still buy at prewar prices in 1918, and we were so rich as a community that we could do without the scandalous increases of which we read in our week-late New York Sunday newspapers. But what I mean is that somehow the war seemed to belong to the East rather than to us. And I think we worried more over Mexico than over Flanders, and who can blame us when we were so near to Mexico that we could actually see what went on there? Or the result of what went on, at least? And the European war was just like some horrid, rather unconvincing nightmare which the East had got itself into and that we had, in consequence, to help her out of.

And it's a fact that Peaches and I ran the home ranch, and hardly left it, after Richard's enlistment. When I reflect upon our life there, it seems punctuated by two great events and nothing else, though at the time of living through it I seemed to be in a continuous crisis, my upbringing crashing against my environment.

The first momentous occurrence to which I have reference was news of the duke. It came in a letter from Abby, who mentioned him casually in passing. The Chinese cook had brought the mail up from Oroville, and Peaches and I had carried it outside to the edge of the swimming pool which Mr. Pegg had built into an angle of the ranch house, that gaunt white-painted frame building, very like a big New England farmhouse, as are many of the homesteads of Northern California. It was a heavenly mild late September day, with the barren hills turning faintly green already, though the rains had been tardy and scarce, and the roses in the garden had still to be irrigated regularly. The roads, hub deep with dust in summer, were bad now, honeycombed with mud holes, and the mail was late.

As I sat there with a corduroy jacket about my shoulders, my muddy boots heavy on my tired feet, and held the letter with the Italian postmark unopened for a moment in my hands, it seemed as if the past four years were a dream, and the scene before me an utter unreality. At the gate to the road stood a pair of orange trees upon which the fruit was being left to ripen for home consumption. The orchards were stripped weeks earlier, for we picked green and sweated our oranges. Beyond the sentinel trees, with their yellow fruit glowing like lanterns in the dark foliage, a flock of runner ducks squawked noisily in the head ditch, which had flowed by the house since the early days when Peaches' mother lived there and used to get the water for her household from it. Distantly a file of turbaned Hindu pickers, bound for a neighbor's walnut grove, passed, silhouetted against the sky, and vanished into the more overbearing outlines of a row of eucalyptus trees upon the ridge, and a pair of smartly overalled, immaculate Japanese laborers equipped like aviators, and gloved against the orange thorns, passed along the road, chattering unintelligibly, their picking equipment strapped to their shoulders like knapsacks, their sturdy boots swinging rhythmically to their chatter.

I could see all this, and the environment, which had once been as strange as a prism seen through a kaleidoscope, yet which was the only reality I had known for four years, now took on its pristine strangeness once more, and the letter in my hands brought a wave of homesickness upon me—not for Italy, but for Boston. I scarcely know why. For several moments I sat so, and then at length I opened the envelope where the censor had closed it, and read.

It sounded tired, that letter did, though, of course, it told very little, being censored.

"We are frightfully busy," Abby wrote, "but hopeful of an end to it all before long. I hope it may be true that peace is near, for we have suffered enough. We are not so gay as once we were, my dear, but just as brave. Things have changed so, and people are gone. I hear among others that our gay, mysterious and gallant Sandro was killed at —— Sir Anthony told me he got it from Captain Silvano, whom you may remember at Mentone. Killed in a very brave bit of action, I believe, too. Ah, well! So many people are making reparation for sins known and unknown by heroic sacrifice in the war. It is the great confessional."

I did not read further just then. Something impelled me to look up. Alicia was standing in front of me with grave golden eyes, her body actually seeming to give off a magnetic force which compelled me against my will to an immediate confession of what I would have preferred to break to her in a proper fashion.

"Free!" she said too quietly. "Is he—dead?"

It was the first mention which had been made of the duke in almost a year. I had begun to think she had forgotten—or at least determined to forget. I should have known better. I handed her the letter. It was the only thing I could do. She took it and read it silently, still looking off at the purple cloud bank of the Coast Range with its snow patches melting into the fleece of the little clouds which seemed to rest upon them—the barren gold-and-violet mountains, so infinite, eternal, restful and inspiring. Her face was like marble and I thought of the old psalmist: "I lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," and knew she would get help from the Coast Range, from the infinite expanse of Nature, even as I had got it before now.

"In a very brave action," she said automatically. Then she threw her head back in a proud gesture, as though somebody had tried to strike her and failed; and without another word she turned and went into the house. I allowed her to go alone. Somehow I had gradually come to recognize a difference between Alicia and other young women of my acquaintance—and I knew that there was nothing I could say to her just then. She had the strength of those hills, or rather mountains—she was made of their very substance. I felt helpless. Besides, it was time to go through the lower orchards, where the Hindus were stripping olives in fear of a possible touch of frost, and somebody had to attend to things. So I rose, much depressed but urged by the duty before me. That was woman's salvation during the war—the pressure of work to be done. And Pinto was again in Washington.

But that night Peaches became humanized. I suppose the darkness was too much for her. I was unable to endure her sobbing unless I could participate in it, so I went into her room toward morning, and we were wretched in company. It was then that she showed me the wallet.

"Oh, my dear!" I said. "If only you had a souvenir or something of his!"

"I have!" replied poor Peaches unexpectedly. "I'll show it to you."

She turned on the light and reached under her tear-stained pillow—an incongruously gay figure in her striped pyjamas—and produced an envelope from which she drew a worn case of black morocco leather. It was thin and flat and no bigger than the palm of your hand.

"I have this, and two letters, and the rose he picked with the little gold knife I gave him."

"What is it?" I made inquiry.

"I don't know," she said. "There's something written in Italian inside. He left it by accident on the day before he disappeared."

"By accident?" I said. "How?"

"Well, I found it on the sofa," said Peaches. "And it has his name in it. I was going to return it next day at luncheon—the luncheon to which he never came."

Then she broke down again.

"I guess it's only a Dago mileage book," she sobbed, "but it's all I've got of his! He must have used it a lot!" She buried her head in the pillow, the wallet clasped tightly to her breast, and I stole out of the room without seeing the contents. If only I had looked—insisted on looking at it then, what a lot of trouble we would have been spared! But as my dear father used to say, it is easy to be wise in retrospect. At the time I thought merely of Peaches getting a little sleep and that somebody had to get up and start the Chinaman, or the foremen wouldn't get their breakfast by five o'clock, and there was still one sheltered flat of oranges to be picked.

Though the lugs were already in the orchard I knew that if we were ever to get through in time to make a complete shipment we must begin work as soon as it was light enough to see the yellow glow under the green on the fruit, and work until it was so dark that the prime oranges were indistinguishable from the unripe ones, and the Mohammedans would come out of the orchard and pray, in their heathen manner, facing where they supposed Mecca to be. Somebody had to see to things, and I was what Peaches cryptically termed the "goat."

Out of the Abyss Below Me Darted a Dark and Noiseless Figure, Followed at Close Range by a Second One

Mr. Kipling may not have known it, but the dawn comes up like thunder in California, too, so it is really no effort to rise early, once you are accustomed to so doing. It is a common observation that when one does get up at sunrise one wonders why one does not do it always. And for almost three years such had been my continuous habit.

I set about my duties this morning, however, with a heavy heart, for I anticipated a long siege with Peaches and her grief. But by the time the foremen had gone to their sections and I myself had ridden the rounds of the various orchards to see that all was well, and given the Chinaman instructions about the meals, which instructions he would later pretend not to have heard, and had ridden over to the sluice at the top of the head ditch to see why the new feed to the seedling flat wasn't working properly, and taken a look at the flock of turkeys which I had imported to keep the grasshoppers down and which had lately been depleted by coyotes, I returned to my second breakfast; and there was Peaches already seated at table, well groomed in her riding clothes and prepared to accompany me to the packing sheds at the railroad.

She was a trifle pale perhaps, and rather quieter than usual, but perfectly composed, and even smiled a little as I sat down beside her and attacked my meal.

"I'm all set now, Free," she whispered. "I'll just do my bit, as he did his."

And then we got out the car and went to town. I drove, at her request, and between bumps and mud holes watched her out of one corner of my eye for any signs of a breakdown. But none came, either then or later in the long sheds where the sweated fruit roared down the channel of the separator, falling into the bins like golden hail, which the wives and daughters of the neighboring ranchers stood swiftly packing, a most competent lot of females, very swift and precise and earning a good bit of pin money thus every year.

Peaches stood outside all day, checking up the lugs as they arrived, arranging about freight rates, overseeing the allotment of box cars to the various growers, and generally doing a man's job. And never once during the twelve months which followed did I know her to fail in her work—her magnificent constitution helping, no doubt, to pull her through. But I could see that a permanent change had taken place in her from the day of Abby's letter. She was no longer the madcap and, though she was even more beautiful, she was different—and through love, the great tamer, as Blake would have it.

This was the first incident to which I have referred as punctuating the monotony of the war for us.

The second occurred more than a year later, in November, 1918, when we thought the town hall was on fire, when all the time it was only the armistice.

(Continued on Page 75)

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The Mummery of Politics

NOTHING is so immutable as a rite, unless it be a ceremony, and nowhere are rites and ceremonies more fixed by precedent and practice than in American politics. We hold the United States to be the exemplar of progress among the nations of the world, and ours is a party government. Thus as the progress of a country depends largely upon the government of that country, and as government is the creature of politics, the assumption must be, if we are the most progressive nation, that our politics is as progressive as our country.

The facts do not jibe with the assumption. What progress we have made has been made despite our politics rather than because of it. There hasn't been a new political idea in this country in many years that has had a more substantial basis than a grievance; not one that has been founded on a sound economical or philosophical principle. There have been symptoms of revolt here and there, but self-seeking was back of most of these, or theory instead of logic.

This is true both in an interior and an exterior sense, both in the outward and visible signs and in the inward and practical manifestations. Our politicians do their politics in the same old way, both inside and outside. They have been marking time and timing their marks identically for a quarter of a century. It is true that the American creed is that results count, and if the politicians can get their results as their predecessors got them, which is a sad commentary on our collective intelligence, no one can chide them for sticking to the time-tried methods.

It would seem, though, that the politicians might add a novelty or two to the public demonstrations of their procedures; that they might evolve a new wrinkle or two in conventions, say, and make a bluff at getting away from the old, frazzled, wearying ceremonies that always mark the quadrennial public exhibition of political effort, the national conventions. Instead the politicians present nothing new. They do not make their crowning spectacles attractive. They are poor showmen in a business that is mostly show. They stage the old stuff each time, go through their rites and ceremonies doggedly, and then put the props away for another four years.

The mummeries are fatiguing. They are set and scheduled, and no more spontaneous than an arithmetical formula. They are rigid and according to rule. When this condition rises perform this incantation. When another condition rises go through these solemn rites. This situation requires a set spectacle. That contingency demands a contemplated clamor. Any person who has seen a national convention of either party can forecast what the next four—or eight—national conventions will do in any given circumstance of convention procedure. The mechanics are always depressingly the same. The mummery never changes.

They string out conventions for days that might, aside from the actual business of nominating, be put through in hours. Of course there is a material side to this. The politicians generally send their convention to the city that will pay most for the privilege. That is business. The money is subscribed by patriotic citizens who are in the way of getting that money back, and then some, from those who go to the conventions. To insure that return, and interest, the politicians must bind themselves to hold their convention in session for a stated period, five or six days, in order that the subscribers may have full opportunity to recoup themselves for the contributions that civic pride caused them to make to the enticement fund. So the show must be prolonged.

That is the custom. As soon as it was discovered that San Francisco had one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in real money to offer the Democratic politicians for the privilege of entertaining the Democratic convention this year wise persons whose business took them to that convention wired for reservations at the San Francisco hotels without waiting for the formal acceptance of the offer by the national committee, because these wise persons knew what would happen.

The necessities demand this, the politicians say. Let it stand at that without protest, though protest might be made over that, and over the political fetish that it helps to carry a state for the party to confer a national convention of that party on one of its cities. Granting the necessity, why must all the old and apparent and ragged and worn tricks be paraded one after the other when the show is on? Isn't there anybody in politics in this country with imagination or ingenuity enough to think up something new in the way of spectacle? Must there always be the same cloud-burst of mediocre oratory, and the same yapping and yammering of inane applause? Must the same props be trotted out year after year to get the same perfunctory effects?

Consider that Chicago convention. Nine hundred and eighty-four delegates and an equal number of alternates, together with some ten thousand spectators, sat humidly for nine hours one stifling day while orator after orator mounted the platform and howled his heroics about some candidate or other. Not a vote was changed by any of this—not one vote. Not a fact was added to the knowledge of the delegates concerning the aspirants. They knew all about them—all the orators said and a good deal more. The same result could have been achieved by writing the names of the candidates on a blackboard and proceeding to the balloting.

But years ago the partisans of some candidate applauded for forty-two minutes after that candidate's name was presented. Hence since that time it is incumbent on every candidate to arrange matters so he shall have a vast applause, and especially so he shall have a few minutes' more cheering than his competitors if there are several. If John Smith is cheered for forty-two minutes, William Jones must be cheered for forty-six minutes, or William Jones will be branded as less fitted to be President than John Smith. So year after year galleries are packed with howlers, cheer leaders are engaged, claques are organized and such incitements to renewed but mechanical frenzy introduced as parades of standards, flag exhibitions, sudden displaying of portraits, the injection of patriotic airs by the band when the yells are diminishing, and all the tawdry and apparent artificiality of it repeated time and again. It means nothing, is nothing and does nothing. The shallow galleries yammer, but the deep delegates, except when their own man is up, are dumb.

So it goes, according to precedent: The long deliberative session over the platform, which ends with the men in control of the committee on resolutions taking from its resting place the plank previously prepared and slipping it across; the canned speeches of the chairmen, edited in advance by the pussyfooters; the exhibition of the veterans of the party on the stage and their rambling remarks; the endeavor to incite patriotic fervor by convention singing of America and The Battle Hymn of the Republic, each delegate and spectator having been handed a card containing the words of these national hymns in order that there may be some semblance of coherence and not the usual "My country da-da-de"; the adjournments for conference over matters that were decided on two months before; the this-is-a-solemn-hour stuff; the careful, prearranged selection of the opening-prayer makers so each sect and race may have its representative; the allotment of motion makers so various important personages may have their little flash of publicity by prearranged recognition by the chairman when it comes time to recess or move the previous question or something like; the cut-and-dried resolutions that are handed out for presentation; the historic gavel, and all the other fustian and props and preparations that are practiced and introduced in the old and accepted manner to give the impression of spontaneity and enthusiasm.

National conventions are as archaic as the methods of them. It is probably too much to expect that the time will come when the people will nominate their candidates for President directly, without the cumbersome and superannuated medium of national conventions in the capacity of middle managers and manipulators. The people can bring that about if they wish by the insistence on a national presidential primary, where all candidates may be voted upon in the first instance to the elimination of all but the one representative of each party having candidates in the primary, the men receiving the highest votes to go to the final in November as the selected candidates of their parties. That would be fatal to the domination of the politicians, and is utopian to expect, because Congress, which would make the law, is political and politicianly, and because it isn't likely the people will take the trouble to insist.

Still the people deserve some consideration. So long as the national-convention simulation of popular determination is to continue, and so long as the people continue to allow the politicians to run their affairs, certainly the least the politicians might do for the people is to make national conventions more attractive, to introduce some new stuff, to engage some new mummers and evolve some new mummeries.

The old stuff palls. National conventions are a bore. The props are worn and the actors are spiritless in their parts. The scenery is faded and the lines are hackneyed. New fustian should be substituted for the old, for the old fustian is worn and ragged and bags dreadfully at the knees.

Mr. Hays' Limit

SENATOR HARDING'S ready acquiescence in the definite policy of Chairman Hays, of the Republican National Committee, neither to solicit nor to accept campaign contributions of more than one thousand dollars is not only good politics but good citizenship. There was a time when the old system of holding up every rich man and every prosperous corporation for as much as the traffic would bear was taken as a matter of course; but even in those days we were vaguely conscious that every large check which found its way into a party war chest was nothing more or less than an unsecured loan which would subsequently have to be repaid by some one of the countless means that are within the power of the political victor.

Every financial obligation incurred before election by a successful political party is a direct lien upon the country. Settlement in some form is scarcely to be evaded; and in the end it is always the great mass of taxpayers who, knowingly or unknowingly, foot the bill.

Whichever party shall triumph at the November elections, our estimate of its probable future performance will be in inverse ratio to the sum total of its outstanding liabilities. The less it has to consider its financial obligations to those who made its success possible the more freely and single-heartedly it can address itself to the great administrative and legislative tasks that will devolve upon it.

THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN EUROPE

By Cameron Mackenzie

DECORATION BY CHARLES HARGENS, JR.

Being Some Speculative Considerations Regarding the Russian Peasant

AFTER one has been poking more or less continuously for a year and a half along the rim of Russia, hugging the dead line from the Black Sea to the far side of the Baltic and the Finnish frontier, one comes to know well certain isles of safety or rest homes or refuge spots into which one may crawl and be sure of finding a hot bath, some good food and some sound information. Viborg, up in Finland, where a fleet of American food ships lay last fall watching Judenitch, in one of the most dramatic retreats of history, lose Petrograd, is one of these; Helsingfors, the Finnish capital, and Reval, the Esthonian capital, both now crammed with order hunters from all over the globe, sniffing after soviet gold, are others; so too Vilna, in Lithuania—or Poland—as you choose to look at it, from which just a year ago the Bolsheviks were expelled; and likewise Riga, in Latvia, horribly shell torn and in its ruins, like a crushed eggshell, but another of the countless monuments to that which German artillery could once achieve; and conspicuously into the list goes gay, miserable, gluttonous, starving, sleek, shabby Warsaw, which is the precise spot where the prim pedantry of the West collides with the gorgeous indifference of the East.

The Eyes of the World on Russia

THEN, moving generally toward the Ukraine, there are harborages in Brest-Litovsk, of the notorious peace; in plague-stricken Tarnopol, where Petlura's paper government holds forth; and Lemberg, soiled and jaded by the transit through it of twelve different armies in six years. Curious spots, these, and all of them hospitable, in many ways alluring, but to me interesting chiefly because they are and have been, after a manner of speaking, mooring grounds for a great number of observation balloons upon Russia; and, arriving in any one of them, one thinks of men softly rocking fathoms high, sweeping with glasses the unending, dull, flat spaces beyond the Red frontier, ceaselessly peering at a country and people, the problem of which is vaster even than the country itself.

There are few governments which are not to-day scientifically watching Russia. Even the American Government has spared from its preoccupations abundant attention for this and is outdistanced in the business of Russian observation only by the British, who have produced a small army of highly skilled experts for the work. The French miss no tricks, and the Japanese seem to have a perfect regiment of funny little yellow men with red bands and gold lace on their caps scurrying furiously along the Baltic-Black Sea line.

No one officially observes for the Germans, but the Germans know—know more undoubtedly than any save the Poles, the Esthonians and the Letts, all formerly Russians themselves before someone loosed the craze for self-determination and nationalism, and loving, hating, understanding Russia in a kind of blood-relative way.

Nearly all of the missions are made up of experts, men who have known Russia for years. Their information—exchanged, correlated, checked—is enormous. Not a person from the hundreds who in one way or another are arriving all the time across the frontier who is not caught and interviewed. These thoroughgoing inquirers even talk with those non-Russian-speaking, generally theory-smitten individuals whom the Bolsheviks, knowing their own business full well, have admitted to the country and allowed to inspect the especial aspects or portions of it that they, the Bolsheviks, were willing they, the visitors, should see. And then occasionally these dead-line missions may pick a likely young man, perhaps half British or half French and half Russian, from one of their own staffs, dress him as a peasant or a Red Army recruit and send him off for a couple of months' perilous work in the great beyond. At any rate, between Viborg and Tarnopol there is very little guesswork or illusion or uncertainty about Russia. These now rather weary watchers know, and knowing, have laid down with practical unanimity three large general propositions which up along the Russian fence are accepted as axiomatic.

The first of these is that the sooner the so-called White movement is totally forgotten the better. The White movement has had in it two elements. One element has been a great number of charming, delightfully casual cosmopolitans, born Russian, who have added not a little to the gayety of London and Paris for a year or so, talking democracy and armed intervention and not knowing the least last thing about the Russia that has been evolved during the last thirty months. The other element has been the Kolchak-Denekin-Judenitch following, which bungled its own show completely enough not only to have bestowed gratuitously something of a military reputation upon the Red Army but to have erected an abiding conviction with most of the foreign experts that that semimonarchical, semi-imperialistic crowd, scorning the idea of an eventual Russian federation, consecrating themselves to the fetish of a re-created great Russia, could never produce the steadfastness or the workaday ability to put the country, even if they had it, on its feet again.

The Real Man for the Task

THE second proposition of the experts is that in the general world interest, regardless of any particular prejudices, it would be desirable if the present government in Russia should tend to disappear. The Baltic-Black Sea students are willing to discount if need be the alleged terror, though personally, immediately after Bolshevik evacuation, I have waded shoe-sole deep in blood and brains in two execution houses in Kieff. They are prepared to tear up the evidence they have to support the charge of officially forging foreign currencies. They do not object to ignoring certain official declarations that have seemed extraordinarily remote from the truth. Their proposition rests mainly on the ground that until Russia can be got going again all of Europe east of the Rhine will probably remain a world charity patient and that the present powers in Russia, making all due allowance for war, blockade, and so forth, have not demonstrated the organizing and business capacity for the job. They are not good business people, it is contended, and besides are handicapped by certain political and industrial doctrines to which they have committed themselves, so that altogether for the sake of Russia and for the reëstablishment of the delicate economic mechanism of Central Europe it is best that the personnel of the government should change.

The third proposition is that the real man for the task of Russian rehabilitation is the Russian peasant. It is not suggested that there should be a government by peasants, but that a government should take charge which would administer the country largely in the peasant interest. First, the man of the land is the most actual Russian that

there is. Before the war there were eighteen million males engaged in agriculture in European Russia, which means that something like seventy-five million persons out of a population of one hundred and thirty millions were of the peasant class. Second, until Russian political creeds become essentially agrarian in their nature and not, as at present, essentially industrial, it will be more difficult than otherwise for Russia to resume her established destiny as a producer to meet the unescapable food deficiencies of the millions to the west, in the worry belt of the universe, where political, social and industrial abnormality, bred substantially of hunger, runs a close race all the while with relief ships and the unfertilized crops of an exhausted soil. Third, the Russian peasant, though he may be incited like a complete barbarian to pillage and murder, nevertheless tends in his natural state, no differently from any other creature of the open fields, toward honest democracy and away from disastrous ultraradicalism. There are many other considerations that weigh with the experts who have formed their opinions at the gateway of Russia—opinions that rest not on the fragment, infinitesimal in the Russian hugeness, of one individual's knowledge and experience, but upon the knowledge and experience of innumerable persons roving from the Caucasus to the Murman Coast, from Petrograd to Vladivostok, and bringing the problem, for all of its vastness, into sharp, single focus as a thing assembled, as an entity, as a whole. Anyhow, what it comes to is that these men who have been living exclusively with the Russian problem for months on end will tell you, assuming the necessity for every kind of Russian produce again to circulate in the world's trade arteries, that the most important man in Europe to-day is the Russian peasant and that the real key to the Russian conundrum is in his hands.

Frequently it is contended that it is not easy to get at the psychology of the Russian peasant. It is said that it is difficult to talk with him, and this, as the result of attempts I have made, I believe to be true. Others may have had better luck, but whenever with an interpreter's aid I have tried—in Denekin, Judenitch and Polish prison camps, on the land itself bordering the Dvina and Dnieper rivers, in tiny villages of the soviet Ukraine—my experience has been that the peasant was either too inarticulate or too suspicious, or too oppressed with a sense of strangeness in beholding an American, than which to his generally ignorant mind no more remote, half legendary, unknown being exists, or else that fathomless chasm which lies between the Western and Eastern thought kept us apart. Nevertheless I am convinced that the Russian peasant is entirely comprehensible; and he is comprehensible because he thinks and acts strictly in accord with the most primitive laws of human desire and economic necessity.

Palace Loot on the Farms

THE truth of this came to me upon an occasion in Reval. There I met a man who was the head of one of the most thorough and skillful of the foreign missions watching Russia and this man asked me if I would care to come with him to his private office. He led the way to an old palace and up a long spiral flight of concavely worn stone steps to a tower room, which through the clear, infernally delicate light of the Baltic spring commanded miles of the Gulf of Finland and gave one a sense that you might be looking into the very mouth of Petrograd Bay. Once in the room, the man drew attention to a pile of papers, documents and reports as high as a person's shoulders, as broad as a good-sized business desk and remarked: "See those? They concern one man—a simple fellow—the Russian peasant."

Later I went through that body of material, so voluminous that only the most important man in Europe, it seemed, could have inspired it. The material consisted of a translated digest of reports that had been in process of collection for the ten previous months. The reports had been made by an army of agents, mostly Poles, Lithuanians, Esthonians and Letts, whom my friend had employed and at the rate of twenty men every two weeks had been sending into rural Russia with instructions to run the Bolshevik lines—not difficult for the natives of a bordering country—reach certain definite villages, live in them for one month and then return. After I had finished this reading there was no thought more succinctly in mind than that if you wish to calculate the Russian peasant, take estimate of his physical and moral well-being, see what forces are pressing upon him, figure your result, and you will have something perhaps not so trustworthy as an established chemical reaction but something at least as reliable as those little charts which convince numerous gentlemen that some particular quadruped or other is a sure winner and merits the support of their loose change.

So far as anyone can be said to be rich in a country of entirely worthless money, there are some few Russian peasants who are rich to-day. These are either the peasants living in convenient proximity to the large cities like Moscow and Petrograd or else along the Polish, Lettish, Esthonian and Finnish frontiers, where smuggling may be carried on without great risk. The peasants, however, near the big cities are rich in a somewhat absurd way. In their small cottages and outbuildings are quantities of priceless furniture and art treasures—the loot of palaces trucked to the country in exchange for food—cluttering ridiculously the usually sordid and slovenly homes of persons who have not the vaguest notion of the value and possible beauty of what they possess. Wonderful inlaid tables are used for kitchen service; farmers and farm hands dine from sets of Empire chairs that would fetch a ransom in New York or Paris or London; gorgeous rugs from the East are hacked into size for horse blankets. Still all this stuff is property, and so those who may be called the suburban peasants are rich.

In a hardly less absurd way are the frontier peasants rich. At a time something more than a year back now, when the old imperial reserves of Russia, upon which it had been possible to draw to lessen the severity of the blockade, had been exhausted and the great pinch set in, the frontier peasants journeyed to Moscow and Petrograd with food which they bartered chiefly for jewelry. The jewelry they brought back to the frontiers, smuggled it out to Helsingfors, Reval, Riga or Warsaw and got back in exchange generally portable luxuries like French cognac, fine cigars, perfume, feathers for women's hats, even cheeses.

Again they made the trip to the big cities, where their new wares are said to have found customers among the commissars' class. "To live like a commissar," is a threadbare colloquialism in Russia. The process keeps up, and in one form or another these frontier peasants are gathering regular profits all the time.

But the average Russian peasant to-day is not rich; at the same time, however, he is not poor. He has no actual money of any sort, because the soviet currency is not recognized as a medium in the rural districts and the czar and duma rubles, which have some value, have disappeared. His only clothing is very antiquated and not unusually was procured from the relatives of someone who had died of typhus. His farm implements are few, those that he used before having been lost or broken or stolen or requisitioned. His horses have been taken either for army use or for food. But he has enough clothing to keep warm, enough fuel, which he can cut himself, enough food, which he has cultivated for his own needs, with a trifle over, which he can readily trade if he can find anything worth trading it for.

In a material sense the average Russian peasant to-day is not distressed and nine-tenths of the time he is simply dozing in the sun—in the Ukraine I have seen scores, stringy haired, barefooted and in most unlovely fashion doing just that—and is quite content. He is content despite the isolation in which he lives, rural communication having virtually ceased on account of the disrepair of roads and bridges, which—except in areas through which a military front has been supplied—have not been cared for in six years; and content despite the typhus, which he does not fear, regards as part of everyone's normal human fate and from which the danger to the peasant is no longer nearly so great as has been sometimes supposed, because the scourges of 1918 and 1919 were so widespread that, while killing off thousands, they also rendered thousands more who recovered from the disease immune. Incidentally when Colonel Ryan, health and sanitary expert of the American Red Cross, went into Russia in April to form an estimate of what the relief problem might be, the soviet authorities stated to him, he said, that in all districts there were then only fifty-seven thousand typhus cases and it was Colonel Ryan's opinion that if one doubled the number one would about have the truth.

Resuming, however, the Russian peasant now has not any schools except in rare instances, but that he does not mind. He has few physicians, most of the former practitioners having been either killed or forced into exile—hundreds are in Poland—as intelligentzia, or else drafted for the medical service of the Red Army. But the peasant has his priest and his church, with which the government has dropped interference, and that compensates him for many things. It may be a fact that in parts of Russia the peasants are reverting to almost medieval conditions, but that has not yet become general, and besides, from the individual peasant's viewpoint, there is nothing very painful in the process, so that altogether ninety per cent of the time finds your average peasant to-day entirely content. But ten per cent of the time he is not, and in that small ten per cent period there appear to lie potentially germs out of which history may develop.

The Desire to be Let Alone

THE one thing that the peasant wants now is to be let alone. He wants to be let alone partly because he is reasonably content, partly because he is infinitely weary of turmoil, strife, uncertainty, change and partly because, as I have implied above, he is acutely suspicious. He is suspicious of Whites because they may signify a swing back toward the old order, and he is suspicious of Reds because they may signify a rushing toward a new order; he is born suspicious of Poles; he is suspicious of strangers of every kind and of creeds of every sort; and the basis of his suspicion is his consciousness of his own responsibility in the destruction of the former landed estates. He wants to be sure of the forcibly gotten land that he now has and, like thousands of other peasants in adjacent parts of the world, he is uneasy in his mind and not altogether convinced that the seeming millennium of his new condition in life has actually and permanently arrived. The fact that he has never made payment of any kind, the fact that he has no title deeds—both distress him despite himself. To have made payment, to hold title deeds—those are the only forms and symbols of ownership familiar to his experience and to his mind. Being of the land, he is fundamentally bourgeois by nature; his bourgeois instincts have been enormously quickened by possession; he has within the past two and a half years become a high respecter of property rights, and particularly of his own, upon which, however, he feels that his hold is somewhat tenuous. And in consequence at every slightest move in his direction, at the smallest encroachment, especially when that encroachment hints at a tampering with land ownership, he takes fright and his suspicions are alive.

There is still another reason why the peasant's chief insistence has become that he shall be let alone. He has nothing to sell, food or anything else; nor has anyone in the country, the government most conspicuously of all, anything that he wants to buy, money being as worthless and plentiful as cloth is dear and scarce. That in the circumstances the peasant should have produced only for his own needs is natural and signifies that any wheedling of food from him by force or otherwise means that to the extent of the wheedling he himself will go hungry. The matter is a highly personal one with him and has everything to do with his resentment of interference.

The matter is also one of enough importance for a slight digression, because it has been contended that the problem of Russian food and Russian regeneration was solely a problem of getting so many locomotives into the country with which to move the food, which would revitalize the population, which would stimulate industry, which would improve the currency and so on back to food again.

But the difficulty with that theory begins with its first step—the food is not there. First, why should it be? For a long time the peasant has known that, granted a heavy season's work, all that he was likely to have to show for it at the end would be a handful of worthless notes that he might just as well let go fluttering to the wind for the use he could make of them. Second, it is doubtful if the peasants of Russia are able to-day to make an adequate

(Continued on Page 32)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Ease up on summer housekeeping

Don't let indoor drudgery rob you of the golden hours in the open. Campbell's Beans can be a big help to you on many a day when you want to be done with work and off for a good time. Campbell's are all ready to serve, slow-cooked, digestible, nourishing, delightful either hot or cold. Splendid for the outing, too.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

production because of their shortages of agricultural implements and horses. Third, there are mountains of evidence piled up in every Russian inquiry station to the effect that there is no surplus of food, and of the correctness of that evidence I have been able to make some slight observation.

Last fall, just when the plowing for the winter's crop in Southern and Southeastern Russia—and the winter's crop, because it is the practice with the winter's crop to take the land out of fallow, is reckoned the better of the two in the year—should have been finishing, I made an aëroplane flight of several hundred miles over the Bolshevik lines, and therefore into soviet Russia, above a great block of the Ukraine, up to the Dnieper River and eventually to Kieff a little before it was captured by Denekin's troops. From the air it was possible to look down and see the precise extent of the cultivation. Woods and the uncattled pasturages showed green; fields that had been arable lay whitish-gray in the sunshine; fields under cultivation were sharp-edged, blackish-brown squares or oblongs below; and these last were only immediately round the villages and farmsteads. On a rough guess it might be estimated that not more than fifteen per cent of the land that ought to have been plowed had been touched. Anyhow the panorama, mile after mile, of neglected fields in the heart of one of Europe's greatest natural food-producing areas was to me striking visual evidence of how well the activities of the Russian peasant had been noted by those observers of mine from their imaginary observation balloons.

And so what it comes to is that the peasants have no food to sell unless they almost literally take it out of their own mouths, and they are in a state of extreme nervousness regarding the security of their land holdings, and for these and other reasons have one predominant demand, which is that they shall be let alone. Their general mood may not be precisely the old one that they are going to have peace if they have to fight for it, but is near to that—near enough at least so that so far as there is anything resembling a peasant policy in Russia to-day, it is hands off the peasant and all that is his. However—and here we begin to approach more nearly to the nub of the matter—to keep hands off the peasant and all that he thinks is his is exactly and preëminently what the Moscow government cannot do.

The Struggle for Food

IT MAY die if it does, but then again it may die if it does not. There is an army to be rationed and several literally starving cities to be fed; there are the Communists, whose doctrine the Bolsheviks appropriated as a raft upon which to float into power; and the Communists are insisting and for long have been insisting upon land communization. These circumstances seem to hint a first-class political and economic jam, provided the pressure is severe enough.

It would hardly seem necessary to dilate upon how terrific is the pressure upon the government to produce food. Ever since the present régime began the pressure has been heavy, and it has become progressively heavier. Up to about a year ago certain reserves in Russia, accumulated under the old imperial régime, remained upon which it was possible to draw in emergency, but the last of those are known to have gone at that time into the bottomless pit of need. What conditions are at present seems to challenge any large-scale catastrophe of history. An encyclopedia of facts and figures has been gathered on the subject from which it is possible perhaps to construct a truer picture than could be formed from several weeks passed under the chaperonage of a watchful commissar in one of the guest houses of Moscow or Petrograd. The point of such a picture would be that the entire populations of both those cities are engaged in almost no other actual business than to procure enough food upon which to exist. All life, save for the governing class, the commissars, Red Army troops, food speculators and visitors, has clearly become only a gigantic food struggle, actuating people to unheard-of hours of toil, incredible trickeries, to any and every device that will get them food.

Prices are of course enormous, and miles of figures have been published to demonstrate the situation. There are scores of reliable lists. Almost at random I pick one that was procured by a daring young Englishman who, with a complete knowledge of Russian, in the latter part of March this year went across the lines, joined the Red Army and succeeded in being assigned to duty as a hospital orderly in Petrograd, where he remained for one month, bringing out, along with a mass of other information, the following food list, which I have converted to cents and dollars on the basis of the Esthonian frontier rate of exchange, which is now seven hundred soviet rubles to the dollar:

One egg	$ .40
Pound bread	.55
Pound pork	3.10
Pound sugar	3.10
Pound butter	4.90
Box of matches	.17

Figures like these should be read in the light of the fact that the average wage, as, for example, for a stenographer in a government office—and all offices are government offices—is between twenty-five hundred and three thousand rubles a month, or about three dollars and sixty cents to four dollars and thirty cents a month.

Besides these figures, the young Englishman brought out something else. It was a loaf of the bread obtainable on the ration tickets and issued to the Red Army, which is the only bread Russian cities know to-day. This loaf was analyzed and found to consist of forty per cent bird seed and millet, fifty per cent chaff and bran and the rest a compound of rye, barley and pea flour. But this theme is very worn. Long since it has been known that Moscow and Petrograd were in conditions of starvation, and what that means to the government in the way of pressure is obvious; and it is equally obvious that though the central authorities may pick up—as they have done—infinitesimal hundred-ton food shipments from adjacent countries, such as Esthonia and Latvia, with which the war has been declared off, it must be upon the peasant, the only person under the heavens who ever can feed Russia, that they must depend.

Again it has been altogether impossible for the government to brush aside the Communists in the latters' demand for land communization. Consider the debt of the Bolsheviks to the Communists and the position of the Communists in the Russian scheme of the moment. Putting it roughly, Bolshevism is a doctrine which decrees that the man who works with his hands shall have a maximum of everything. Communism, at least as it has been applied in Russia, is a theory of how that end may be best achieved. Not all Bolsheviks are by any means Communists, and many Communists are Mensheviks, or Minimalists, as contrasted to Bolsheviks, or Maximalists, the practical distinction being that the Mensheviks would tolerate a subjugated bourgeois class for the sake of its skill and brains.

The Bolsheviks as a party adopted the Communist theory, clapping it on the existing legislative and executive machinery of the soviets, and thereby at one and the same time gave themselves a *raison d'être*, a working political and economic program and an alliance of strength. Two years ago Communism was much more general in Russia than it is to-day, but even to-day it is a great force. Officially in mid-May of this year Prawda, the organ of the Russian Communist Party, with a stated daily circulation of one hundred thousand, asserted that there were six hundred thousand Communists in the country, but this figure may fairly be questioned from one point of view. Enrolled Communists receive many special privileges, particularly in the matter of ration allowances and security of employment, and as a result of wide inquiry it is generally agreed that the really convinced Communists of Russia number certainly not more than three hundred thousand, probably not less than two hundred thousand.

The Tenure of the Land

BUT this body, relatively small in a population of one hundred and thirty millions, by reason of its sincerity and fanatical spirit, which are maintained at high pitch by ceaseless propaganda, has done marvelously for the Bolshevik Government. Communist troops numbering about one hundred thousand are the soundest and most reliable troops in an army which is either a mercenary force or a joke. I myself have seen a Communist regiment which was resisting Judenitch's thrust for Petrograd swarm a small fleet of British tanks which were all the while furiously spitting machine-gun fire.

Communist workmen, generally uncomplaining under hunger, keep production in all Communist factories up to normal sometimes, when materials are available, even surpassing prerevolutionary output. It is those two hundred-odd thousand semi-inspired Communists who have held the Bolshevik hierarchy in power. And these people, insisting as a matter of principle -and to such a class a principle is more precious than life—on an extension of their creed to the land and contending that only through land communization can the food problem be solved, will not be denied. Thus again the government is driven to interference with the peasant.

In the matter of trying to induce the peasant to surrender at least some of the stores he has grown for his own use, the authorities, since currency became worthless and cloth virtually disappeared, have had small success. Various expedients have been tried, one of which has been to offer the peasants Bolshevik title deeds. This failed utterly. No title deed to the Russian peasant is a title deed which does not bear conspicuously upon it the double-headed eagle of the régime of the czar, the tradition of whom is still omnipotent in the rural districts and for whom, exactly as if he were still a living person and power, the old, old rites of reverence are still performed in hundreds, doubtless thousands, of tiny churches in the land.

Nor have the peasants evidenced the slightest pity for the plight of the cities. On the contrary, many peasants definitely and professedly hope the cities will starve, for there is a doctrine much abroad in Russia now, and in a curious, semimystic, semireligious form, that cities are the birthplaces of all mischief and evil and that every man of the soil will find happiness and liberty if the cities dwindle and die and disappear. The entire difficulty has resolved itself for the government to the use of force.

The Feud Between Town and Country

AFTER the summer harvest of last year attempts at armed food requisitions were begun wholesale. Generally Communist troops were sent out by the government for this work. Everywhere the peasants resisted, and usually with success, because, though long ago the populations of the cities were systematically and completely disarmed to head off counter-revolution, it has never been possible to penetrate the farms and villages of the countryside and compel the surrender of rifles and even machine guns and stores of ammunition brought back from war by a considerable number of the ten million men mobilized in 1914 and 1915 from agriculture. During last fall—there are innumerable written eye-witness reports to support this—all over rural Russia there were small but intense and deadly food battles being fought by hungry, fanatical Communist troops on the one side and determined, frightened, angered peasants on the other—at least angered as much as the true Russian ever really is. The yield to the government, and consequent relief to the cities, as a result of these measures of dire extremity was small, judging in part from the conditions in Moscow and Petrograd during the following winter and spring, and the most marked results appear to have been to embitter the peasants and to quicken within them a sense of the danger and also the strength of their position.

The attempt was doomed to failure in advance, because surplus food reserves did not exist—as doomed as any land communization scheme with a class which, besides being naturally bourgeois, had itself become a proprietor of land. It is very doubtful if the Bolshevik Government at any time even vaguely hoped to put through land communization and it is known that its efforts in that direction have never been other than feeble and few. However, as a kind of compromise with the invaluable Communists, a half-hearted endeavor was made last year to introduce a plan of land equalization. By the equalization project it was intended that every peasant's share of land should be precisely equal and that each year the peasants of any given district should move from one holding to another in rotation.

Some of the peasants argued against this, contending that one man might leave his portion in good condition, another in bad condition, with consequent result for the new tenant, and the incentive for wise agriculture thus removed; contending also that one year a man might have a good piece and be well-to-do, but the next year a poor piece and become virtually a charity charge upon a community of intense individualists. But most generally when the scheme was pressed the peasants simply refused to budge—defied the government, and in defying it defeated an impossible plan, clung to their own holdings and emphasized with new distinctness the cleavage between the cities and the country, between the government and the peasants, between the ideals of an industrial population and those of an agricultural one. The result of it all, too, was to increase the ill will of the peasants, to heighten their guilty suspicions and to prompt them, not in an organized or fully conscious movement but nevertheless very generally throughout all of rural Russia, to consider means of defense and protection both for their food supplies and their land possessions; and this movement as far back as last fall began to take a form which has grown as portentous as it was at its inception instinctive.

No development of many months in the Russian situation has been more striking or surcharged with greater possibilities than that of local sovietism. Local sovietism is the peasants' retort to a government which—yielding to pressure—attempted encroachments; it is the challenge

(Concluded on Page 54)

Good friends—through thick and thin

SURPRISING what a hold a good cigar gets on a man's affections. Yet not surprising, either, when you think how Robt. Burns contributes to your comfort, all the year 'round, day after day.

It's not so difficult to understand why Robt. Burns should win men's confidence. The men responsible for his success knew what they were about when they devised the formula for making Robt. Burns cigars.

Briefly, here it is: Robt. Burns' full Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. His neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

And best of all, your Robt. Burns, in good times and in bad, through thick and thin, has kept the even tenor of his way, observing strictly all his articles of faith.

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DEPENDABLE CIGARS
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ROBT. BURNS
Invincible (actual size)
2 for 25c
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Robt. Burns Cigar

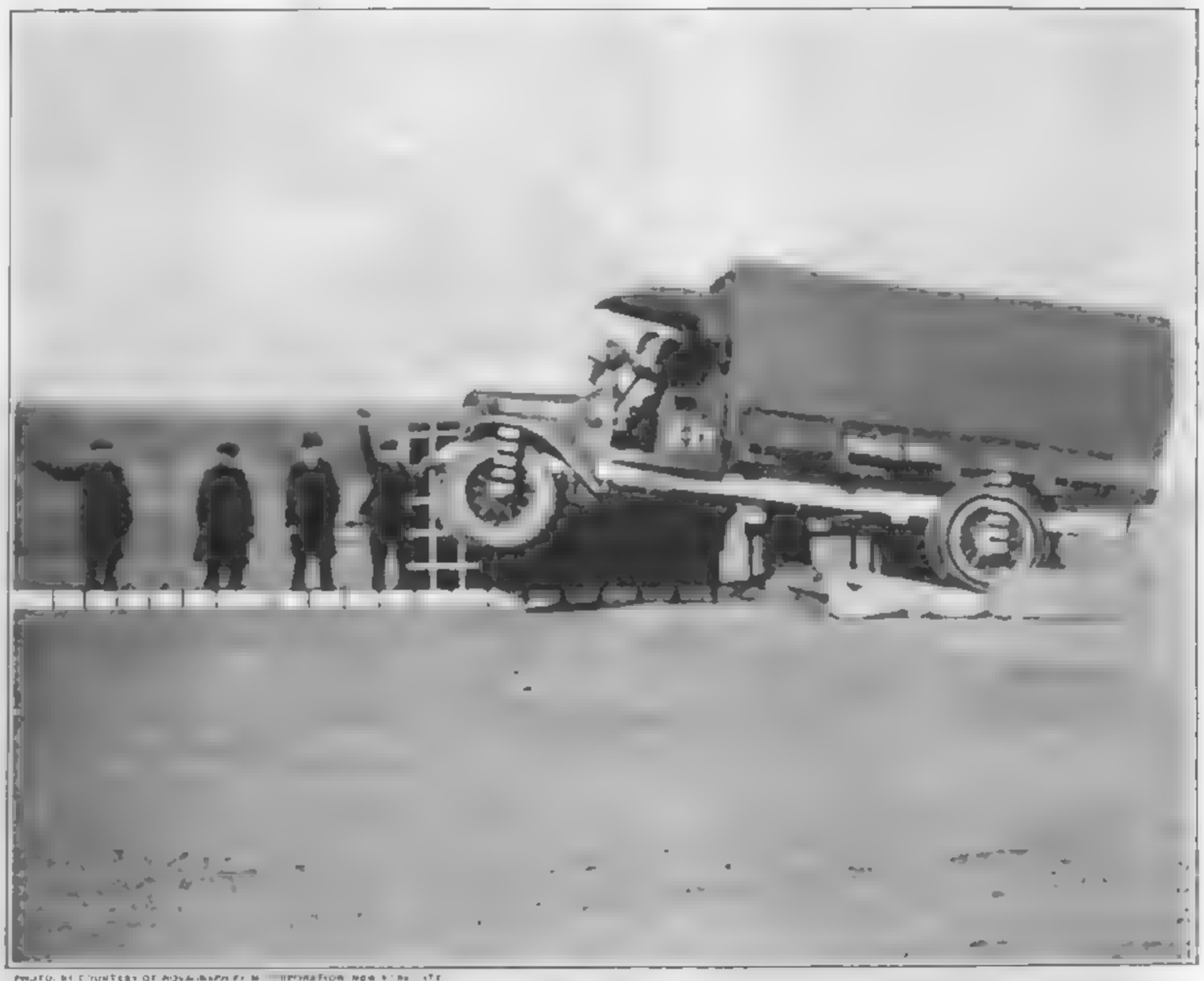
HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Motion Analysis in Industry

THE motion picture has furnished entertainment for millions of people for many years, but it is only during more recent years that this great invention has commenced to perform a real service in our educational and industrial life. Just as it has happened in the case of a large number of other inventions, the first stage in the development of the motion-picture camera has been devoted to furnishing amusement. So it was with the automobile; once it was purely a luxury while to-day it is a necessity of the first order. There are imaginative people who already believe that motion pictures and the apparatus that makes them will one day be a business and scientific utility covering a field of no less extent and importance than is now covered in the amusement world.



Through Ultra-Rapid Photography the Spring and Body Action of Motor Trucks Is Tested by Running Them Over Obstacles Simulating Rough Roads

Perhaps the most promising opportunity along commercial lines lies in the use of the high-speed camera to analyze movements of all kinds. It so happens that the normal human eye can record only something like sixteen different impressions of any given action during one second of time. It is for this reason that the standard motion-picture camera is adjusted to expose film to the subject sixteen times per second. In other words, the ordinary camera used in making a motion picture takes sixteen pictures per second and in normal action projects these pictures on the screen at the same rate. In the pictures where motion is analyzed a camera is used that will take one hundred and sixty to three hundred pictures per second. Later this positive print is projected on the screen at the normal speed of sixteen photographs per second. When this is done the movements of the subject are slowed down so materially that every motion can be easily distinguished.

Because of the tremendous speed at which the cameras work and the rapidity of exposures of film per second this type of fast photography requires approximately five times the illumination that ordinarily is sufficient for any standard motion-picture camera. The art has been developed in France to even a higher degree than it has here in the United States. Though it seems incredible, a noted French inventor has perfected a high-speed camera capable of making fifteen thousand exposures per second. This scientist with his remarkable device has successfully photographed projectiles in flight. It is believed that the results of the work will prove of value to ordnance experts. It is also likely that other extremely rapid processes in the life of man and in Nature, which have heretofore escaped our observation, will now be caught and analyzed through rapid photography.

For most of our present purposes, however, a camera speed of one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty exposures per second, which is ten times as fast as the eye can record, is best adapted for our most common business and scientific needs. Films made at such a speed and normally projected afford an opportunity for a perfect eye analysis of every component move of the subject filmed. When extremely high speeds are used the advantages are but slightly increased and the work becomes quite costly, due to the wastage of negative raw stock. Though camera construction is the fundamental basis of successful high-speed motion-picture photography, treatment of negative raw stock is an essential attribute to perfect results. The handling and treatment of negative unexposed raw stock are most delicate operations, calling for careful and timed manipulation.

It is probable that millions of people have been interested and amused by the moving pictures showing athletes, dancers and other performers, first in normal action and afterward going through the same motions so slowly on the screen that every movement might be carefully noted and analyzed. In making these pictures two cameras are set up side by side, one taking only sixteen exposures per second and the other one hundred and sixty or more. It is evident therefore that if an athlete consumes one second in making a dive or in turning a somersault the standard camera gets sixteen pictures of the total movement, while the high-speed instrument gets nine additional photographs between each two of those taken by the standard camera. When these negatives, made at such high speed, are run slowly, the motions are extraordinarily delayed and the subjects appear actually to float in the air.

The new and promising field for this art, however, is not in the theaters of the country, but in the application of analysis of motion pictures to business problems. Only a short time ago a racing airship was placed in such a position that the propeller received the full benefit of the sunlight, and then, while making sixteen hundred revolutions per minute, its operation was filmed by both the standard camera and an ultra-rapid instrument. When the results were shown on the screen the pictures of the standard camera were exactly what the eye would have noted—that is, merely a blur, offering little obstacle to a clear vision of the scenery in the background. The pictures of the high-speed camera disclosed the metal tippings on the ends of the propeller blades, and it was possible to count the bolt heads, nine in number, used to fasten the propeller to the main shaft.

A series of most interesting experiments has been made for the purpose of clearing up certain doubtful opinions concerning the action of the human heart under various conditions. In getting at the facts several twenty-pound bulldogs were the subjects used. The films that were made detected actions of the hearts of the animals that could not have been noted by the human eye, and the results are expected to be of great value to the medical profession in enlarging the present understanding of the circulation of the blood and minute actions of the heart and lungs.

The high-speed camera was also utilized recently in making an analysis of the spring and body action of motor trucks subjected to shocks on rough roads. Seven trucks were furnished, varying from one and a half to seven tons in capacity. A runway was built, ten feet long, and having a take-off, two and a half feet high, at one end. Just back of the point where the trucks shot into the air was a ten-foot screen marked off in one-foot squares. There was also a baseboard marked in one-foot spaces. These measuring devices enabled the operators to get the height and length of the jump. In addition there was a measuring device extending from the mudguard of the body of the truck to the center of the hub of the wheel, which was designed to record the spring action. The trucks were started about three hundred yards back of the runway, and reached a speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour by the time they ascended the runway and jumped through the air. The average jump was about six feet in height and sixteen feet in length

High-speed cameras were set up, and a film was made of the action of each truck. When these pictures were later shown at normal speed on the screen they made it possible for those interested to analyze rigidity and flexibility of the truck bodies, shifting of the loads, reactions of the springs and impact of the tires. Several interesting discoveries were made, one seeming to indicate that the spring of a truck will often break in the air before it has been subjected to the impact of the car when it again hits the ground. All such actions are entirely too speedy to be discerned by the eye.

Other interesting tests furnished much information concerning the deflection and expansion of pneumatic tires used on trucks and automobiles. In these latter experiments the cars were run over railroad tracks, up and over curbstones and other damaging obstacles. Other studies covered the cause and action of cars in skidding, when relieved of the maximum load through the body lift consequent to the rebound in going over rough places.

One of the latest achievements of the high-speed camera was in the case of a young woman who was terribly frightened three years ago during the course of a thunderstorm accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning. Up to the time of this occurrence she had been in splendid health, but following the storm she developed a form of hysteria which left her in a pitiful condition. She is constantly in action, thrashing round with her arms, body and legs. In filming this subject the high-speed camera showed the doctors a peculiar and hitherto unsuspected and unknown muscle wave extending from the hip to below the knee. Eminent physicians, members of the American Neurological Association, state that this condition probably exists in all cases of hysteria, and that therefore it has been unknown because of the inability of the human eye to discern the motion.

A street-car company operating in a Middle Western city is arranging a series of experiments to determine why the wheel of the trolley pole hops off so often. The proposed plan is to build a short line of track alongside the main line of trolley and then place the high-speed camera on a specially built car which will run along beside the regular trolley car and at an equal speed with it.

It is expected that the resulting motion picture will enable the trolley operators to analyze the action of the wheel at the end of the pole, and provide a remedy for this nuisance, which has caused great losses through innumerable delays.

In the practice of electric welding certain unfavorable conditions have been complained of, and the ultra-rapid camera is to be called in to record the action that takes place and to permit the welders to analyze the process and determine whether the trouble is due to molten metal, the cutting tool or some other agency. Tire manufacturers are also expecting to be benefited by films showing the mixing of crude rubber and later the rubber going through the rolls. They also believe that such photographs of tests

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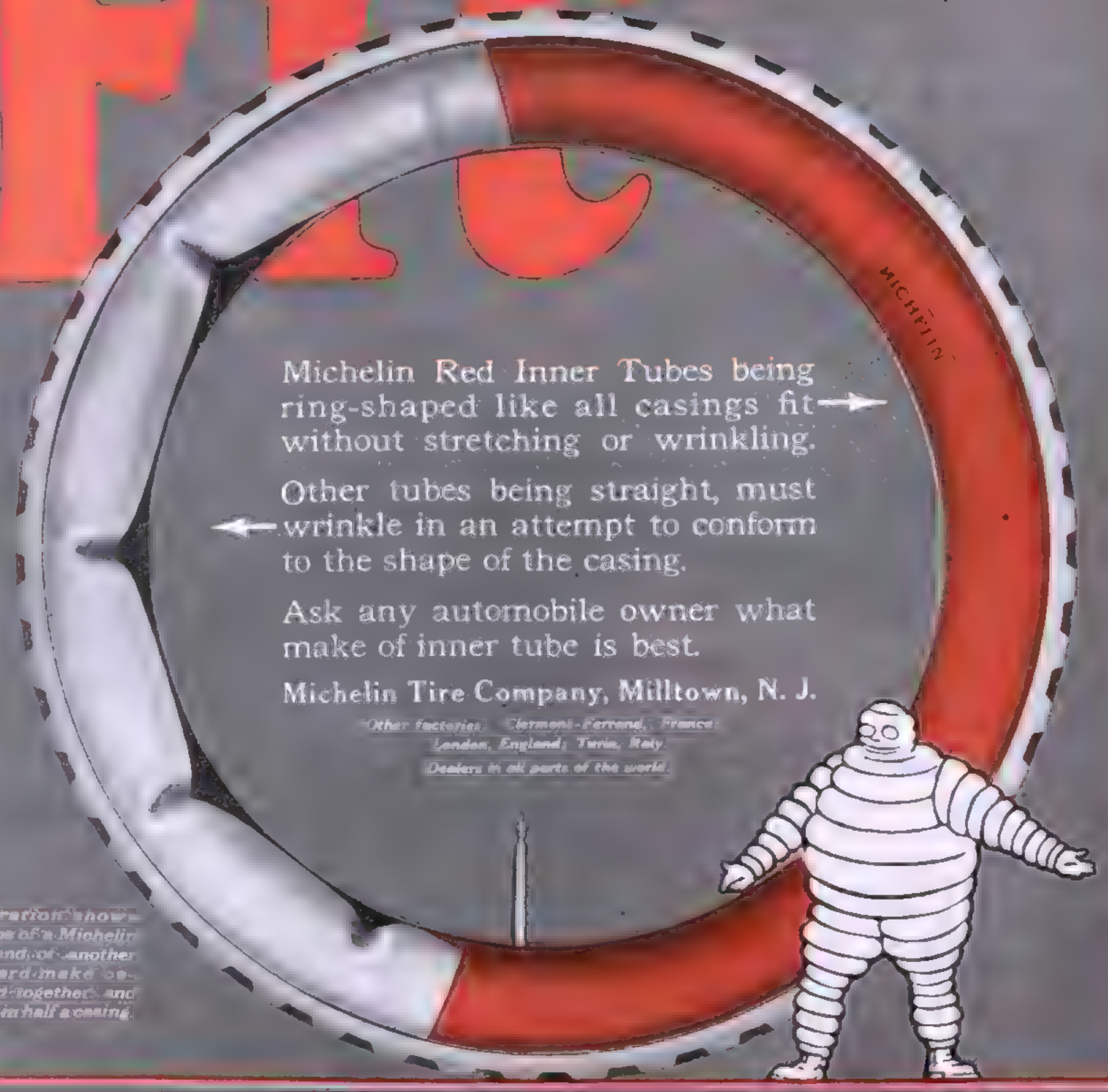
MICHELIN
ring-shaped tubes

Red



Michelin Red Inner Tubes being ring-shaped like all casings fit without stretching or wrinkling.

Other tubes being straight, must wrinkle in an attempt to conform to the shape of the casing.

Ask any automobile owner what make of inner tube is best.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

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Grinnell Dress Gloves—the touch of correctness

Last to be donned, your dress gloves are the completing touch of your attire. Whatever the occasion, they must be correct, they must fit perfectly, they must express the proper style as well as good taste. It is in these essentials that Grinnell Dress Gloves give the touch of distinctiveness to your appearance.

The guarantee of Grinnell Gloves is sixty-four years old—through all these years the standards and ideals of Grinnell materials, Grinnell workmanship and Grinnell quality have been steadfastly maintained. The value, dependability and satisfaction of Grinnell Gloves—for dress or any other wear—are assured.

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200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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(Continued from Page 34)

to determine the strength of tire fabrics will provide knowledge that the eye has failed to disclose. Steel engineers who are familiar with the recent accomplishments of high-speed photography assert that a photographic analysis of this kind will probably show conclusively the part that crystals play in the breaking of a bar of steel.

Several months ago a well-known exponent of legerdemain performed some sleight-of-hand tricks before the camera. When the film was later shown on the screen the mystery of several familiar card tricks was promptly dispelled, for what the eye could not detect the camera had easily caught. A short time after this one of the country's most famous magicians had been about persuaded to pose before the camera while performing some of his marvelous feats. Unfortunately the celebrated entertainer accepted an invitation to witness the pictures above mentioned, and immediately changed his mind, refusing to appear for any payment within reason that might be offered.

All the foregoing is intended merely to convey an idea of the great possibilities that lie in this photographic field of analyzing movements that are too speedy for the human eye. A big manufacturing company was having a lot of trouble with one of its high-speed machines. When the machine was operating in normal fashion its motion was too rapid for any of the observers to determine what the fault was. When the machine was slowed down, so its movements could be noted, the fault complained of did not occur. A film showing the operation of the machine is now being made, and there is every expectation that the trouble will be located and probably remedied.

A Pattern to Plan After

THIS morning at breakfast the president of a large manufacturing concern expressed discouragement over his company's inability to provide working conditions so satisfactory to the men that labor unrest would be eliminated. His corporation had gone the limit in all kinds of betterment work without handing out charity or adopting a policy of paternalism. Housing conditions were splendid and the men's wages were top-notch. Notwithstanding all that had been done, his men had been led into a strike, and the president's faith in the ultimate wisdom of the square deal in industrial relations had been sorely shaken.

This attitude is becoming common among the officers of many of our large corporations. Not long ago the head of a big company proudly called my attention to the many virtues of his new plan of industrial democracy. Ten days later he called me up and suggested that I go slow in basing any of my opinions on what he had told me of the success of the scheme over a period of a year in his plants. His men had gone on strike, and though he laid the blame entirely on the influence of outside organizers who were opposed to having any body of employees working along happily, independent of their national union, his experience had about forced him to the conclusion that no plan could be devised that would be strike-proof.

This disposition on the part of management to give up in the fight for ideal conditions and efficient service is neither wise nor courageous. The forces of unrest are now held in check by the thousands of employers here in the United States who are persistent in their determination to treat their employees fairly and with every reasonable consideration. It will always be true that some of the heaviest artillery will be turned on the administration of those corporations where satisfaction exists. If the square deal has failed in a few places we must not forget that it has saved the situation in hundreds of plants. When management fails it would do well to lay the blame partly upon itself, and irrespective of what has been done it should try to do more rather than less. Patience is far more effective than wrath in these troublous times.

Of all the problems that confront employers to-day none is of greater importance than a thorough understanding of man himself. American industry can only maintain world leadership through the careful application of sound physiological principles. Labor unrest, low wages and general inefficiency are caused largely by the failure on the part of employers to study and understand the structure and operation of the human body. Those who would tear down civilization have made a minute study of the mental and physical make-up of the human mechanism, and these enemies of government are far more scientific in their methods of attack than are many of our industrial leaders in their methods of defense. The so-called radical leaders teach their agents that all men are not alike, and that one method of approach must be used in the conversion of a farmer, while an entirely different line of argument must be employed to win over a miner or a machinist.

And these dissenters do not overlook the importance of instructing the youth of the land in the principles of their creed. Much attention has been paid to the work of proselyting the teachers in our schools. And when it comes to newspaper and magazine publicity for their ideals, the accomplishments of our discontented element constitute a work of art. The chief bent of the radicals is to write or talk, and the result is that this class now form a large element in the reportorial staffs of the nation's press. The recent national convention of the Socialists in New York was attended by one hundred and fifty-six delegates. Of these eighteen were editors and journalists, seventeen were skilled workers, thirteen were laborers, twelve were lawyers, twelve were printers and compositors, eleven were Socialist organizers and eleven were teachers, speakers, and so on.

Only one delegate was a farmer. Sixty of the delegates were born in other countries, thirteen coming from Germany and twelve from Russia.

As before stated, it is foolish for the builders of American industry and the well-wishers of law and order to disregard the marvelous possibilities that lie in a careful study of the human body. No machine has ever been constructed that is so efficient as man himself. As an organization the human body is unequaled, and is so flawless in its functioning under all conditions that no great change has been made in it for thousands of years.

Engineers to-day are prone to talk of the wonderful efficiency of some of our modern machines. Let me ask if anyone has ever created a pump as perfect as the human heart. Here we have a machine that makes more than two and a half billion strokes and pumps more than nine million gallons in the course of an average lifetime. The heart makes 4320 strokes, and pumps fifteen gallons an hour, and it stays on the job for more than 600,000 hours unless the boss does something foolish that closes down the plant. We have no telegraphic mechanism equal to that comprised in our nervous system; no wireless apparatus so efficient as the voice and the ear; no moving-picture machine so perfect as the human eye, and no ventilating plant so wonderful as the nose, lungs and skin.

No electrical switchboard can compare with the spinal cord, and no other system of power transmission is so efficient as the red corpuscles which carry oxygen to the tissues. The nerves of odor are so sensitive that they will detect less than one-millionth of a gram of oil of roses, and they are so reliable that a correct message will be carried from the nose to the cerebrum, or executive headquarters. Our sensory nerve of light and color sensation, which carries impulses from the organs of vision to the cerebrum, is so wonderfully made that a cross section of it will show more than half a million nerve fibers.

Let us present for careful consideration a brief digest of an interesting idea of C. E. Knoeppel, one of our prominent industrial engineers. He starts with the assumption that the most effective type of industrial organization is that which can produce the greatest net results in the easiest possible way and in the shortest possible time. The human body is the best example of organized control that can be found in the world. Its component parts are of a finer kind of design than we shall ever approximate, and the functions and their relations are coördinated more smoothly than we shall ever be able to arrange human relations.

Mr. Knoeppel believes that we should pattern our industrial organization after this perfect model, with the full expectation of securing both economy in the expenditure of energy and efficiency in the attainment of results.

The principal aim of the human body is economy in the expenditure of bodily power and energy required to secure the attainment of efficient results. A careful study of the body as a mechanism, as an organism and as an organization, points out many lessons that may be applied in our industrial life. First is delegation of authority. Regardless of from which point instructions are received, the brain decides and then delegates the task to be done to the function or functions designed to perform the task. The body is run by experts.

The heart does not attempt to breathe, nor the stomach to carry blood from place to place. The ear does not make an effort to see, nor the tongue to smell. Everywhere the work is done by specialists. There is centralization; the body does not tolerate lines of divided authority. There is no indecision as regards what is to be done—each organ acts definitely and promptly.

In the operation of the human body there is no passing the buck, and there is no butting in by major officials in the work of other major officials, nor in the work to be done by minor officials. The body is a "we" proposition and not an "I" affair. It concentrates, placing within a function all the factors that affect its performance. Fingers are not under the jurisdiction of the lungs, and the stomach is not ordered about by the heart. There is no element of know-it-all by the major officials of the body. Advice from all sources is given respectful attention and acted upon immediately. At precisely the right moment the body transfers work.

The Bible says: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Mr. Knoeppel suggests that a similar truth may be stated with reference to organizing for work: "Go to the human body, thou searcher after truth; pattern after its workings, and be efficient." If man is organization, then organization is man. The inefficiencies we are constantly in contact with are in the last analysis the result of faulty or incorrect organization, and sometimes of a total lack of organization. Faulty organization is cursing us now because we have no plan and do not get down to fundamentals. Industries flounder along on one or two cylinders, and capital and labor fight because neither fully understands the facts upon which good organization must rest, nor the theories round which good organization must be developed.

Management may be defined as the wise use of coördinated knowledge. There would be a grand mix-up if the performing machinery and the service machinery of a corporation were all merged under a single head. This would be the same as if the hands and feet and heart and liver were part of the same function. It is not difficult to imagine what would happen to the human body if the hands and feet had to wait until the heart pumped a certain amount of blood or the stomach digested a definite quantity of food. In an efficient industrial organization, just as in the human body, routine performance must proceed unhampered and without interruption. Service must be rendered and requirements anticipated. The two must be directed and coördinated by some agency which can rely for information and advice on experts or specialists who are in possession of the required knowledge to reason, conclude and act.

The body organization is governed by laws of health and Nature. If we do not sleep, or will not eat, or stop using certain muscles and faculties, there is soon a bodily disarrangement that causes trouble. The same applies to industrial organization. When laws are violated disarrangement follows and the result is confusion and waste. For instance, among the several laws set down by Mr. Knoeppel as essential in the operation of a business corporation, that with respect to the placing of responsibility seems to be quite important. Each worker must be held responsible for certain results, and should have full authority to get them in his own way. Too often we adopt detail-chasing tactics which develop leaners, instead of man-building methods which develop doers. Executives should give their subordinates absolute authority to do things falling within their sphere. Employees should be held responsible for results rather than for methods used; and if a policy of giving full credit is adopted by the highest officers the same policy will soon extend down and permeate the whole organization.

Whether or not everyone agrees that the best opportunity to develop an ideal industrial organization lies in applying to our business life the lessons derived from a careful study of the human body, it is an interesting thought, well worthy of investigation and experiment. It has not been my purpose to go into this problem in any exhaustive fashion, for that has been done by those who are advancing the idea. No one will deny, however, that some of the greatest advances of science have come through first studying and then attempting to imitate the marvelous handiwork exhibited by the Master Designer of the universe.

If one organ of the human body, such as the eye, has given us the basic knowledge needed in the development of a wonderful photographic apparatus, then why may we not obtain the design for a splendid industrial organization from the methods of control and the plans of operation laid down for the government of the world's most complicated machine?

A Linen Industry of Our Own

OF ALL the developments of the war none is more interesting or charged with greater possibilities than the opportunity now presented America to establish a linen industry all its own. Before the war Russia produced ninety-two per cent of all the flax grown in the world. Before the war had ended the exports of flax from Russia had practically ceased, and the linen industry had been reduced to such an extent that there is now a famine in linen throughout the world.

Up until the time of the revolution in Russia flax was grown in that country by individual farmers and all the large estates as a compulsory tax crop. Bolshevism has changed all this, and the outlook is that Russia will never again produce as much flax or as cheap flax as was raised in the past.

During the last year of the war the growing scarcity of linen for war purposes caused an urgent request to be made that the United States give immediate attention to the possibility of growing flax here so as to supply the idle mills of Ireland, Scotland and the Continent of Europe with raw material from which to manufacture linen. As a result of the investigation that followed the War Industries Board in Washington, nineteen days before the armistice was signed, recommended that the Government advance $1,000,000 to encourage the growing of flax and to establish a linen industry in America.

Linen is the most durable of all known fabrics, which is plainly proved by the material that has been found in a good state of preservation wrapped round Egyptian mummies that were placed in tombs 4000 years ago. The origin of the flax and linen industry is so remote that history can

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AS I REMEMBER

By Jefferson Winter

ANOTHER famous person whom Winter met and—though they were never friends—came to know well in those now remote Bohemian days of old New York was Walter, or, as he dubbed himself in his ostentation of democracy, Walt Whitman.

Winter described Whitman as "a commonplace, uncouth and sometimes obnoxiously coarse writer, trying to be original by using a formless style and celebrating the proletarians who make the world almost uninhabitable by their vulgarity."

He pretended to like Winter, yet he seldom missed an opportunity, when the latter was absent, to refer to him in terms of contemptuous disparagement. This fact—well known among their contemporaries—is amply indicated in various records of Whitman preserved by the late Mr. Horace Traubel. The influence of the Whitman cult, which of late seems to have been gaining new strength in Paris, that old spawning ground of eccentricity and faddism, has been for a long time considerable; and some of the most eminent of critical writers in America have been genuinely afraid of antagonizing it. As illustrating this, I give an anecdote related to me by my father and of which I made an exact record.

Beware the Whitmanites

On the night of the late Whitelaw Reid's wedding—April 26, 1881—to the kind and excellent lady who made possible so much of his social and political success, Winter and Edmund Clarence Stedman, after the ceremony and reception, repaired together to the old Lotos Club.

"Where," as my father said, "Ned, who possessed the most remarkable powers of continuing which I ever have encountered, talked to me incessantly about literature and writers for more than two hours. 'Now, Whitman—' he said at last, and paused an instant, not for a reply but to fetch a deep breath; whereupon, seizing the first opportunity to get in a word of comment on his monologue, I interjected:

"'Whitman be damned! He is a dirty-minded old charlatan and a bore of the first magnitude!'

"'For God's sake, Willy,' exclaimed Stedman, 'don't talk like that about Whitman! Why, it isn't safe! If any of the Whitmanites should hear you they would hound you for the rest of your life.'

"'Well, Ned,' I replied, 'Whitman and all his ites, if there are any, are welcome to know my opinion about him—and I fancy he and they have known it for many, many years. If not, surely it has not been for lack of being told!'

"I often wondered that Stedman—a man of genius, high principled and no coward—could take such considerations into account when expressing critical judgment. I suppose it was his short-sighted streak that caused him to do so. If you are going to write criticism there is, in all definitive utterances, only one way: 'Say as you think and speak it from your hearts!'

"Stedman frequently seemed to me to be very pussy-footed about old Walt's blather. The only thing that tiresome old codger ever did that was of any real importance was his going into the hospitals to nurse wounded and sick soldiers. That was noble and splendid."

It is an odd coincidence—at least I think it is—that the last interchange of letters between my father and Whitelaw Reid related in large part to Whitman. Winter was employed in the summer of 1865 by Sidney Howard Gay, acting for Horace Greeley, as dramatic editor of The New York Tribune. When, seven or eight years later, Reid obtained control of that newspaper—in its day perhaps the most distinctive and influential published—my father's engagement with it was confirmed by him. The explicit understanding was that Winter was to be absolutely untrammeled, and while Reid remained in direct personal charge of The Tribune I am bound to say he was. Later, there came a change.

A few days after his resignation from The Tribune he received from Whitelaw Reid then aboard a steamship lying in the bay off Staten Island—the last communication with which the Ambassador to the Court of St. James graciously addressed to him—to which he returned the following reply:

STATEN ISLAND, August 20, 1909.

My dear Reid: I have received your kind note of August fourteenth, and I am glad to have it. It is pleasant to know that you care for my books, and still more so to know that you agree with me in some of the views they express, particularly as to Poe and Whitman.

Poor Poe! How much better and happier his life might have been if while living he had received even a tithe of the appreciation that has been expressed for him in recent years.

As to Whitman—he was a clever man; I have never denied that. Somewhere among my voluminous writings there is a long and careful examination of his works, commending everything that I could find to admire in them.

It is the insistence that he is the great representative American poet that has prompted a word of protest on that subject. I do not forget O Captain, My Captain! The spirit of it is noble and tender, but it would be a much better lyric if the last lines were poetry and not prose.

Do you recall Macaulay's prose description of the death of Micaiah Browning on the deck of the ship that relieved Londonderry?

I surmise that it must be a great relief for you to get away, even for a little while, from the exactions, formalities and incessant responsibilities of your great office in London.

To-morrow I am going away to Maine for ten days or two weeks, if I can spare that much time from labor with my pen. I greatly need the change, for I am tired and ill by reason of great exertions and recent agitation and distress of mind.

I thank you for your repeated invitation to visit Wrest Park. It must be a beautiful place. I should like to see it and to see it under your guidance. I wonder if I shall ever see England again? I long to do so—but I doubt.

I trust that your copy of the Vellum Edition of my Poems, for which you were so kind as to subscribe—a publication which was projected, planned in every detail and carried through the press by my son Willy, who put all his own money into it in order that there might be a fine edition of my Poems—reached you and pleased you.

I have changed the title of my tribute to you to Laurel, which I think an improvement. The reference in the note to the Earl of Halifax means of course Charles Montagu, the friend of Addison—a man whom I am a thousand miles behind, but whose example I have ever tried to emulate.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WINTER.

Mr. Winter's Whitman Parody

There was of course a radical and insurmountable temperamental antipathy between such natures as those of Winter and the Celebrator of Himself that would always have kept them asunder. But the real cause of Whitman's personal dislike was, I have no doubt, Winter's frequent satire of him and his writings. I never knew any person so quick to see through humbug and toploftical presumption and pretense, or so contemptuous of it, as my father was. Once near the time of the breaking up of the original Bohemian circle at Pfaff's, Winter, before a gathering of those friends, recited the following parody of one of Whitman's effusions, which has not been before published and which Whitman—though he affected to be blandly tolerant of and amused by it—never forgave:

THE TORCHBEARERS

A PÆAN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY

After Walt Whitman

I celebrate the Fourth of July!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate,
And all together we'll go in strong for a celebration.

Over seas, hither from the gates of the morning,
Jubilant, haughty, the Glad Day of America returns!
Comrade Americanos, Foreign Elements,
German persons, Irish, and Otherwise,
Hurrah for our side!

When, terrible in the midnight, begins the wild roar of cannon;
When the ear-cracking cracker awakes me with its continual cracks;
When punch and confusion are in the house and "the mourning call" is brought to me in a tumbler;
When the Stars and Stripes hang round in a very miscellaneous manner;
When Broadway is entirely given up to the patriotic youth—when Young America bristles;
When the Police are in a state of mind and the Aldermen in a state of body;
When, in point of fact, there is the devil to pay generally—
Then is the Fourth of July, and I, rising, behold it.
I descend to the pavement, I merge with the crowd, I roar exultant, I am an American Citizen, I feel that every man I meet owes me twenty-five cents.
Selah!

I don't know if other folks see so much as I do, but I incline to think they don't.
Especially I think they don't see paying me a quarter.
At any rate they don't pay it!
N'importe! I see it all the same—a kaleidoscope of flowing and glancing coins!
I salute you. Eagles—birds of success! Female figures—mothers of luxury!
Stand by me on this occasion, Eagles and Females!
Stand by me that I may celebrate - that I may witness and greet the ascending shapes!

The Shapes arise.
Shapes of urchins, ragged and dirty-faced, popping off pistols at unwary pedestrians;
Shapes of citizens upon the house-tops, patriotic, hurling the explosive torpedo;
Shapes of Aldermen and Members of Common Councils, drunk with enthusiasm and Old Jamaica;
Shapes of Omnibus drivers, idiotic and bawling, the crackers muttering under their horses' feet;
Shapes of the prayers that are disappointed of their prayers—
Prayers of The Fulton-Street-Daily-Prayer Meeting, adjoined to the Fifth Inst. for reasons—
Shapes of the mild ecclesiastics, sleek, black-coated, white about the neck, enraged at the cheerful noises;
Shapes of the inebriated editors, the Pecksniffs of The Times and The World;
Shapes of jolly printers, festive, uproarious, who won't on any terms go home till morning;
Shapes of the papers that are not published next day;
Shapes of steamboats that dot the harbor and the river, carrying the excursionists to rural delights;
Shapes of the rural delights—the frisky locust, the bug, omnipresent, the lively worm, the flirtation in the bush;

Shapes of the bulky Germans, slow of apprehension, drinking their Lager Bier;
Pipe shapes; shapes of the smoke cloud, Irish persons enveloped;
Shapes of the Irish persons brawling, the whisky mastering their brains;
Shapes of the stars, and shadows, alert for the wranglers and those who fight.
Shapes of the sharpers, courtesans, whiskered persons, collecting revenue;
Shapes of counter jumpers, redolent shapes, mint julops effecting;
Shapes of women, fair and otherwise, hungry for ice cream and for lemonade;
Shapes of the ice cream and the lemonade—disappearing shapes, the contact of sweet lips assisting;
Shapes of adventurous persons in balloons, my own shape soaring in the balloon of my fancy—
And then, beautiful to see, the Stars and Stripes proudly fluttering over all.

The Shapes arise!
*The shape of a Civic Procession, a Mayor in the midst, a Polyphemus, having a single eye;**
The shape of a Governor, military persons attending, a noise of horns and drums;
The shape of the Speaker, the air excessively sawing, coat tails streaming in the wind;
The shape of Mr. Yeadon's Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind;†
The shape of the philosopher, seeing all things, thinking what it is all about.

That philosopher am I.
I chant the American Eagle, the biggest bird out—out, too, with his mother's knowledge.
I chant America, the great Ostrich of Nations, destined to swallow up all the rest.
I chant the Fourth of July, Birthday of the Republic, glorious anniversary!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate—as I had the honor of saying in the first place.

*Fernando Wood.
†Edward Everett.

There was one other writer of authentic genius who occasionally wrote to The Saturday Press for whom my father ever entertained a profound respect and admiration; whom he would have been glad and proud to meet, but with whom he was not destined to become personally acquainted until the sands of life were almost run out—and that was the simple, kindly, sturdy man, beloved of so many of the present generation as John o' Birds—otherwise John Burroughs.

Luncheon for Lions

Among the friendly acquaintances of my father in his latter days were a genial, accomplished artist, Orlando Rouland by name, and his wife. Mrs. Rouland had an extraordinarily strong weakness for providing luncheons for "lions." She and her talented husband were—and I doubt not still are—intimate friends of John Burroughs, and she long and ingeniously schemed and contrived to bring them together. In 1911—the year in which Andrew Carnegie, William Dean Howells, Burroughs and Winter all were seventy-five, or near it—she tried to assemble that quartet for luncheon in the pleasant studio of her husband, but my father put a peremptory quietus on the project.

"That would be a merry meeting, wouldn't it?" he exclaimed to me. "Four antediluvian fossils seated about a table matching chestnuts and privately wondering which one of us will be knocked for next! In a manner of speaking—no! Old Carnegie may be a prodigy of commercial acumen, but certainly he is one of the most commonplace persons I have ever met and, to me, just about as interesting as a tallow candle.

"As for Mr. Howells—he is a talented writer, but he does not like me and I do not like him. I have never forgiven him for his wholly unwarranted reflections upon my dead and gone comrades at Pfaff's.

"Burroughs is a man of genius whom I have always admired and respected and whom I should be glad to know."

Mrs. Rouland—pursuant of her purpose to bring Winter and Burroughs into conjunction—invited us to visit her and her husband at a little place known as The Fish House, upon the shores of Little Peconic Bay, Long Island. At the same time she invited Burroughs to come. The issue is thus characteristically recorded in my father's journal:

[1915. October.] "25. Monday.—Willy and I went to Peconic by the Long Island Railroad—Greenport Division—from the Pennsylvania Station—my first journey from it. Arrived about 6 30. John Burroughs was aboard the train, and I saw him for the first time. We met on the station platform at Peconic. He said, 'Mr. Winter, we meet at last—in the dark!' Carriage was waiting for us, and he and Willy and I were driven to Orlando Rouland's cottage at Nassau Point—about three miles—and very kindly received by

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"There is something I like about these people"

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him and his wife. We remained until Friday morning, the 29th, when we took leave of them and came back.

"The visit was exceedingly pleasant, the place delightful. On Thursday we rambled on the beach and in the woods. On Wednesday we enjoyed a drive to the end of the Point. Magnificent prospect—splendid colors of the sea—pure air—rich woodland—altogether lovely. Had much conversation with Mr. Burroughs while I was at Rouland's place, mostly about literary persons. He is notable for simplicity of character, truthfulness of mind, candor of speech; and he possesses alert faculty of observation and is eagerly interested in all that is going on; takes great care of himself, and obviously desires all the good he can get out of every moment of life. I asked him about Carlyle [whom Burroughs once visited]—his voice and so on. Burroughs said he had a good voice—but gave me no idea of it; said he laughed loudly after saying anything specially bitter."

There is—or was a few years ago—in Ulster County, New York, a singular, delightful place, half home, half hotel, called Yama Farms, maintained by a shrewd and genial person named Seaman, who professed a profound and to me—because the two men were in every way dissimilar—amazing admiration of my father. To that Patmos in the wilderness we made a visit not long before our expedition to the Peconic Fish House, and there my father, among other things, reread the Writings of Burroughs, who often visits there, and where there was a presentation set of his works. One afternoon while reading that author's essay on Whitman, which bears the highfalutin title of The Flight of the Eagle, he made some comments which, as usually, I recorded; and which, I think, are worth preserving here.

"Listen to this, Billy," he said suddenly, and then read the following passage from the book in his hand:

"'Is there not a decay—a deliberate, strange abnegation and dread—of sane sexuality, of maternity and paternity, among us, and in our literary ideals and social types of men and women? The great lesson of Nature, I take it, is that a sane sensuality must be preserved at all hazards.'"

The Wisdom of Colonel Yell

"Brother John," said my father, looking up from the volume, "believes, it seems, in a sane sexuality. He reminds me of the funeral oration of Colonel Yell, in the wild days of old San Francisco. In the course of that address the impassioned orator, alluding to the reputation of the deceased, vociferated: 'They say he drinked liquor. Well, who the hell don't?' Look about you. There is abundant evidence to be seen that there is no abnegation, strange or otherwise, of parenthood. But a sane sexuality was not the Whitman ideal.

"Emerson was quite right when he designated the sexual impulse as that greatly overfreighted instinct. Sensuality—in the meaning of Burroughs in this passage; in the understanding of Whitman at all times—is inexpressibly less precious to mankind than true and pure spirituality. Many of Walt's published remarks on sexual matters are simply gross indecency. I knew W. Whitman somewhat better than John Burroughs did—and I venture to say that I know and understand his published writings at least as well. He had talent—such as it was; and he did one great thing—his work in the hospitals.

"But if much of what old Walter wrote could be utterly obliviated the world would be the better. In some ways he was an unconscionable humbug. Nordau's estimate and comments are among the most satisfactory I have read. I am sorry Burroughs in any way lends his great influence to Whitman's support. I recently heard of a book called An Approach to Whitman. One of these days, if I can get round to it, I think I'll do a little approaching to Whitman and his disciples myself. I think I might handle the subject effectively in verse."

But he never did get round to it.

A few days after our return from Yama Farms my father wrote this letter:

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.,
October 24, 1915.

My dear Mr. Burroughs: With respect to you I have had an experience kindred with that of Tubal in his quest for Jessica. I often came where I did hear of you, but never found you—greatly to my regret. I was lately at Yama, where you were expected to arrive, but you did not come. Your spirit haunts that place and your name was often on our lips. While there I read again many of your Essays, especially those relative to Carlyle—an author who first interested me sixty years ago, and who recently has been much in my thoughts, because of the war that has been made by the Germans whom he so much admired. Your Scotch tour must have been delightful. You certainly have made it delightful for your readers—as indeed you have made many other things delightful for them. I hope that we shall soon meet. I know from what our friend Mrs. Rouland has said that you have spoken kindly of me, and I am glad that I have a place, however humble, in your gracious thought.

With deep esteem and all good wishes,
Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM WINTER.

Black-Letter Days

Among the letters that passed between Winter and Stedman relating to Criticism and Poetry are the following—those by my father kindly returned to me by Miss Stedman:

STATEN ISLAND, January 16, 1883.

My dear Stedman: I am glad for your sake to have written the article. [An article exposing plagiarism of Stedman's work.] No, I did not enjoy doing it. There is but one enjoyment in human life, and that is silence; there is but one comfort, and that is sleep. I get very little of either.

—— is an ingenious rascal—but also he is a fool. How could he suppose he could escape detection?

I am glad you did not write a critical paper for The Overland, and I wish that you would not write critical papers at all. Poetry is your field. Criticism is always second fiddle—usually street hand organ. And since you are not obliged to write it, I think you might well leave that instrument to be played upon by fools, like ——, or drudges, like me. Here have I been tending a hurdy-gurdy all my life—from sheer poverty and compulsion. When I look back upon the years that I have been obliged thus to waste my heart is sick almost to despair. God help the man of letters in this country if he is born to poverty and the accursed maw of journalism gets hold of him! Well, I can reflect at all events that I have done my duty; that my pen has always been used upon the side of genius, refinement, virtue and beauty in life and in art. But I don't want to see anybody else pulverized in the same mill. And I don't like to see a poet—such as you are—bothering himself to write criticism of other poets.

There is only about one man in a thousand who knows what you mean by poetry, and he needs no essay on the subject to instruct him. The least things that you write are too good for the wretched age of mediocrity, babble and tattle in which we live. All I say is—since God made you a poet, sing on and let your music find its way to the hearts that can hear it.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM WINTER.

71 WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET,
NEW YORK, January 26, 1883.

My dear Winter: To-day is my black-letter day. I am penned up with rheumatism, and venting my spleen by writing letters to all sorts of suckling authors who have bored me most recently with their own. To diversify this grim exercise let me put in one letter, for the love of it, of a different kind—and answer to the hail, across our leaden sea, of the truest and sweetest and most loyal fellow of the craft whom Time still spares to us! Your bark may be, as your signal shows me, overladen, laboring under monotonous skies through bitter waves, but there are many who would like to share the voyage with you,—and even you and I do sometimes sing our songs in the night watches. There is doubtless a kind of irony in the fate that dooms to persistent chains and slavery the very natures that need and are made for the freest, the most untethered ways of life. We both had the same early range and atmosphere (Oh, no, we didn't!—Note by W. W.), the same aspirations, in New England. We both made our own beds soon after—sent out with all the needs and tastes of poets and students, and with nothing to maintain them. It took me years to use myself to the cage. How I beat my head against the bars! The struggle was awful. Besides, those who begin now begin in different times.

I suppose you scarcely will understand it, but it is God's truth that any chance of freedom that has come to me has come so late in life that I have lost the art of finding my way out of the old network; again it only half came a few years ago, with all my literary plans ten years behindhand, and with half my old strength and courage worn out of me.

One thing I long since vowed to secure—the privilege of choosing my own kind of writing, be the amount never so small. To do this, I was willing to sell groceries, and even to be called that fearful thing—a poet broker. You shoot your arrows to my heart in your utterly just and righteous depreciation of my surcease from song and volubility of speech. I have whole orations pent up within me—an insane desire to try my voice again. Unfortunately, having written, in the preaching weakness of a New Englander, that Victorian Poets, I was led to begin the companion work, which has dragged its slow length along and—with its thousand hindrances—kept me in its coils. But the springtime shall revive, shall it not, for both you and me? Your very letter shows the same poet's heart—you keep it green—you throb with sensibility—a quality unknown to the younger brood of artisans, for such in truth they are. I say nothing of your unique and preëminent position as a dramatic critic, for I know that is nothing to you—a poet. But so long as such a nature as yours is near me, and still in the form, I shall feel that life is worth living, and that your best utterances and my own are still to be heard.

And you may be sure that I am always, with all honor and friendship,
Most affectionately yours,
E. C. STEDMAN.

A Message of Good-Will

NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND,
January 28, 1883.

My dear Stedman: Your exceedingly kind letter is received. I appreciate and deeply feel all that you say, and your sympathy and goodness have gone straight to my heart. I am sure I need not tell you that in referring to Criticism I never even dreamed of undervaluing any sort of work performed by you. The inferiority of the thing itself, as compared with the creative arts, was all I meant to suggest. I have felt of late uncommonly depressed, and have seen, with some bitterness perhaps, the prevalence of folly and ignorance. And I realize deeply that youth is gone. My health, too, is breaking with the stress and strain, and an infinite and desolate weariness often comes upon me. The same unending necessity of effort exists, and I continue to make all the effort that I can, if not all that is required.

At times recently I have had to exert a power of will that is almost superhuman to force my tired body to rise and go about and compel my worn mind to think and to speak. I cannot resort to stimulant, or if I do it maddens me and makes me terribly ill. My sleep is fitful and broken. You will understand the fever and the gloom that such a condition must engender; and so if they made themselves manifest in any way in my letter to you I am sure you will forgive my seeming petulance, and not impute it to unkindness.

I don't know what the future will bring forth. For the sake of my wife and children I am willing and glad to labor. Perhaps the conditions will grow lighter and more humane through a more perfect abnegation of self. It is the drooping elasticity and breaking strength that worry me most—for whatever I write must have nerve and freshness.

I was considerably cheered upon writing in the paper of last Friday an article on Mary Anderson's acting, because I thought that it showed still the existence of the power to think in a broad and breezy manner. When I have lost that faculty I shall die.

I am writing all this because your sympathetic words have so deeply touched and cheered me; and also because I don't want you to think that I meant to growl at you. If I were not sincerely and deeply attached to you, and wishful for your best happiness and increased renown, I should not have touched on that subject. And if I were not jaded and ill I should have touched on it far more cheerily.

Heaven bless and prosper you in everything! I hope this letter will find you quit of the rheumatism and able to withstand the fogs and drenches of this dismal period. I was at Wallack's Theater last night till twelve; then at The Tribune—and wrote an article—then in a coffee cellar, and at 3 A. M. to a bed in the Stevens House. I came home this morning through ice and mist, and now the fog bell is ringing in the dark night, and the sky is a dripping cave, and all Nature seems stagnant. Thank God, I can stay in the house! And now I am going to my bed to read Shakspere. That's my solace!

Here's hoping we may soon meet!
Always faithfully yours,
To E. C. Stedman. WILLIAM WINTER.

Some Generous Praise

I give one more selection from the Stedman collection of letters—one upon which he had indorsed: "The most generous letter I ever received from a brother poet."

STATEN ISLAND, November 18, 1897.

My dear Stedman: I have had the new book of your Poems for sixteen days, and I have read it again and again. It is full of beauty. The first thing that caught my fancy was the Nocturne; then the fourth stanza in The Tomb of Chaucer; then the fourth stanza of The Constant Heart; then the last lines of Noël; then the last two stanzas of The World Well Lost; then the last eleven lines of A Vigil; then the fourth stanza of A Sea Change. And so onward! I mean that in those bits I felt the beating of the heart and heard the old-time music—as when life was young.

Your Art is always exquisite. Among all the American poets I do not know one who is your equal in the easy, affluent, seemingly spontaneous use of the classical forms. The third stanza of The Death of Bryant, the third and eleventh stanzas of Corda Concordia and the sixth stanza of Ariel are perfection—especially in that respect. The whole of Ariel is very noble, very eloquent—love and grief within it and trembling all through it, and the flight sustained grandly to the close.

Byron would have been proud to have written the lines on Page 148—"Here is no mangrove," and so on. Few of the Old Ballads—an immortal delight they are—have such touches of pathos and sad beauty as may be found in the last four stanzas of The Castle Light. The poem on Jamaica is perfect; the last two stanzas of The Creole Lover's Song is pure poetry; and I am greatly taken with the night scene in The Rose and the Jasmine. . . .

I go back again and again to Ariel, feeling very deeply its loveliness of form. I never cared so much for Shelley as for Byron—though of course I was swept away by the Adonais and the wonderful Epipsychidion—dreadful name—and some other things. But I know the Shelley worship, and I feel the stress of high emotion in your superb tribute.

This is a very imperfect way of expressing my gratitude for the book, but I am very grateful for it, and proud of its author, and happy to think that I possess the friendship of such a spirit. My love is always with you. You said something about getting a heap out of life. Out of Nature—yes. Out of life—no. People—with rare exceptions—do not interest me at all—but the pageant of Nature fills me with inexpressible delight. I have never yet seen a day when my mind was not oppressed with care, and personally my chief ambition is to sleep. The moment I wake and realize myself I am wretched; but I have hours—looking at the sea or musing in the woods or gazing at an old church when nobody is near—that are celestial; hours when I forget myself and everything except beauty. Once I dreamed that I could write and had wild ideas about being a poet. Now I detest writing, and if I could help it I would never publish anything. To get away from mankind and the infernal folly of the world—that would be the nearest possible approach to happiness upon this earth!

Good night. It gives me joy to think of you and of your beautiful book and of your success in the great art of literature. God be with you! Ever affectionately,
Your old friend,
WILLIAM WINTER.

(Continued on Page 42)

IT is not strange that so many families should believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

The fact is, that this car renders such long-continued service, at such slight cost, that this world-wide conviction was bound to come.

Almost any Hupmobile owner will tell you, if asked, how useful his car is to all the members of his family, and how it is literally counted on to save time, inconvenience, and actual expense.

(Continued from Page 40)

What constitutes a great actor? Some persons maintain that there is not and cannot be such a creature—on the alleged ground that the actor's occupation is intrinsically petty and unimportant; that he creates nothing, and really signifies nothing.

"Punch has no feelings," said Doctor Johnson, speaking about Garrick. "He slaps a hump on his back and calls himself Richard the Third!"

Though I am proud to call myself one of the most reverent—though one of the least—of the disciples of The Great Cham, I venture to think that observation of his is idle—if indeed he meant what he said. He sometimes asserted the exact contrary to his convictions out of mere love of argument. At any rate, and whatever the doctor really thought about the matter, I have long been sure that greatness is possible in acting and that there have been many actors properly designated great in their calling, which I deem a beautiful and noble one. In fact, I believe that Campbell expressed only the simple truth in his lines of farewell to The Pride of the British Stage, even though those lines have sometimes been mentioned with toploftical condescension by persons who never could write anything even one-tenth as good:

But by the mighty actor brought
Illusions perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb!

And my mind is very clear and free as to why they should be deemed great in the quality they professed. High among those great ones of the stage I have ranked, and always shall rank, that most delicate and lovely of all American comedians, Joseph Jefferson.

Memories of a Great Actor

But tastes and judgments—at least opinions—differ. The other day, reading in a volume of reminiscences called Sixty Years of the Theatre—a book which, by the way, in its total substance forcibly brought back to my mind Jefferson's satirical remark that "all the good actors are dead," and finally prompted a little doubt as to whether any good actors ever lived—I found that its author, the respected dramatic critic, J. R. Towse, holds a very different opinion.

"Jefferson," he declares, "had not the gift of impersonation. And," he maintains, "this is proved by the fact that he produced but one masterpiece, his Rip Van Winkle."

The requirement which that veteran commentator poses as the test of histrionic greatness—requirement, namely, that a player must provide for each and every part performed a personality not only separate and distinct, but also absolutely unrelated; a personality which bears no resemblance to that revealed in any other embodiment—is a wholly unreasonable requirement, posing a wholly inapplicable test. Pushed to its ultimate conclusion, such requirement would enthrone the marionettes of the advanced Mr. Gordon Craig, or the lightning-change artists, such as De Vries, or the multivoiced transformation performer, Fregoli, as the only authentic great actors. The test of Mr. Towse has never been met by any of the great actors of the past—Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Macready, Rachel, Phelps, Booth, Terry, Salvini, Bernhardt—and never will be met by any of those of all the ages to come—because it is, in the nature of things, impossible to meet it. The hump on crook-backed Dickon o' Glou'ster is part of a disguise put on—but it is the voice of the actor that speaks the words alike of Richard and of Benedick, of Hamlet and of Lear.

A little pigment made the complexions of Conrad and Othello, but it was the eyes of Salvini that beamed on the outlaw's little daughter and blazed on the victim of the Moor.

It would be useful to maintain those assertions at length, examining in detail the whole critical attitude and method of Mr. Towse—which are representative and which are not helpful to the theater and the cause of acting. There is, in fact, real need of such study of contemporary dramatic criticism, of criticising the critics—and presently elsewhere I shall venture to take up that subject and to address myself to that task. It would require too much space to do it here and now.

But as to Jefferson's quality and rank, in the same book to which I have already referred, Mr. Towse specifies the public as "the soundest of critics in the long run," so that it becomes pertinent to recall that Jefferson acted in Mexico, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Great Britain and Ireland, as well as throughout the United States, and that "the soundest of all critics," the public, everywhere that he appeared and during more than half a century—a pretty long run—crowded to see him act, and everywhere—with commingled applause, laughter and tears—acclaimed him great.

Jefferson, it is true, did not touch the very highest and greatest of parts—Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Saul, and so following; but he did touch many diverse characters, and he refined, humanized and exalted everything he touched; exhibited and enforced some of the loveliest and best attributes and instincts of the human heart; did that through the medium of an art as delicate, yet as strong, definite and complete, as ever has been displayed on the stage, and so served and helped his time and the world.

Even the least of us who possess vivid recollections of Joseph Jefferson may—and, I think, should—record them. I knew him well during all the days of my life until he died; I saw him often, both in the privacy of home and abroad, under all sorts of conditions; I scrutinized and studied everything he did or said in my presence—whether on the stage or off of it—so minutely that even now I could reproduce—as often I have reproduced—his every movement, gesture, intonation and inflection. He is dead and gone; estimate of his acting and influence, now and hereafter, must depend on the consensus of recorded opinions and judgments about him; and so I beg to bear my testimony—as a lifelong student of the stage and one who not only often sat among Jefferson's audience but who also often acted with him and opposite to him—that he was to the tips of his nails, to the very ends of his hair, a thorough, finished, great actor, and that he certainly did produce more than one masterpiece of impersonation.

What was it that Jefferson did which was great? It was this: He took themes and characters of common life and gave them—in Hamlet's phrase—"the very form and pressure of the time"; made them actual, palpable, breathing entities, so suffusing his embodiments of them with grace, sweetness and charm that, though taken from common life, they never were commonplace; and while doing this he so perfectly concealed all the expedients of art through which he wrought, in copying and simulating Nature, that he produced and sustained the effect of absolute reality. His true place in the theater is preëminently that of a poet among actors. And as a ministrant of acting he never pained or harmed anybody; and he helped—literally—millions of his fellow creatures. Whenever and wherever I saw him in public I invariably noted one fact of decisive significance—namely, that all the persons in his presence—even though tears might be in their eyes or upon their cheeks—were smiling; were, at least for the moment, obviously gentler, happier and better beings because he was with them.

Jefferson Always Jefferson

The chief complaint against him artistically was—and is—that you could always recognize Jefferson as the actor giving Jefferson's performances. It was—and is—a silly complaint, and it was no more true of Jefferson than of any other great artist, working in any medium. That which was always recognizable in his acting was the style of the artist, as it always should be recognizable and always is in the work of a true artist. Nobody expects or desires that Shakspere should write like Doctor Johnson or that Goldsmith should write like Francis Bacon. Sargent's great portraits are not less great because they are unmistakably Sargent's. Tommaso Salvini was able to give that special performance which he designated Othello precisely because the attributes which he revealed in it were inherent in his own personality—and are expressly enumerated by him as being so. A Jefferson performance was always and unmistakably such, but all his representative performances were embodiments of radically different and vividly differentiated assumed identities.

Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle, confronting the silent specters of the pirate crew; as Bob Acres, practicing his "a-la-sach-shay" before a pier glass or proposing "to indite the challenge with red ink, Sir Lucius"; as the harassed Golightly in the moment when he supposes himself to have found a pocketful of money; as Hugh de Brass suggesting that "we had better sit down" when the Norman Conquest is stated as the starting point of the story to which he is invited to listen; as Doctor Pangloss pocketing a gratuity with the remark that "honesty is the best policy"; or plaintively expostulating "Don't damn Plato! The bees buzzed round his mellifluous mouth"; as poor old Caleb Plummer, momentarily in his agony of joy shrinking from the son whom he has long thought dead as he utters his heart-rending cry, "My boy! My son—that was drowned—don't tell me—don't tell me—that he is alive!" Every one of those characters was as distinct and different as the personations of any one actor ever were or ever could be.

During perhaps my closest association with Jefferson I was an actor—had been so for years, and expected to devote the rest of my life to acting. I observed his performance of that recognition scene in the character of Plummer—to dwell on an unhackneyed example of his art—more than fifty times; observed it with the same close attention and in the same spirit that a trained watchmaker peers into the works of a watch. I looked to see how the works went round in order to learn. I knew exactly what he was going to say and do, and when and where and how he was going to say and do it—and I never saw the scene without paying the great actor the tribute of a sob that I could not repress and tears which I could not restrain.

Jefferson's Genius in Comedy

The best—the most informing—comment, I think, ever written about Jefferson's beautiful portrayal of the lovable and pathetic old toymaker of Dickens' is this: "It was easy to see that the whole of that nature and experience was developed from within—that in the infirmity and the grief of the heroic old man it was the heart that trembled and not merely the fingers."

Jefferson was not only superb—because of his fidelity to fact and because of the delicacy, refinement, loveliness and exaltation of his effects—in pathos; he was equally fine in the more intricate and difficult realm of comedy. It is an old and well-worn epigram, that of Garrick's, which declares that "comedy is serious business," but it states an important truth about acting. It may be greater to act tragedy than to act comedy; it certainly is easier. No even tolerable actor ever really fails, for example, as Hamlet. Any player with ability enough to look the part, to speak the words, do the business and avoid falling over the furniture and the footlights can attain at the very least respectable success as Othello or Iago; the situations and the text will carry him. It is not so with comedy. An actor intrinsically unfunny can kill the funniest of situations—a lethal potency I have often seen exercised in contemporaneous drama as well as in deliciously comic characters of Shakspere and old comedy.

Yet what a blessing and benefaction true comedy is, and what a debt of gratitude the public owes to a true comedian! I was, so to speak, brought up in the theater and nourished on the classic drama. By the time I was twenty I fairly oozed Shakspere and dripped the legitimate. My personal taste inclines decisively toward poetic tragedy, and the natural bent of my mind is toward solemn and sad themes. Yet I have often wondered, and—though I be ridiculed for doing it—I venture to suggest as an inquiry within the period fairly to be considered, which plays have done the most good to humanity, diffused the most of benefit and help and cheer, Rip and The Rivals, as presented by Joseph Jefferson, or Hamlet and Othello? I wonder! And since Jefferson bade the world good night, who has really acted Rip or Acres, Plummer or Golightly?

Jefferson was, take him for all in all and whether on the stage or off, the funniest man I ever saw. One at least of the cardinal virtues of an actor I can freely claim: I never was guilty of guying any performance in which I participated, and it has always been almost impossible to break me up, as the actors' phrase goes—that is, to cause me to laugh, upon the stage. In one scene, however, which I often acted with Jefferson, I had extreme difficulty in preserving my self-control, though there was no intention on his part of making me laugh. On the contrary he was incensed on perceiving my risibility and adjured me most earnestly, saying: "For heaven's sake, my boy, don't you laugh! If you laugh the audience won't!"

It was at the moment in The Rivals when Acres reveals to Captain Absolute his hair done up in curl papers. The mixture of embarrassment, naïve vanity, earnestness, folly, sapience, drollery, solicitude, exultation and utterly comic absurdity in Jefferson's countenance at that moment, and above all the expression in his eyes as, after glancing furtively about, he suddenly removed his hat and displayed his sandy-red hair in pickle, was ludicrous beyond all words. He was photographed in the pose, but the photograph—well enough in its way—hardly even suggests the irresistible comicality of the actor, which was always the cause of a gale of delighted laughter from his audience. I seldom could look squarely at him during that moment, but directed my gaze over his up-stage shoulder.

My professional association with Jefferson began unexpectedly. That premier director and theatrical manager and very great man, Augustin Daly, died suddenly in Paris on June 7, 1899. I had been for several years a member of his dramatic company, beginning with him as a super and working my way up; but in the spring of that year, in consequence of an unimportant personal disagreement, had left it. Daly, however, though I did not know it till long after his death—he was not communicative, and in all the time that I was with him he only once spoke a word of approval to me—had been kind enough to say of me that he thought "something can be made of him, as at least he is willing to be taught." And he had, as Miss Ada Rehan—always my kind and helpful friend—privately informed me, promised her to give me a trial in the splendid part of Prince Hal, in King Henry IV, a play which he had long held in preparation. His original plan was to have Miss Rehan play Hal, and she rehearsed the part. But she was ill and she felt it was a foolish undertaking for her, anyway. That capable actor and genial good fellow, Charles Richman, was to have been the Hotspur.

A Day With Sol Smith Russell

On Daly's death all the plans for his revival of King Henry IV went glimmering. The costumes eventually were bought by Richard Mansfield and used in his presentment of King Henry V, and I found myself not only out of employment but also, as I was—on account of my father, William Winter—very much *persona non grata* with the holy theatrical syndicate, in a serious dilemma—the leading spirit of that syndicate having decreed that I should not be permitted to act on the stage of any theater in which it had an interest.

Jefferson, my godfather, had been good enough to think me a clever boy, and had always been kindly in his attitude toward me, even in the days at his Hohokus home, when I used to break his greenhouse lights, stab his cherished century plants and steal his pears. I therefore ventured to ask for his recommendation and influence to obtain employment in the theatrical company of the late Sol Smith Russell. With that purpose in view, Jefferson asked me to visit him at his lovely home at Buzzard's Bay, which I did—there meeting Russell, who came over from some neighboring resort for an afternoon. He proved to be in wretched health. He told several extremely comic stories. He manifested no interest whatever in me, and presently he returned whence he came—bearing with him, to my lively disgust, a fine mess of trout taken by me from Jefferson's private preserve.

A day or two later the old actor said to my father: "The syndicate members never try to interfere with me. If they did I'd break their hearts by buying the New York Academy of Music and playing a farewell engagement at triple prices. I have been watching and studying Willy, and I should like to have him in my company. But I have nothing to offer him except Falkland in The Rivals, and I suppose he wouldn't take that."

My father, knowing my necessity, replied that he thought I would be glad to take anything I could get, and on the part being offered to me I instantly accepted it.

Though I had several minor disagreements with Jefferson—he being old and

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A few

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 42)

sometimes a trifle testy if not immediately deferred to, and I being young and foolish—my professional association with him was delightful and invaluable; in fact in some ways the happiest time of my life and one treasured as an ever-precious memory. It was indeed impossible to be with him and not to love him. He was the soul of courtesy, kindness and humor. His interest in his art was as fresh and enthusiastic as though he were standing on the threshold of his first success. He was one of the best stage directors that ever lived, and no actor could have had a more pleasant or helpful place than one in his company.

Alone in the stilly night, "ere Slumber's chain has bound me, fond mem'ry brings the light of other days around me," and always with a special sparkle of pleasure, tinged with longing, as my remembrance dwells on that 1899 visit to Crow's Nest, as Jefferson's home was named. My dear father, indeed a mine of memories, was there—brilliant, alert, vital, humorous, observant as a hawk, quick as thought itself, and—like Falstaff—not only witty himself but the cause that wit was in other men. Jefferson, reveling in the company of his old friend, gleefully recalling other times, when the bloom was on the rye and when they heard the chimes at midnight—and at dewy morn—was at his happiest and best—whimsical, sapient, droll, full of anecdote and sportive fun. There was, too, a veritable colony of his offspring scattered round—Charley, Tom and Joe, Jr., each with a family—Charley had two families, his first wife having died years before—Willy, my father's namesake, William Winter Jefferson, the very personification of graceless mischief and irrepressible mirth: a sort of human Puck, madly enamored of the entire female sex and bent on wooing it in toto to the strains of a tortured guitar; and little Frank, slender, sedately solemn and studiously observant and imitative of all the deviltry going on round him. The reign of Pussyfoot was then undreamed of. Night or day, there was always an abundance of cakes and ale—if ale chanced to be your fancy; if not, whatever was. Never was sunlight more sparkling or moonlight sweeter; never were roses more "bright by the calm Bendemeer" than they were that summer by the placid bay.

Once during that happy sojourn at the Nest one of my greatest heroes, Grover Cleveland, came over from his near-by home, Gray Gables, to spend the day with us. In the afternoon Cleveland, Jefferson and I went fishing, and I remember a slight but, I think, highly significant incident of that outing. We were fishing for bass—and not catching any.

After more than an hour's wait Jefferson said: "Let's move, Cleveland; the fish won't bite here."

"No, Joe," answered Cleveland; "damn 'em, let's stay here and make 'em bite!"

And we stayed until they did bite.

That evening after Cleveland had gone home Jefferson told us, among many other anecdotes of him, one that was specially characteristic and amusing. He was at Crow's Nest during the fight for the presidential nomination in 1892 and a telegram was brought over to him from his home, which he read and then handed to Jefferson. It said, "The time has now come for you, in the interest of your party, to withdraw from this contest," and it was signed by Arthur Pue Gorman, the Maryland senator, who wished to obtain the presidential nomination for himself.

"What answer shall you make?" Jefferson asked.

Without a word Cleveland took the telegraph blank, turned it over and wrote his reply on its back, and before giving it to the waiting messenger handed it again to Jefferson.

This was his message to Gorman:

"Somebody has been taking an unpardonable liberty with your name.

"G. CLEVELAND."

I recall another incident of our fishing expedition that would have been eagerly seized upon at the time as a news story, which we kept carefully to ourselves, and which seems worth recording now. We went toward sundown from the bass grounds to a little lake hidden in woods owned by Jefferson and stocked by him with trout. There we were joined by John G. Carlisle, formerly Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury; tall, lank, pale-faced, saturnine, black clothed, wearing a plug hat and energetically chewing tobacco—the very picture of an old-time Southern country lawyer. He had come down on the Fall River steamer with us from New York to visit the former President; and I have been told that his coming was to ascertain whether Cleveland would consider becoming a candidate for a third term as President in 1900, and that he received an emphatically negative reply, but I do not actually know whether this is so.

Cleveland and Jefferson put out upon the lake in a small boat, Mr. Carlisle and I remaining upon the bank. Cleveland, as is well known, was an immense bulk of a man—a sort of colossal Cap'n Cuttle he appeared to me. He and Jefferson stood in the boat almost back to back, like Acres and Sir Lucius, and both casting at the same moment, they came violently into collision, stern on, with the result that Jefferson plunged overboard on one side and Cleveland, making a vain effort to seize and save him, lost his own balance and toppled over on the other. I have heard some strikingly original, graphic and vigorous language, first and last, but I have never heard anything of the kind to equal the impromptu dialogue between those two really affectionate cronies, clinging to opposite sides of that half-submerged old flatboat.

Carlisle observed the aquatic disaster with exemplary calm and listened to the interlocution with attentive and manifest admiration. Then, ejecting a copious stream of tobacco juice for the benefit of the trout and turning a twinkling eye upon me, he blandly emitted the singular remark, "Most eloquent, but wholly idle!"

Jefferson was the truest sportsman I have ever known among fishers. He would not fish either for black bass or trout with a barbed hook.

"Anybody can catch fish with a barb," he used to tell me, "but only a sportsman can fight and take a game fish with a needle point."

Jefferson's sense of the ridiculous was irresistible, and often it led to his being imposed upon. One morning during that same visit to Crow's Nest he wished to take me fishing on the bay, and he sent an amiable old salt of the neighborhood off to the village to get bait.

"Now no grog," was Jefferson's parting injunction—"no grog till after you get back—and hurry, because we're waiting."

The ancient mariner—a person of the name of Henry—promised abstinence, and departed. We continued to wait—half an hour. An hour—two—two and a half—by the end of which time Jefferson had become profanely furious with indignation—and, by the way, his profanity was most picturesque; he hardly ever repeated himself. Then just as he decided we must give up our expedition the delinquent Henry appeared far off, tacking laboriously from side to side of the wide roadway which led up to the house. Arrived there, he was confronted by Jefferson, almost inarticulate with wrath.

"This—this—this is disgraceful—outrageous—shameful!" he ejaculated. "I expressly told you no grog, and here you are—here you are—reeking—why, Henry, you're—you're drunk!"

The mariner stayed his swaying form with difficulty and fixed on his berater a filmy eye.

"Mr. Jefferson," he said with solemnity—"Mr. Jefferson, I'm awful drunk," and sat down suddenly in a flower bed.

The comic absurdity of the situation was too much for the irate actor—and Ancient Henry slept it off in the barn.

Jefferson, though a staunch, faithful and generous friend, did not permit friendship to enter into anything but friendly matters. Cleveland's respect and affection for him were great, one reason whereof being, as the old actor told me, that though often importuned to use his influence with him while President to further appointments to lucrative office, he never had asked him for anything for anybody. And I recall that, notwithstanding his friendliness toward me, he treated me in professional matters exactly as he would have treated a stranger.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Jefferson Winter. The third will appear in an early issue.

COMBING INCOME SCHEDULES

(Continued from Page 11)

The power to penalize is a great responsibility and it should be exercised with a high regard for human justice. There is no other phase of our work here that calls for the exercise of more sound common sense than this. It is up to us never to lose sight of the human viewpoint in considering penalties and prosecutions. Also, we are frequently called upon to put consideration of public policy into the scales when weighing the elements of an important case to the end of deciding to penalize or not to penalize, to prosecute or not to prosecute.

"The fact that the administration of the income-tax law has great power to disturb business involves an equally great responsibility. We are not here to harass, disturb or terrorize the business of this country but to collect from the people the money necessary to the operation of the Government so that life, citizenship and business may be more successful here than in any other country on earth. If we did our work without regard to this larger result it might sometimes prove decidedly destructive."

The case of a certain large corporation in a big industry affords a conspicuous example of the necessity of giving considerations of public policy precedence over more narrow and technical ones. An intimation that things were in a bad way in this concern reached the income-tax unit from another department of the Government. The unit at once sent three auditors to check the affairs of this corporation. They were under instruction to let their examination appear as casual and perfunctory as possible. One of these auditors had a very keen scent for fraudulent intent and his only mission there was to exercise this gift to the extent of his ability.

In the course of the two months required to make this field audit the fraud specialist became increasingly convinced that a very crafty and complete job had been done by one of the officers in the confidence of a high official who had shortly before retired from active work in the administration of the company's affairs. One official in the accounting branch of the work showed a marked reluctance to give information and an equal eagerness to give auditors a surfeit of entertainment and social attentions. But finally the auditors returned to Washington and reported that there were huge discrepancies and that the general condition bore earmarks of manipulation.

They had scarcely finished reviewing the case with their superiors when the chief financial and accounting official of the company made his appearance, with two lawyers in tow, and wanted to explain the theory of computation on which the previous returns had been prepared—this because he had become convinced, through conversation with the field auditors, that perhaps the theory was not entirely sound and that it might be found advisable to file an amended return correcting the error!

Naturally this move was considered by the tax authorities as an attempt to rush to cover. At once the official head of the corporation was sent for, together with his principal associates.

After this man had sat in the consulting room for the first session he remarked: "In the three hours that we have spent together in this room I have learned more of the affairs of this corporation than in the entire time in which I have been connected with it as its administrative head."

Immediately on return from luncheon he opened the session by declaring to the head of the unit that he was convinced from the revelations already presented by the unit that the company could not show clean hands; that evidently there had been manipulation, but that it had occurred before his administration and wholly without his knowledge. He had not had the slightest suspicion of the true state of affairs. Therefore he took the responsibility of resting the fate of the company wholly in the hands of the income-tax unit with a plea for such leniency as the circumstances might admit.

As a tax liability of many million dollars had been established, the allusion to placing the fate of the company in the hands of the income-tax unit was no mere figure of speech. If the accrued penalties were assessed this great company would perhaps go under with a crash. The men on the government side of the table did not need the opinion of the corporation's officers that this would be the case. The mere fact of attempting to go into the market for many millions in cash would start a selling raid to which no emergency brake could be applied!

This immediately injected into the situation the element of public policy. The general financial situation at that time was nervous. Speculators and investors were on their toes with expectancy. There was a general feeling that something was about to happen. As one financial expert put it: "Wall Street is in the temperamental condition of a spirited colt shying from one side of the road to the other and looking for the scrap of paper at which to become scared into a panic."

The little group of government men admitted that penalizing this company—with the results that were sure to follow—would start a stampede in financial circles that would pass that penalty on to industry in general and would probably inflict a punishment on the business of the country far greater than that which would be visited upon the culprit corporation, and cause losses a thousandfold greater than the sum of the penalties gained—assuming for sake of argument that the Government could collect them. Considering the matter from this viewpoint of public policy—and as public servants charged with great powers and responsibilities they felt bound so to consider it—there seemed but one course to follow, that of sacrificing the penalties.

Then, too, there were distinctly mitigating circumstances so far as the highest responsible head of the corporation was concerned. It was well established that he had been innocent of criminal intent and that all manipulation had been done by members of a supplanted administration.

True, some of the members of the old régime who appeared to be tarred with the stick of connivance were still nominally in their old positions, but they were scrambling to get out.

The final decision of the income-tax administration was substantially this: To exact the penalties would be a wanton disregard of public policy and a reckless assault upon the stability of the business interests of the entire country. Also exaction of the pound-of-flesh policy would bring extreme punishment upon a large number of innocent and trusting stockholders and a group of officials, equally innocent, who had come into the administration of the corporation's affairs long after the crooked work had been done. Therefore the Government proposed these terms of settlement: The head of the company and his associates to give every assistance possible in the criminal prosecution of those responsible for the fraudulent work; the income-tax unit to waive penalties and accept a settlement in the amount of the delinquent taxes with six per cent interest for the period for which they had been withheld.

This reduced the matter to a simple question of the tax liability figured on a normal basis. But this was far from simple in the usual acceptance of the term, the slightest divergence in the basis of computation bringing a difference of staggering proportions in the final result, due to the huge volume of the company's capitalization and business. For example, take the question of depreciation in one of the war years when production was at top speed and equipment was being driven without regard to its ability to stand the strain. The difference in depreciation for that year as figured by the corporation's representatives and by the tax unit's best technical experts was only a trifling matter of a million and a half dollars! And that difference, both sides admitted, was a matter of judgment as to what was a fair and reasonable deduction for the wear and tear on machinery at a time when every unit of equipment was being driven mercilessly for greater production to the end of helping

(Continued on Page 46)

ROMANCE

THE Age of Romance still lives. As long as the heart of man beats in his breast it cannot die. For romance is nothing else than life in its highest mood of imagination and idealism, of courage and accomplishment, of understanding and achievement.

This is as true of life today as it was a thousand years ago; as true of America in this era of industry as it was of Europe in the era of chivalry. Life still holds aloft the torch of romance to fire the spirit of man, to kindle his ambition, to ignite the impulse of his energies.

Yet there is a difference between romance today and a thousand years ago. It beckons men less often down the path of sheer adventure; it leads them more often up the heights of constructive service to the world. It calls men to science, to invention, to industry, and to intellectual and moral leadership.

The history of industry is profoundly romantic; yet time was when its romance lay hidden from the world, a neglected asset, an undeveloped resource. Then came advertising, bringing with it fresh vision, a new perspective, penetrating insight; enlisting the eloquence of the artist and the writer; and carrying to the whole world the great romances of industry and of business.

Advertising has proved again, if it needed proof, that the surest key to human sympathy and human understanding is the key that throws open the door of romance.

N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
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to win the war. Expressed in percentage the divergence was small.

"What do you say to splitting the difference?" was the proposal of one of the negotiators.

"That's fair," came the quick response from the other side.

Every problem in the settlement was met with this attitude by the men on both sides of the big table. Within twenty-four hours after the figures of the total settlement had been established the check for the amount was in the hands of the Government.

As the methods of concealment and manipulation in this case were as typical as was the manner of final adjustment it is well to satisfy this common curiosity on the part of those having the responsibility of formulating bases for figuring corporation-tax returns.

The most effective manipulation had been done in the figures on inventories, depreciation, capitalization and amortization. Up to 1918 the figuring of inventories for income-tax purposes had not been reduced to a scientific basis. Realizing this the unit sent seventy-five men into the field to make an intensive study of the theory and practice of inventory taking in representative lines of business. The findings of this research were then carefully analyzed to the end of reducing the inventory problem to more definite lines and also of having at hand a fund of information calculated to give unit auditors a better understanding of all kinds of inventories. This work was done on the theory that the income-tax law should be administered so as to interfere as little as possible with the established practices and methods of business.

As the head of the unit put it: "We considered that it was not the function of the Government to tell its citizens how to run their business, but rather to learn how businesses are run and then handle our task of assessing and collecting income and profit taxes in a manner to disturb the established order of business just as little as possible."

One of the results of this elaborate and searching research into the field of inventories was a set of rulings intended to coördinate the application of the tax law and the common practice of business men with respect to inventories, and at the same time to establish certain lines which could not be crossed in handling inventory computations without running counter to the law. In short the unit furnished to corporations and large firms a standard of practice in the making of inventories which amounted to a sailing chart on which the reefs and shoals were set down in red ink so clearly that any comptroller, auditor or other financial official having the responsibility of formulating a company's income-tax return was without excuse if he disregarded them.

Standardizing Accounting Practice

This work of establishing standard principles of practice in the various computations entering into the intricate task of figuring the income-tax liability of a large and complicated business had been done and published to the business world a year or more before any suspicion was directed toward the corporation referred to that was called on the carpet. In other words the men who had fabricated its tax returns had failed to act on the warning that had been given and had not taken advantage of their opportunity to file an amended return while the filing was good—which is to say before they had reason to suspect that the sleuths of the income-tax unit were hard on their trail. Naturally under these circumstances a threat that they might file an amended return did not greatly impress the representatives of the Government.

Right here is a good place to drive home the point that application for leave to file an amended return before a criminal-intent investigation is under way or even contemplated is the kind of confession that counts with Uncle Sam. It carries an atmosphere of conviction that cannot be attached to a confession—camouflaged as an amended return—which springs from the fright roused by the belief that fraud hounds are already baying at close quarters.

The amended return is the city of refuge for the income-tax payer who is pursued by a troubled conscience, and the sooner he avails himself of this sanctuary the more complete will be its protection. If filed before any suspicion has been centered upon the taxpayer it is virtually assured of being received as an indication of honest intent. The men of the unit who pass upon the problem of criminal intent may have their suspicions that an amended return smells of deceit and repentance, but they put it into the pigeonhole labeled "No Questions Asked"—that is, if it comes in before any fire to smoke out the culprit has been started.

This is on the theory that a man who is penitent enough for past errors to enter a voluntary appearance and make restitution on his own motion is entitled to the consideration accorded true penitents in all high moral courts. And one point of this consideration appears to be the polite and soothing practice of accepting the amended return as a confession of error instead of a confession of criminal intent.

On this delicate question of criminal intent an expression of official policy from the two men who have most to do with its application to individual cases may have a more than passing interest to many a taxpayer who has spent an occasional midnight hour wondering if the auditors down in Washington would suspect that he stuffed the deductions ballot box or held out a little under the head of gross income. Here is what these two men tell me as to the official attitude on fraudulent intent:

Penitent Sinners Forgiven

"The law provides severe penalties, both civil and criminal, for intentional evasions of income-tax liability. The administration of these provisions of the revenue acts is one of the most important branches of the work of the income-tax unit. A special section in the auditing machinery is provided for the audit of these cases in order to develop the evidence that must be used to establish the fact of fraud in court.

"Taxpayers have, in a large number of instances, themselves confessed a fraudulent intent with which they have endeavored to evade their tax liability. In these, and all other cases where the intent is established, the bureau has had no other course to pursue than to prosecute the evaders criminally as well as to assess the civil penalties. It has been the policy of the bureau not to exercise the peculiar power which the commissioner has to compromise criminal liability for money, except in a few instances in which taxpayers have come forward voluntarily before any investigation by the bureau, and fully and freely confessed their fault, supplementing this evidence of good faith with assistance in determining their tax liability. In such cases the full tax has been assessed and the civil penalties asserted but the repentant taxpayer has been relieved of criminal liability."

Reading between the lines of this official statement in the light of comments and incidents coming to me from the same sources but in a less formal way, I feel that I am taking no chance in saying that the best possible advice which can be offered to any income-tax payer who admits to himself, in moments of uneasy recollection, that he did do a little jockeying with his return and that he wishes he hadn't is to head in for the sanctuary of the voluntarily amended return while the gate of that city of refuge is still open. To be sure, the legend "No Questions Asked" is not officially displayed above its portals, but if the troubled taxpayer has eyes to see he will be able to trace its cheering assurance. Certainly the man with a manipulated return on his conscience is taking fewer chances, by far, in heading for the refuge of the amended return than he is in lying low and indulging the hope that, because months and perhaps years have passed without any indication of suspicion on the part of the tax authorities, he is going to get by without any disagreeable consequences. The unit has five years in which to get action on a return. The safety-first route lies in the direction of the amended return.

The penalty for filing a false and fraudulent return is one hundred per cent of the total tax liability for the year 1917. By the revenue act of 1918 this penalty was reduced to fifty per cent of the amount of the deficiency, which applies also to subsequent years.

But to let the official interpreters of the policy of the income-tax unit resume the stand.

They say: "As it has often been stated, the bureau does not desire to impose these penalties for the purpose of revenue so much as for the moral effect of the evidence that the income-tax unit is keeping a sharp eye on tax evaders and that tax evasion is in the long run unprofitable. It is sometimes found that tax evasions are committed by some one officer of a corporation or firm and that other persons connected with the same business have not been aware of the fraud. In such cases it is the policy of the bureau not to impose the burden of the penalties and criminal prosecutions on those who are innocent."

A pertinent illustration of this phase of the law's administration carries with it the incidental consideration that dying is about as unsafe as living to the man who has a crooked tax return on his conscience and who is fairly sensitive as to the reputation he leaves behind him as a heritage to his children.

Recently a business man died and the settlement of his estate revealed the fact that he had enjoyed an income of a size that surprised his neighbors, friends and heirs. It was fat beyond their fondest expectations.

About this time the latest tax return of the deceased came up for an intensive combing. The probate proceedings fully substantiated the suspicions of the auditors and field agents that the deceased had doctored the tax returns of his business with a firm and unsparing hand. The surviving partner was investigated, but was able to prove that he had merely acquiesced in the preparation of the return. The deceased partner had been the dominant force in the business.

Here was a nice problem for the tax authorities. They penalized the partnership but not the estate, holding that it would not be humane or morally correct to make the innocent widow and children suffer for the sin of the dead father.

The men of the unit who decide the problems of fraudulent intent frequently have opportunity to prove how human they are—and to do so without doing violence to their official responsibilities.

Not long ago a man of unmistakable military bearing came into the office of the head of the income-tax unit and bluntly declared: "I've come to find out what you're going to do to me. I made no tax return for 1917 and I've made none since."

"Have you had an income in those years above the exemption named in the law?"

"I have," was the unhesitating answer.

"Then why didn't you file?" asked the astonished official.

"Well, when we went into the war I made a quick jump for the Army. Got in and let my business go to the scrap heap. I was broke, completely. For two years I was in France, where there wasn't much attention being paid to tax schedules. When I returned I was still broke. Went into business again and now I'm on my feet once more—at least I've got a start. Here are my papers."

How the Colonel Squared Himself

The official examined them with a thrill of interest that the usual documents of those who came before him in the rôle of delinquents failed to inspire. His caller was a colonel and his record at the Front was one to be envied. The confessed tax dodger made no pretense that he did not know that he should have filed his returns.

"Colonel," said the official, "you're entitled to consideration at the hands of your country—all the consideration that it's possible for it to give. You should have filed, and then let things take their course. The worst that could have happened would have been the issuing of a distraint warrant against you. In other words, you would have absolved yourself of criminal liability and put it up to the Government to collect its tax bill against you when it could—which is to say when you could pay it.

"Now the best that can be done is for you to make out your three schedules for the three years, with three checks for the amounts due each year. Then make a fourth check for the interest at six per cent on the Government's money that you have withheld. Attach to that check a sworn statement that it is offered voluntarily in settlement of all liabilities, civil and criminal, that you may have incurred. That will settle the whole thing. And, unofficially, I confess that I hate to take the money from a man with your record at the fighting front."

This matter of the official attitude of the administrators of the income-tax law toward cases which rouse suspicion is of such general interest that another expression from the authority already quoted may well be given place here. It is as follows:

"The policy of the income-tax unit in developing the prosecuting of fraud cases is to accord to suspected persons every possible safeguard against injustice. No allegation of fraud is permitted to be made or suggested until the fact of actual intent has been clearly established. In the course of the inquiry to determine this fact every doubt is resolved in favor of the taxpayer. Once, however, the fact of fraud is established, the policy of the unit is rigorous and uncompromising. The unit does not pursue these cases primarily for the revenue that is derived from penalties but in order that example may be made of those persons who have undertaken intentionally to defraud the Government by escaping their just tax."

To land in the fraud pigeonhole a case must have passed through a grilling of audits and committee discussions of the most intensive character. The tag of "fraud case" is not lightly tied to any return—but when once attached it is harder to get rid of than a cocklebur in a sheep's back.

The expense of running down a fraud case is not considered. An under-cover agent is as readily sent to Alaska as to the business district of Washington, District of Columbia, a few doors from the home of the income-tax unit. The only consideration is to run it down and get all the facts. All cases that receive the "fraud" brand are handled by a small group of hand-picked agents who are as skilled in audit work as they are in secret-service operations.

For reasons of secrecy, only one of these agents is assigned to a case unless it is a very large one or there is some angle of development that requires coöperation between two or more operatives. Always as few under-cover men as possible are employed on a case.

Matters of Capitalization

One large corporation learned to its sorrow that though the investor may stand for a certain amount of water in his stock Uncle Sam has no such attitude of toleration; he is dead set against irrigation in the financing of corporations so far as this form of capitalization enters into the determination of the profit and income tax of the company.

For example, a certain large corporation not long ago got into serious difficulties by figuring as capital some millions of common stock which had been distributed as a bonus because of the fact that it had absorbed a number of smaller concerns.

Though this phase of the return was regarded with some suspicion it was not accepted as conclusive evidence of criminal intent, for the reason that there is a wide margin for misunderstanding in so complex a matter as the figuring of a large corporation-tax return.

Again, in spite of the fact that Uncle Sam takes his capitalization straight over the income-tax counter and will not accept even the smallest chaser on the side in the form of flotation water, it was not denied that there may have been in this instance a very considerable element of real value in the way of patents, trade-marks, and other assets of this sort represented by the so-called watered stock, and that the corporation may have made its figures with this consideration in mind.

Touching on this delicate and difficult matter of capitalization, I said to Mr. George V. Newton: "I happen to know of a corporation that is capitalized for only about one-fifth the amount that it should carry in its capital account in order to stand on an even basis with its competitors in figuring its income-tax returns. Doesn't the application of the rule that the only kind of capital which can be taken into account in this connection is that actually paid in cash money work a very grave hardship to companies like this one, where the management was not farsighted enough to increase the capitalization to a normal volume at the time when the income-tax law went into effect?"

"There is a provision," responded Mr. Newton, "in our practice to equalize this kind of unequality to the end of putting all corporations on the same basis so far as possible. The assessment of taxes for corporations is a very difficult and complex matter because there are so many elements

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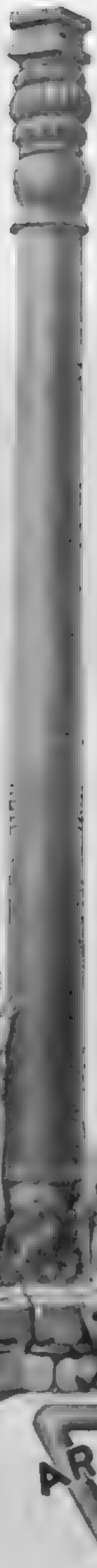

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ARMCO

(Continued from Page 46)

to consider. The matter of difference in capitalization is, of course, one of the most important factors in the corporation situation so far as tax returns are concerned.

"Because of the technical difficulties of working out equal justice to all corporate taxpayers it is necessary to give them ample opportunity for securing relief. For example, when it appears that, by reason of undercapitalization—or for various other reasons—the tax assessed against a corporation, under a strictly technical application of the rules and regulations, is much higher than those of its competitors and would therefore work a grave injustice, a very painstaking procedure is begun, to the end of correcting this inequality. A list of about thirty competitors, with the rate paid by each, is compiled, and the average rate determined. This average rate is substituted for the one that would hold under a strictly technical application of the law and the rules and regulations.

"At the moment, I recall one greatly undercapitalized corporation, which would have been required to pay a seventy per cent rate if we had insisted upon a strict technical determination of the assessment. But under the relief provision which I have indicated the assessment was made at a forty per cent rate, which put this corporation on the same basis as a taxpayer with its competitors.

"This is only a fair example of the attitude of the income-tax unit toward every kind of problem that presents the likelihood of working an injustice to the taxpayer through adherence to strict technical lines in arriving at the rate and the amount of the assessment. As we see it, the function of the unit is not merely to collect profit and income taxes but to give every taxpayer the highest degree of justice possible under the income-tax law as it now exists. It would be very helpful to the great public of taxpayers as well as to those who have the responsibility of administering the income-tax law if you could eliminate from the minds of those taxpayers the idea that we are a pack of insatiable tax hounds actuated by the one idea of sucking the last drop of blood from every case that comes before us. If we had no higher ideal of our duty and responsibility as officers of the Government of the United States than this we should deserve immediate discharge. We have no desire to deal with a terrorized public. We believe that the great mass of taxpayers intend to make honest returns, and we recognize the fact that making a correct return is not always an easy thing to do, but is often a very complex and difficult process."

A Square Deal for All

"Our own view of our job down here is not that we are simply a tax-grabbing machine set to run on arbitrary mechanical lines, but that it is up to us to use all the common sense, all the knowledge of human nature and the highest sense of human justice of which we are capable in the adjustment and collection of a tax upon the people of this country which is sufficiently heavy and burdensome without any of the inequalities that can be removed by the use of all the common sense and all the shock absorbers that we are permitted to use, to the end of giving each taxpayer a square deal in every sense of the word."

At this point B. G. Murphy, head of the internal-audit division, cut into the conversation with the remark: "I consider it an important part of my job to impress upon every auditor in this division, which is virtually a training school for auditors for the entire unit, the fact that his mental attitude in the examination of a return should be just as neutral as that of a judge on the bench; that he is quite as much the representative of the taxpayer as he is of the Government, and that his responsibility is to see that the financial transaction between the taxpayer and the Government is settled with equal justice to both parties. I confess that I have found auditors who seemed to have great difficulty in getting into this mental attitude, but they have had to do so or get out of audit work.

"If it were possible for every taxpayer to appear here in person—perhaps with an able attorney at his elbow—to put up a strong hand-to-hand fight for his rights as he sees them, there would be less chance for injustice and perhaps a little less necessity for insisting on the auditor attitude that I have described, at least to the strenuous extent that we do insist upon it. But there are literally hundreds of thousands of taxpayers, both individual and corporate, who are remote from Washington and also from a district office, and who could not possibly afford to hire an attorney or appear in person to thresh out over the table any difference with the representatives of the income-tax unit. Their only recourse is to state their side of the case by correspondence, and this quite generally means that it is not skillfully stated. This makes it highly important that every auditor shall consider the taxpayer's side of the case just as judicially as he does that of the Government. Without this auditor attitude wholesale injustice would be done.

"We drill it into our auditors that every statement made in a letter must have just as careful, prompt and painstaking consideration as if that taxpayer appeared in person or was represented by an expensive attorney or public accountant. We try to keep always in mind that the difference of a few dollars in the assessment of a small taxpayer—say, for example, the keeper of a crossroads country store—may mean more to him than a difference of several hundred thousand dollars would mean to a large capitalist or corporation. If we had any formal slogan here I think it would be 'Let no taxpayer overpay or underpay.' Anyhow, that would express the spirit and purpose of our organization. It is just as much the duty of an auditor to detect an overpayment and notify the taxpayer of it as it is to detect an underpayment and call on him for an additional assessment. In case of an overpayment the auditor handling the case invariably gives the taxpayer careful instructions how to prepare and file his claim for a refund."

Tax Experts

Here the head of the unit broke into the conversation with this statement: "It would be a distinct service to the taxpayers of this country if you could get it across to them that it is not necessary for them to be represented by an attorney or a so-called tax expert. Any man who is able to state the facts of his case, either by letter or in person, will get all the consideration from the auditors and officials of the unit that he could possibly get if represented by the best attorneys in the country. Though some men understand more than others about making out a tax return, especially if it happens to be of the more intricate corporation kind, my personal opinion is that the term 'tax expert' is much abused and is traded upon to an unwarranted extent.

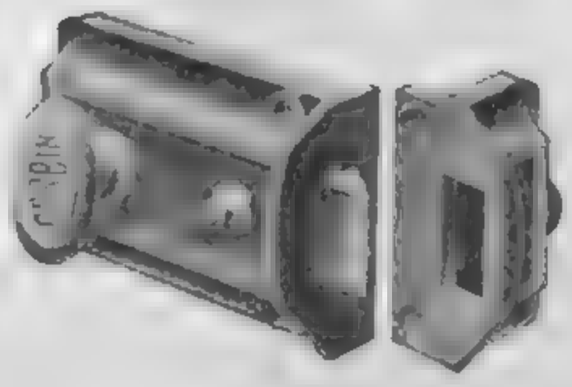
"There is a big field with corporations of the larger class for the work of men who are really well posted in accounting and in a knowledge of the rulings and practices of the unit, but the ordinary individual taxpayer does not need any such assistance in order to get full justice in the assessment of his income taxes. Put it this way if you like: A case that is intricate enough to call for the services of a first-class public accountant might justify the employment of a tax expert—this on the basis that he might be able to present to the consideration of the unit valid arguments as to the application of the law not entertained by the auditors who had handled the case up to that point. Nearly all the big differences in contested corporation assessments are not matters of mere accounting but of the interpretation of the law and the rulings governing income-tax assessments. This is emphasized by the fact that in the few cases in which we have refunded to the taxpayer an amount in taxes of a million dollars the difference has been, without exception, the result of the application or interpretation of the law and the rulings, not a mere matter of accounting. Few large refunds have been made on any other basis."

And speaking of refunds, the income-tax unit certainly does a tidy little business in this side line. During the year 1919 it amounted to more than eight million dollars. This sum does not include allowed claims for credit or abatement. More than nineteen thousand taxpayers have been handed a surprise package in the form of a refund of taxes during 1919. The claims division is quite a busy little shop. The average number of claims dropped into its hopper for adjustment is about two thousand a week.

In the matter of claims the taxpaying public has experienced a great psychological change since the close of the war.

"Door Hardware that Harmonizes"

CORBIN WARE



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You'll always find a good hardware store near by.

IF in the billions of pieces we have sold, comprising the CORBIN line of Door and Window Hardware, many composed of several parts, we had not made each part upon honor, the thread of confidence we have built up in sixty-eight years all over the world would begin to break.

Every part is made upon honor—always will be. And there's CORBIN Hardware for Door and Window in any Structure ever built.

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Triangle Keeps Shoes New-Looking

The illustration shows a package of Triangle Milady Cream, the particular Triangle Dressing for fancy glazed kid leathers. It's easy to apply without soiling your fingers, and comes in black, white, and all colors.

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FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.
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The Triangle Line

Presto-White (liquid)—won't rub off. For all articles of white canvas and duck

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

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Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

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Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—For men's, women's and children's leather shoes. Good for harness.

This Triangle Product cleans quickly without harm to the skin

FITZ
PRESTO
HAND SOAP

Takes off Grease, Grime, Ink Stains and Paint. Leaves the Skin Smooth and Soft

"The man outside the unit," declared its lately retired head, "can have small realization of how sweeping this has been. And it strikes me as being rather depressing too. Here is a typical case: In the closing year of the war I happened to meet in a social way a man prominent in his city and of more than local reputation as a war worker. He was a leader in Liberty Bond and Red Cross drives. At our first meeting, knowing my connection with the income-tax unit, he mentioned the amount of his tax and remarked: 'I'm glad to pay it—proud to. We have the greatest country on earth and every man in it ought to be glad to contribute to its support as a taxpayer.'

"Well, about a year later this man came into my office and I recognized him at once as the enthusiastic income-tax payer. But the world peace seemed to have taken a lot of pep out of his enthusiasm. His patriotic blood pressure had abated decidedly, for he greeted me with the remark: 'I've been going over my old tax returns and it seems to me that I've been decidedly unfair to myself and that I have a basis for several claims that should result in very substantial refund. My errand here is to go over my wartime returns with one of your auditors and see if I'm not entitled to enter those claims.'

"That incident is typical of a general change of mental attitude on the part of the taxpaying public. There has been a decided let-down, I regret to say, in patriotic ardor as reflected in the payment of taxes. But the need of those taxes and the reason for feeling a glow of patriotic pride and satisfaction in paying them have not abated in the least. Of course this reaction is humanly natural, but it is just as regrettable for all that. Any man who helps to check this ebbing tide of patriotic feeling is doing his country a distinct service."

Groundless Fears

Recently a small business man in a little Midwestern village made this admission to me: "I've just received a letter from the revenue office saying that a man would be sent out soon to check up my income-tax return. Now I know that I made out that return just as honestly as I knew how to make it—but in spite of that fact I'll confess that I'm plumb scared. There isn't the slightest reason in the world for being frightened so far as having made any attempt to cover up income or put in dishonest deductions is concerned. My conscience is as clear as a bell on that score. However, this tax-return business is new to me and I'll admit that I may have made a mistake—an honest one. But evidently something is the matter with my return, and what worries me is whether the man they're going to send out to investigate me is fair and open-minded or whether he is going to tackle the job with the idea that he's got something on me and is going to stick me with the penalty. You know that when Uncle Sam gets after a man it is likely to go mighty hard with him, and this man doesn't know whether I'm honest or not. Maybe my record in this community wouldn't count a cent's worth with him. He may consider that he has got a case on me and that it's up to him to push it to the limit and make a showing with his superiors. I'll certainly be glad when the ordeal is over."

This incident was related to the head of the income-tax unit, who replied: "I'm glad you told me that incident, for it opens the way to relieve the minds of thousands of small taxpayers, like this man, who get the impression that a notice that a traveling auditor will check their return is practically equivalent to an intimation that they are considered in the light of possible criminals by the income-tax administration. In the first place it is important for the taxpayers to understand that the field force is operated directly under the jurisdiction of the income-tax unit of Washington. This is mighty important to the taxpayer, for the reason that it gives him a line on the functions of these traveling agents, the limitations of their authority and just where their responsibility rests.

"The business of revenue agents in the field is to investigate and check tax returns and to report the facts found—not to levy taxes or to collect them until their amount has been definitely fixed by the income-tax unit at Washington and sent back to the field for collection. The fact that your acquaintance in the little Western town will be visited by a revenue agent who will go over with him all the figures entering into the making of his tax return does not at all imply that this man's return rests under official suspicion so far as any criminal intent is concerned. As a matter of fact it is entirely possible that quite the reverse of this is true and that a superficial examination of the return has suggested the possibility to us that your friend has a refund coming to him. This is frequently the basis of a personal investigation by a field agent.

"In any event, any taxpayer who has not deliberately undertaken to cheat the Government has no ground for the slightest feeling of fear or intimidation in connection with having his return checked by a field agent. One of the biggest problems that we have had has been that of getting our field agents into the right mental attitude with respect to the taxpayers with whom they come into personal contact. Hundreds of these agents have been put through a careful and intensive schooling in order to give them the right viewpoint on their work. We have used every effort to fix in their minds that every taxpayer visited by them is entitled to courteous and respectful treatment in every respect. This means that they are not to enter the office or the home of a taxpayer in an attitude at all calculated to intimidate."

The Policy of the Unit

"The impression a field agent should make upon the mind is this: 'There are certain features of your income-tax return that we do not fully understand or that indicate that you need to be instructed in how to make out a return properly. You do not need to feel that you are under suspicion but rather under instruction.'

"There are many difficulties in the way of getting the field agent into a mental attitude that will carry this impression to the taxpayer on whom he calls. First, it is quite natural and human for an investigator to get the notion that men are quite generally out to do the Government, and also to feel that he must be extremely alert and aggressive in order not to permit the taxpayer to put something over on the Government and thereby place a black mark on his own record as an official investigator representing the Government of the United States. Only a broad and well-balanced man is immune to this attitude. He must have a very even keel to keep from listing into it unconsciously.

"It is especially difficult for a field agent to overcome this tendency when the taxpayer meets him in a defensive and perhaps belligerent attitude, as very often happens. Again, the field agent frequently comes in contact with subordinates in corporations and business houses who are overzealous in their efforts to protect the interests of their business superiors and principals. In this situation it is mighty hard for the field man to keep his mental balance and not get to feeling that the subordinate with whom he is dealing has something to cover up and that he needs to be shown that he cannot trifle with an officer of the United States Government.

"If the field agent who finds himself in this situation has still in him a trace of the same attitude shown by the man with whom he is dealing—that of suspicion and an overaggressive determination not to be imposed upon—then it becomes virtually certain that the field agent is going to fail to be a true interpreter of the real attitude of the income-tax unit, which is that he is not out to get scalps or make a showing but to see to it that both the taxpayer and the Government get full justice in the adjustment of their income-tax transactions.

"The importance of the right attitude on the part of field agents and inspectors may perhaps be realized more fully when I say that if the men responsible for the administration of the income-tax law did not themselves realize that the average taxpayer has not kept books for the purpose of making out income-tax returns we should prefer charges against about one-half of the taxpayers of the country. In other words, if our auditors and investigators were to allow their suspicions free rein on the basis of superficial indications a majority of the taxpayers of the country would probably become the targets of such suspicions; but we know that the majority of the income-tax payers of this country are not trying to cheat the Government but that the discrepancies in their returns are the result of insufficient knowledge and experience. The average taxpayer is in the position of making a stab at a job about which he knows

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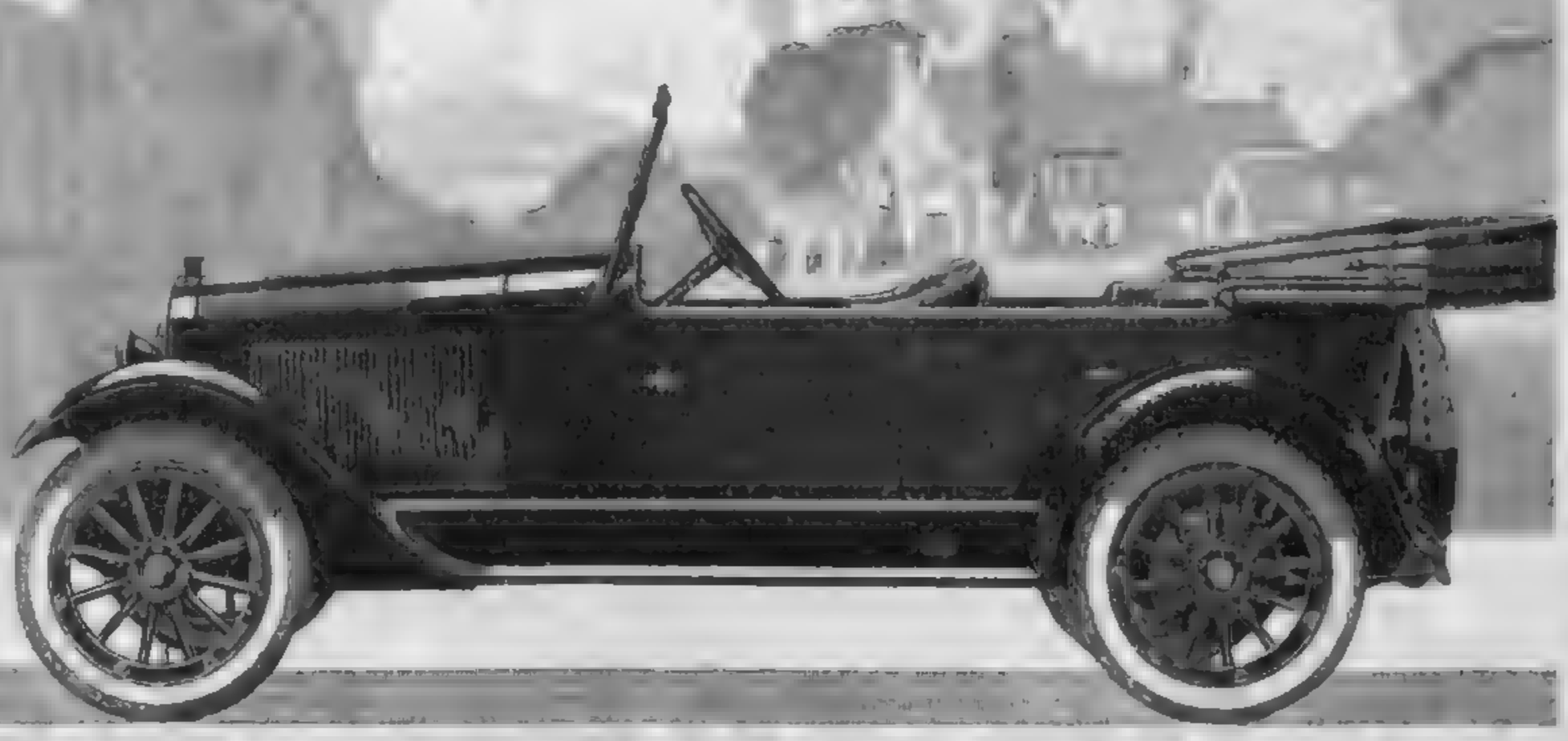
CHALMERS

WITH HOT SPOT AND RAM'S-HORN



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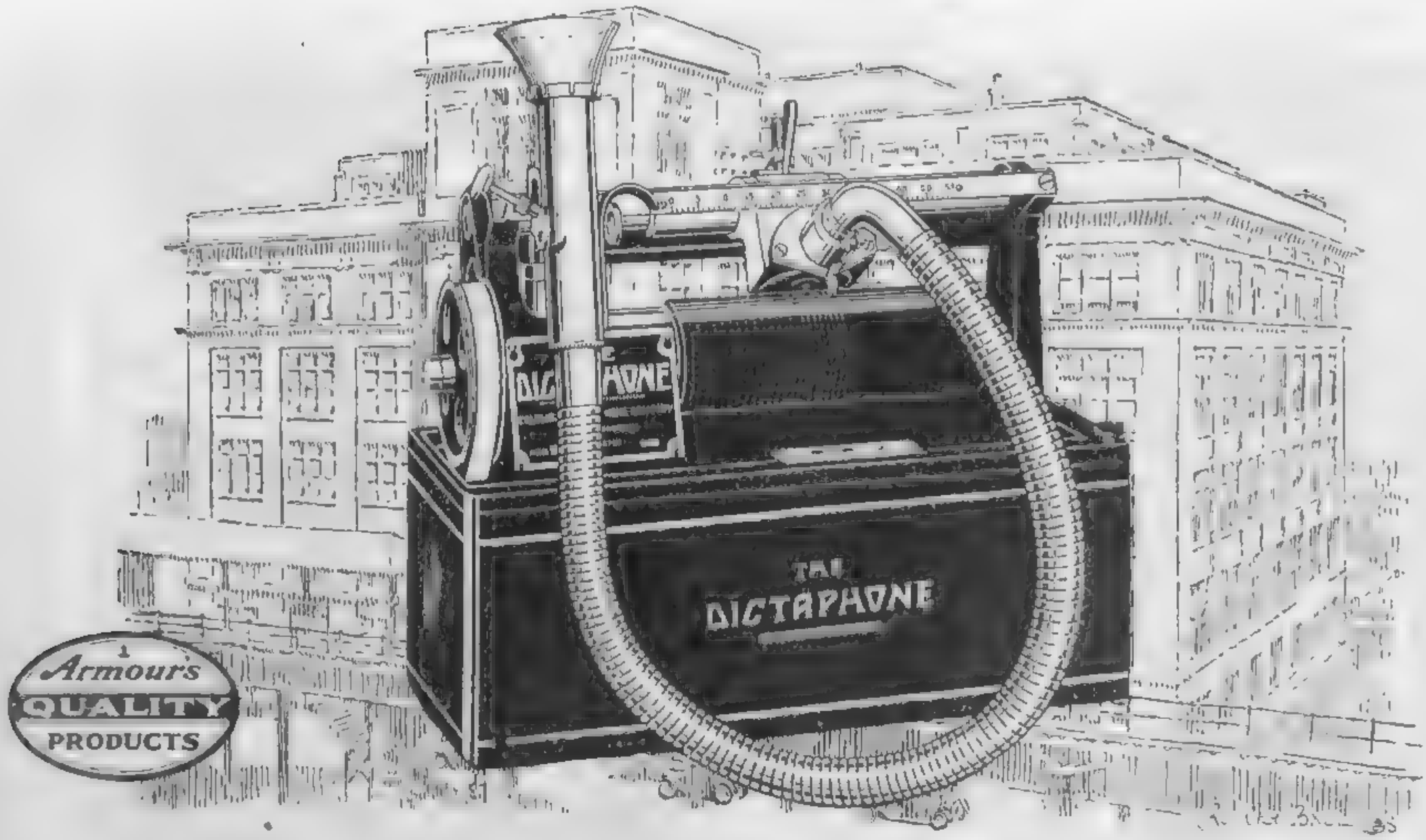

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There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

(Concluded from Page 50)

nothing, trusting to the Government to see that he has not shot too wide of the mark.

"Comparatively few taxpayers look beyond the return itself; you might say that only capitalists, expert accountants and corporation officers make any study whatever of court and income-tax unit rulings and decisions. Furthermore we find it frequently necessary to impress upon our auditors and field agents the fact that accounting is not an exact science and that perhaps no six accountants will classify receipts or expenditures in exactly the same way. Therefore the question of what is fair, reasonable and intelligent in the circumstances of the business at issue must indicate the basis of computation. This is only another way of saying that an apparently suspicious discrepancy on the face of a return is quite likely to be merely a matter of a difference in judgment—and an honest difference, too—as to the scheme of calculation employed by the taxpayer on the one hand and the auditors on the other.

"There is one thing every taxpayer should know that he has a right to expect from any field agent or inspector who checks his tax return, and that is a written synopsis of his findings and a definite statement of how much additional tax, if any, he believes is due the Government. And the taxpayer should also understand that these findings are not final but are in the nature of a recommendation and are subject to review by the income-tax unit at Washington, where the assessment of the additional tax is made.

"Again, every taxpayer should understand that he does not have to accept without contest an assessment of additional tax, but that a well-defined course of appeal is open to him if he wishes to follow it. We want all taxpayers to understand that the fullest provisions for relief and protection have been made to the end that no taxpayer shall suffer an injustice but that all may secure complete equity."

Rights of Appeal

This system of appeal is almost too elaborate to be described in minute detail, but the foundation of this protective plan lies in the fact that the assessment of an income tax does not lie in the hands of any one auditor but must represent the judgment of several auditors. Take the case of an additional assessment, for example. Its amount is originally determined in the internal-audit division and is the expression of the judgment of at least two and perhaps more auditors. But before the letter goes out notifying the taxpayer of the amount of the additional assessment and the reasons why it has been made, the return and the letter go to the internal-audit-review section, which is not a part of the internal-audit division but of the technical division. In other words, the technical division controls all the audit and thereby gives the taxpayer a second chance, or a review by a body outside the division originating the additional assessment. This review section sees whether the resident auditor and the unit auditor in the internal-audit division have done their work correctly, both as to the basis of computation and the computations themselves.

After the unit has determined that a certain amount of taxes is due the assessment is not rushed to a collector with instructions to hustle out and get in the money, but the taxpayer is notified that the amount will be placed on the next list. In all except fraud cases taxpayers receiving notice of additional assessment have at least thirty days in which to protest against these taxes and present objections either by correspondence or by appearing in person or through an attorney.

Suppose that the taxpayer comes to Washington to present his own case. He is conducted into the consultation room and given a reception calculated to impress him with the fact that he is not in the hands of enemies but is about to have an opportunity to reason with men who differ from him in their opinion concerning a mutual business matter.

The auditors involved in fixing the additional assessment are then brought in and the taxpayer sits with them at the table and talks the matter over with them. In many cases the appeal hearing stops at the consultation room, either because the taxpayer is able to convince the auditors that they are in error or because the auditors are able to persuade the taxpayer that their finding is sound and fair.

But let us assume that neither the taxpayer nor the auditors are able to recede from the position they have taken and that the taxpayer insists upon the next step in the line of appeal. This takes him into the office of the head of the internal-audit division, who hears the arguments on both sides and perhaps overrules the auditors and decides in favor of the taxpayer.

Assuming that the head of the internal-audit division finds it necessary to sustain the opinion of the auditors and that the taxpayer is still unsatisfied, it is then explained to him that he has two more steps in the process of appeal. The first is to the head of the income-tax unit.

The usual practice at the present time, however, is to appeal directly to the committee on appeals and review, which is a body entirely apart from the income-tax unit. This is essentially the supreme court for the adjustment of income-tax assessments. Its members are men of the highest qualifications and their entire detachment from the income-tax unit is intended to provide for entire freedom in overruling the findings of the unit if in their opinion they should be overruled. As a matter of fact this supreme income-tax court often finds in favor of the taxpayer.

The opinion which the chief executives of the income-tax unit hold of this committee on appeals and review is illustrated by the experience of a manufacturer in the Middle West who received notice that an additional assessment of about fifty thousand dollars would be required of him. He hurried to Washington, presented his arguments to the auditors in the consultation room and failing to convince them of the validity of his position appealed to the head of the internal-audit division. After listening to the discussion Mr. Murphy suggested an appeal direct to the committee on appeals and review.

The taxpayer assented and then asked: "Wouldn't it be a good plan for me to go out and secure the services of the best tax counsel available?"

"Do so if you wish, of course," responded Mr. Murphy, "but personally I think you might as well save yourself that expense, for I believe that when your case is heard by the committee you will feel that you are represented in its membership by five of the most highly qualified income-tax experts in America, who are just as keen to see that you get entire justice as if they had retainer fees from you in their pockets."

"All right," replied the taxpayer. "I'm willing to take a chance on your suggestion, because I am already convinced that all the men whom I have met down here want to be entirely fair, but that the issue between us is merely a matter of difference of opinion as to the application of the law."

Arrangements for an immediate hearing were made and within half an hour the taxpayer who held a fighting respect for his own opinion received a decision in his favor.

J. H. Callan, the former head of the unit, who lately retired, admits that his job would have been a hard one but for a capacity to see the human side of the day's business and extract occasional smiles from the routine work.

A Red Cross Deduction

"I used to consider the day a failure that didn't give me at least one good laugh. That, however, seldom happened. I recall one day that seemed destined to be the dullest ever, when a certain case was brought to me by the two auditors who were engaged on it. The taxpayer had asked for a refund on the ground that he had failed to take all the deductions to which he was entitled. His claims for deduction had been rather pointedly questioned in the course of correspondence. This had called out a letter from a man high in public life resenting the fact that the sworn statement of a citizen of such high character and standing as his friend should be subjected to such a grilling.

"One of the exemptions claimed was a certain sum contributed to the Red Cross. Our questions had forced the admission that a considerable part of this item consisted of a charge, at the rate of fifteen hundred dollars a year, for the time which his wife had put in at Red Cross work.

"If men in public life and especially United States senators and representatives would make one condition to writing letters to the unit on behalf of their constituents, they would frequently save themselves from getting into absurd positions. That condition is: 'First show me your schedule and the correspondence in relation to it.'"

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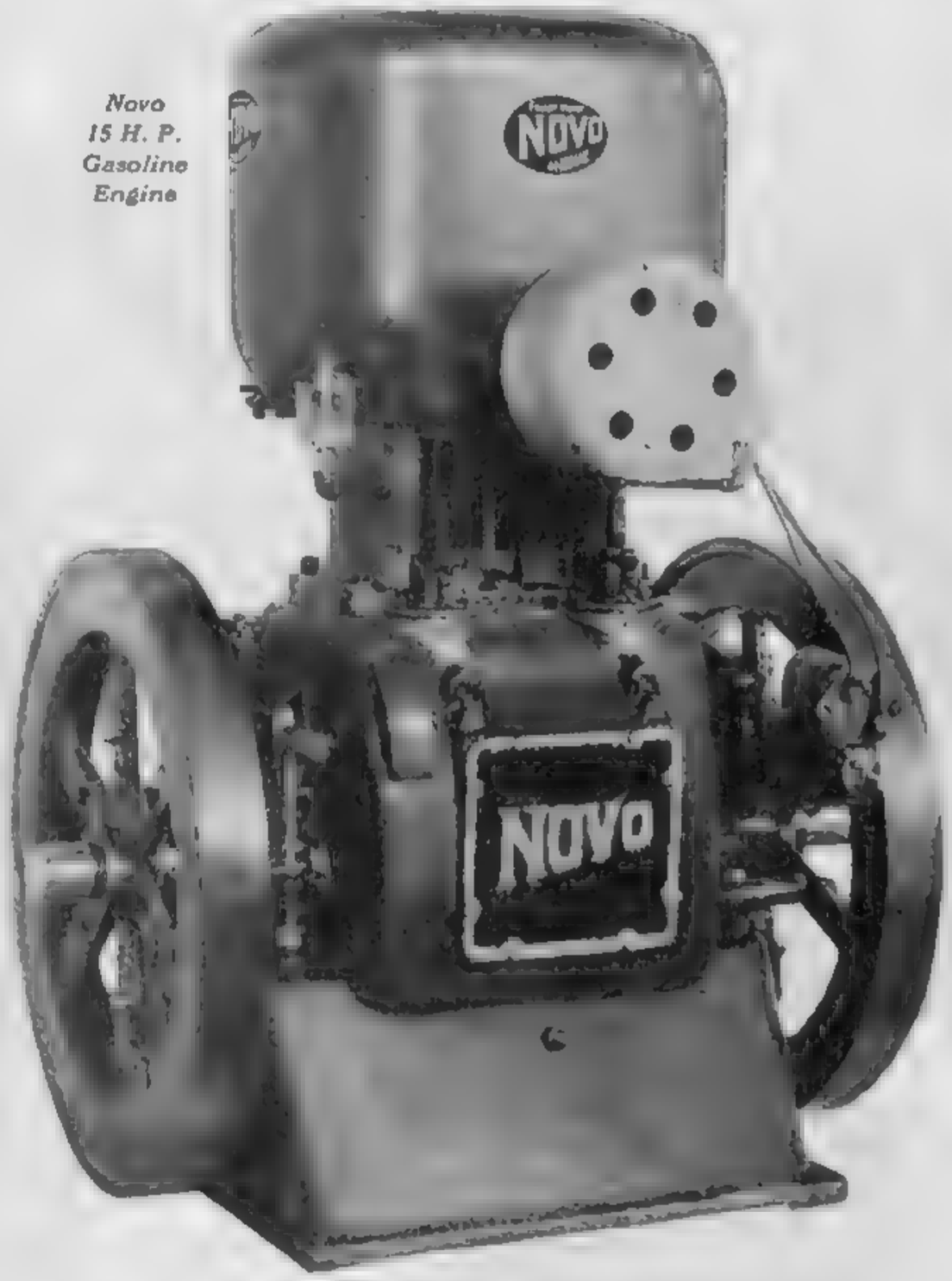

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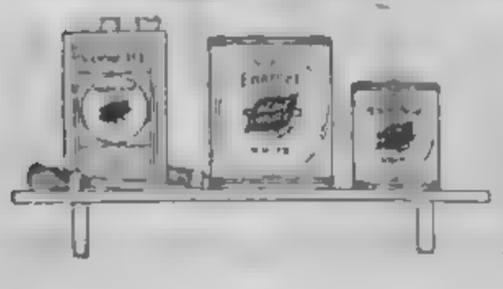

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THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN EUROPE

(Concluded from Page 32)

of the villages to the cities; perhaps it is the unreasoned, groping protest of Russia that its soul is not to be found in the soot of some factory chimney but rather in the quiet reaches of some open, sunlit and well-tilled field.

Anyhow what it comes to is that all over Russia the village and small-town soviets are ceasing, indeed have generally ceased, to be part of the legislative and executive machinery of the central government. Their allegiance to the authority of Moscow has been widely withdrawn and the soviets in the hands of the peasants have become to a great degree nothing other than mutual protective associations—small detached organizations of the country districts to beat off the encroachments of the cities.

In that character they permit people to pass through their territories or not, as they please, regardless of passes issued by the central government. Orders of the central government are in many areas totally ignored, and there are sections, such as that round Smolensk, where during the spring the propaganda for Trotzky's projected labor army was definitely barred out. Also these local soviets are manifesting a tendency toward consolidation, so that in effect a considerable number of minor semi-tribal but quite independent little states are springing into existence all over Russia. The meaning of this movement to the authority of the central government is obvious—it means that extensions of Communism to the land will be even more impossible; it means that the chances of making the Russian peasant a food producer for the cities are even more slender than they were before; it means that any government in Moscow other than a peasant government will have to demonstrate that it can speak for the Russian people and not merely for a few millions imprisoned in cities like Moscow and Petrograd.

Manipulation of the Vote

The movement has great possibilities of growth. Aside from having sprung from forces and conditions as basic as the land itself, there are accidental circumstances to aid it. For example, the collapse of local communications isolates the small community and its local soviet, thus making recalcitrant groups harder to get at and giving first principles a singularly fine opportunity for development free from alien influences and currents of thought. Again the government has found it possible to control fairly well urban soviet elections. It has used many devices. One has been the calling of overfrequent elections so that the value of the franchise, by no means universal in Russia, was reduced in people's minds, and many who were entitled to vote came to neglect to do so.

Another has been to build up in the industrial areas a system of pyramiding soviets, which works out so that a man who casts a vote is not voting for anyone who will have a direct voice in the government but for one who will only help elect someone else to a slightly higher soviet, and this third one will in turn only make a choice for a fourth on some other board, a trifle more centralized, and so forth. Between many city voters and the central government there are said to be now as many as six removes, each remove of course representing an added opportunity for manipulation. But it has never been possible to get this system of pyramiding soviets, or of overfrequent elections, into remote country districts, with the result that when the peasant sets out to create his own soviet he is measurably unhindered in getting what he wants, and what he has wanted has turned out in many instances in the last eight months to be something distinctly anti-Bolshevik.

Third, local sovietism is stimulated or strengthened by the circumstance that when Trotzky was creating his Red Army he mobilized a great many thousands on a territorial system. Many of these men rebelled at the prospect of being moved hundreds, even thousands, of miles away from their homes and off into the incalculable uncertainties of Russia. Also transportation was scarce, and it came about that these territorials usually did not get far from their native abiding places. Long ago wholesale desertions from the Red Army began, a fact admitted by the two leading soviet newspapers, Isvestija and Prawda, in connection with recruiting propaganda in early May of this year following the Polish advance to Kieff. These deserters, in larger volume as the harvest approaches, have returned and are returning to their villages, bringing new, actual fighting strength for the local soviets and at the same time diminishing by just so much the aggressive power of the government.

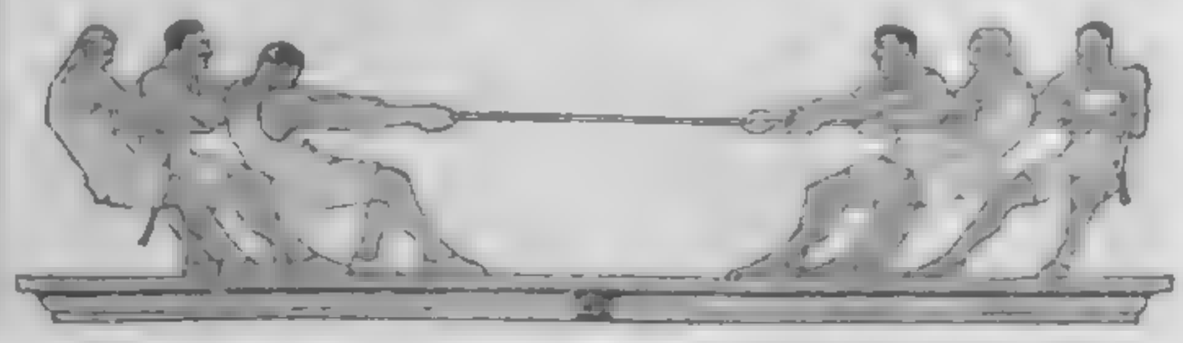
Russia's Destiny

There are other factors at work fostering and developing the local soviet movement, which has in it, however, certain marked weaknesses. One is a lack of leadership; one is an absence of centralization; another is the peasants' deep-rooted disinclination toward aggressive action of any sort and, even more perhaps, that colossal thing, Russian inertia. But a harvest is coming, and even those of the governing hierarchy themselves must quail before the prospect of another foodless winter in Moscow and Petrograd.

The struggle for whatever food may have been grown in Russia during this spring and summer will—if the unforeseeable does not intervene—be furious, titanic. May it not be, it is asked, that beneath the force and impact of tremendous primitive forces leadership will be born overnight, that a movement heretofore decentralized will suddenly assemble itself and as instinctively as it first found life begin to take focus and head and that proverbial Russian inertia will disappear in an incredible warfare of millions for self-preservation?

No one knows. At the time of this writing, the very last days of May, every one of the Black Sea-Baltic observation balloons is watching the Russian peasant and little else. Confident predictions fill the air, but predictions are not of much use. However, should only a fraction of them come true great events will have come to pass. Russia will then have a government which could immediately command the unquestioning good will of the world and its eager help. It would have nothing to explain—none of the Kieff torture machines, which I have touched and handled myself; none of the bundles of forged five-pound English bank notes, brought down in a Germany-bound aëroplane at Kovno, in Lithuania, and now, save for a few souvenirs, one of which I have, in the archives of the British Government. It would begin clean and, beginning clean, would have a better chance of solving the gigantic Russian conundrum than if it had a debated and debatable past to explain.

Also such a government would be unhandicapped in a task, upon the performance of which the world's ultimate return to complete normality waits, by an unbreakable commitment to the impossibility of Communism. Much could be said in favor of such a government, most of all perhaps that it would be a government of the land, and for the land and upon its land lies Russia's destiny and also the salvation of millions swarming westward toward the Rhine.



Honest Tires

There is a wide variation in tire quality today chiefly because there is a varying opinion among tire makers as to the amount of mileage that should fairly be given for a tire's purchase price.

Tire mileage is almost entirely dependent on the use of pure rubber, strong fabric, and skilled workmanship, and the market for these things is open to all comers. But knowing that the tire buyer has no way of judging, before he purchases, the number of miles in a tire, many makers have yielded to the temptation to make the biggest profit possible by cutting down the cost of materials and workmanship to the minimum.

Then there is a group of reputable manufacturers who are giving the buying public a good, honest value for their money. They are making a tire which ordinarily gives the expected mileage. Yet the troublesome necessity for frequent adjustments shows how close to the guarantee line the mileage of these tires is always maintained.

But the Mohawk Rubber Company is one of a small group of tire makers who believe in the business principle of building a tire as good as it can possibly be made—using generous quantities of the finest and purest grades of rubber the world's markets afford, the strongest of fabrics, and the most skilled hand-workmanship.

These tires are, of course, guaranteed the same as other tires. But the average mileage yielded is so far in excess of this amount that the user is freed from the troublesome necessity of adjustments. Moreover, the user soon learns that this extra mileage—a "heaping measure of miles," as it might be termed—makes a tire of this character by far the most economical.

We honestly believe Mohawk mileage average per set is better than other tires even of the second quality group. We base this belief, not on the extreme rarity of requests for adjustment. Second, on the almost total absence of mileage records we are continually receiving. But, most of all, on the fact that our dealers' records prove that over 85% of our Mohawk tire buyers continue to use Mohawk exclusively thereafter. But as to this, a trial Mohawk placed on your rear wheel will be more convincing evidence than any statement of ours.

MOHAWK RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

KANSAS CITY DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO ATLANTA

MOHAWK "Quality" HAND MADE CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

It Sustains an Honorable Record of Forty-Nine Years

The founder of The Beckwith Company inspired his first band of men with the Round Oak standard in 1871 when he said to them, "Make good goods only."

By their side he toiled for years to hasten the day when people should regard *Round Oak* on a heating or cooking appliance with a trust such as they repose in the carat mark on gold.

That day arrived, and more than two million families—each served faithfully by a warm air heating system, range or stove symbolized by the Round Oak Indian—now witness the extent to which this rigid standard has been of material profit and benefit to humanity.

Today a great colony of artisans is earnestly at work, imbued with the spirit that they who are the present generation of Round Oak Folks shall make good goods only, as did their forefathers.

It is the knowledge of this unvarying standard of excellence that leads a public to accept the name Round Oak as a guarantee of satisfaction.

Measured by the years that any Round Oak will deliver a good and economical service, invariably it costs the least to possess.

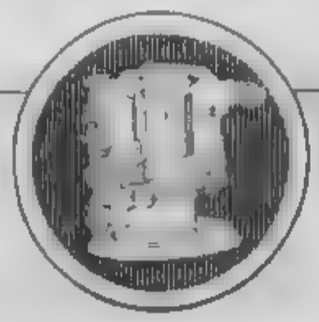
The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan

"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK

STOVES AND HEATING SYSTEMS

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features; Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints. Original Round Oak Heating Stoves. Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped. Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request to us brings complete information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million



NO'TH AF'ICAN LLOYDS, LTD.

(Continued from Page 17)

"Cullud man," replied Mistuh Smelt, dropping a bill with dangerous nonchalance, "Ah tells de googly-eyed worl' dat mah middle name am Peary an' Ah's de bes' li'l' dice chiller in Bahbuhs. You's baded!"

Horace Hancock Breckenridge stepped back against the rail and breathed lovingly on the celluloidal cubes. Then he rattled them with an ominous flourish that began at his ear and came to an end at his shoe tops.

"Dice," he exhorted, "be good to Horace! 'Leben! An' good you is! Le's ride!"

Mistuh Smelt slid out of his seat and dropped two bills. "Shoot, cullud man," he retorted. "You doan' need no p'teckshun. What you needs is a bookkeepah."

"Doan' blame me, Mistuh Man; you brung dis on yo'self. Natchel fo' Ho'ace, dice! Gallop, dice an'—midnight!"

"Midnight they sez!"

"Shoots a buck!"

"You's cov'ud."

"Swolluh dat dolluh, dice. Re-deem yo'self! Crap! Dat's wha' mah money goes! Shoot two dolluhs. Shimmy, dice, an' shake me off er seben! Crap! Mistuh Man, ah tol' you Ah need p'teckshun! Shoot fo' dolluhs! One mo' crap, dice, an' Ah eats you! Hokus pokus dominokus, read me fo'ty-three. Baby! Crap ag'in!"

Mistuh Smelt raked in eight dollars. "Keep right on shootin', cullud man," he chortled. "Jes shoot off all de craps an' pass de dice to me. I pines fo' 'venge."

"'Venge, does you? Den 'venge yo'self on 'at dolluh bill. Dese bones ain' got no sebens, 'peahs like t' me. Dice, jes lemme see de sunshine o' yo' smile. Li'l' Joe! Ah lubs you so! Deuce ketch deuce, ace ketch de tray! Nine! Li'l' Joe, come back once mo'! Big Dick! Gallop, dice, an' turn de double deuce! Eight! Gallop, dice, an' show me how you lubs me—seben!"

"Gim' dem dice!"

"He'p yo'self, dey's cost me nine bucks a'ready."

"Shoots a buck!"

"Ah's ridin'!"

"Blooey! Shoots two! Blooey 'gin! Shoots fo'h! Blooey 'nuthuh time—eighter f'um Decatur! 'Tenshun, dice, an' count off to de eight! Right she am! An' eight Ah shoots! Nat'chel! Ah drags down an' shoot de five spot! Git right in his pocket, dice, and drive dem dolluhs home! Blooey, Ah sez! Shoot de ten! Ah's hot, niggah; roll out de coal an' keep de ingine pumpin'. Blam! Shoots twenty!"

"Git th'u de lynchin', black boy, an' pass 'em dice to me!"

"These is Verdun dice, mah frien'—they shall not pass! Blooey, sez de gamboleer an' leben, sez de dice! Shoot de fo'ty ——"

"Hol' on, Mistuh Man, Ah's only got thuteen dolluhs lef'!"

"Den shoot de thuteen bucks an' end de agony, 'cause Ah's de thuteenth son o' de thuteenth son, an' thuteen am mah lucky numbah! Le's ride, dice! An' ride dey does! Ah thanks you fo' yo' kin' attenshun!"

Mr. Horace Hancock Breckenridge rose from his knees and with mixed emotions watched his money disappear into Mistuh Smelt's spacious pocket.

"You's mean wid de dice, Mistuh Smelt!" he said regretfully.

"Ah's a bloodsuckin' blue gum when de dice begins to roll, cullud man," replied Mistuh Smelt.

"An' Ah reckin you wuz right when you talked 'bout takin' out a crap-shootin' policy. What you needs is a cosspondence co'se in nice han'lin' "

"What Ah needs now," retorted Mistuh Breckenridge, "am a sto'y fo' to tell to mah 'ooman. She's waitin' at de front gate fo' dat bonus you got."

"Tell 'uh you wuz hel' up an' robbed."

"Yeh; nen have 'uh beat me up ag'in fo' lyin' to 'uh!"

"Well, dat's yo' fun'rel, not mine, Mistuh Breck'nridge. Ef she put you in de hospittel Ah'll sen' you a bookay o' fergit-me-nots," replied Mistuh Smelt airily.

"Ah'll try dat story out," replied the loser, starting dolefully for the door, "an' ef I gits erway with it Ah's been missin' a lot in de last twelve yeahs."

"Glad you drapped in, Mistuh Breck'nridge," returned the host; "an' Ah's gladder Ah tried you out befo' Ah wrote de pol'cy, 'cause you'd 'a' sho' cost me some jack ef you wuz shootin' true tuh fo'hm 'saftuhnoon! 'Membah, Ah 'sures you fo' anything. Come roun' some day jes befo' a fust-class cyclone er some ack er Gawd, 'n' Ah'll gib you a chancet to git yo' money back!"

"Ah'll 'membah dat, Mistuh Smelt, Ah will. G'd aftuhnoon t'yuh."

"Yas suh, do. G'd aftuhnoon."

Mistuh Smelt watched his victim depart and planted himself in front of the buzzing fan, where he reveled gratefully in the cooling currents.

"La-la," he chuckled softly. "Eighty-two bucks mo' fo' de ol' sock. Jes fo'h mo' hun'erd, an' Mistuh Smelt busts out in dat yaller seedan. Huh," he grunted, shifting so the breeze played on his sopping back, "Ah's on de rise!

'Cause Ah's a rarin' gamboleer,
'N' a son of a gun fo' gin."

III

THE directing head of North African Lloyds dropped his feet to the floor and leaped up. An expansive smile, professionally broad and personally genuine, swept over his countenance, and he strode with hand extended to greet the visitor who had darkened the open door.

"Bruth' Peebles!" he exclaimed. "Ise right glad to see you! Ooze right 'hin' de railin' an' make yo'self comf't'ble. Afteh you, suh; afteh you. Lemme take yo' hat an' breller an' sack, Bruth' Peebles; undo yo' coat an' 'joy de licktric wind. Yassuh," he continued, dropping into his chair, "Ah hopes dis weathuh doan' disconvenien' you none much. Been buyin' bananers, Ah see."

"Yassuh, Bruthuh Smelt," replied the shepherd of the Franklin Street M. E. flock, "I has; an' they's pow'ful 'spensive."

"Ev'thing's 'spensive these days, Bruth' Peebles. Silk shu'ts costin' twen'y bucks apiece."

"An' po k fo'ty-three cents a poun'!"

"An' bakin' yams dime apiece!"

"An' co'n thutty cents a dozen on de ear!"

"An' 'lasses thutty cents by de jug!"

"An' aigs fo'ty-foh cents a dozen!"

"An' licker ten dolluhs by de quaht!"

"Pa'don, Bruthuh Smelt, you fergits Ise a ordained preacher!"

"So Ah does! 'Scuse!"

"Yas sah, Bruthuh Smelt, de ol' high cost o' libin's gib me de crick in de neck watchin' it."

"Be runnin' roun' in bar'ls nex', eatin' pignuts fo' to kep f'um sta'hvin', 'peahs like tuh me, Bruth' Peebles."

"Dat's a mouf-ful, Bruthuh Smelt, an' dat's why Ise heah."

"Fo' which?"

"Fo' to git some o' dat p'teckshun you g'in us fo' ouah picnic."

"Beautiful day you-all had."

"Beautiful; couldn'da did bettah ef de weathuhman wuz a deacon in de flock. Yassah," continued Brother Peebles, fanning himself despite the efforts of the fan; "an' dat's whut I wants f'um you in dis case."

"Splain de p'ticklers to me, Bruth' Peebles."

"W'd pleasuh, Bruthuh Smelt. De annual meetin' of de congregation takes place nex' We'n's'y night. At dat time Ise gwine tuh req'est me a raise in sal'ry o' five hun'erd dolluhs. Onless I gits it Ise gwine back to porterin' to keep de wolf away f'um de do'."

Mistuh Smelt opined: "De flock needs de shep'ud, an' dey'll prob'ly see yo' raise. All de membahs is makin' good jack dese days an' they's all pretty hot spohts. A good jazzy speech'd 'fluence 'em lots in de right d'rection."

"I intends to jazz 'em right; but nev'theless I wants to p'teck myself."

"De sign sez we 'sures ev'thin', an' de sign doan' lie, Bruth' Peebles. Fo' fifty bucks Ah 'sures yo' raise."

"Dat's ten tuh one, Bruthuh Smelt; doan' I git no bettuh odds'n 'at?"

"No, suh. Ah's bettin' on de foibles o' human natchuh, an' humanity doan' run to no fo'hm. Co'se," added Mistuh Smelt, "ef Ah writes dis policy Ah does de oratin' fo' de raise."

"Sat'sfact'ry tuh me, Bruthuh Smelt," said the parson. "Fo' fifty bucks, cash in hand, I leaves you face de congregation We'n's'y night."

$4,000 in Cash Prizes

will be awarded to the twenty-three owners of Gould Automobile Starting Batteries that have given the longest service and are still in serviceable condition.

1st Prize	$1,000
2nd Prize	600
3rd Prize	400
20 district prizes of $100 each	

Contest opens Oct. 1 and closes midnight Oct. 31.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each of the contestants tied for that prize.

Your Gould Battery may win a prize. No entry fee. Ask at any Gould Service or Sales Station, or write to us for complete details of the

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

ENDURANCE CONTEST

WE know that Gould Automobile Storage Batteries have exceptionally long life. We build long life into them.

But now we want to know from Gould users themselves just how thoroughly and tenaciously these batteries are giving the service of which they are capable.

To get these facts we are seeking the actual records of endurance of Gould Automobile Starting Batteries, not in just a few instances, but from every owner in every section of the country whom we can reach.

A few minutes of time spent in getting the details of this contest may mean a prize for your Gould Battery. Write us or call at our nearest Sales Station now.

Gould Storage Battery Company
30 East 42nd Street, New York

CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

Plant: Depew, N. Y.

Makers of

The Automobile Battery With *Dreadnaught* Plates

TOTAL COST OF PIPE INSTALLED
EXTRA COST OF BYERS PIPE
FLANGES FITTINGS, GASKETS 20%
HANGERS & SUPPORTS 5%
VALVES & COCKS 15%
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COST OF PIPE ALONE (CHEAPEST) 10%
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The Controlling Factor

"I hesitated about paying $5,000 more for Byers pipe," said a St. Louis man who was putting some of his wealth into a skyscraper, "until it occurred to me that the entire investment for the plumbing and heating systems—over $100,000, exclusive of fixtures—was tied up to the last penny with the fate of the pipe."

Plain logic. When corrosion attacks the thin walls of the pipe it strikes at the life arteries of the whole installation. So the protection of the total outlay must be considered in relation to the slight extra cost of

BYERS

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON FULL WEIGHT GUARANTEED PIPE

The whole subject is graphically treated in Byers Bulletin No. 38, entitled "The Installation Cost of Pipe." It contains cost analyses of a variety of pipe systems, and a mass of other pertinent data for the Builder, Engineer, and Architect. Send for your copy today.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1864

New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Dallas Cleveland

Distributors in all large jobbing centers

Look for the Name and Year *rolled in every Length*

"Fo' fifty bucks, cash in 'vance, Bruthuh Peebles," retorted Mistuh Smelt grimly, "ah'd spit right squah in a wil'cat's eye!"

The managing director of North African Lloyds waxed exceedingly businesslike. With a sputtering, scratching pen he filled in a printed form and finally blotted it with meticulous care. "Jes sign yo' name on firs' sheet, Bruth' Peebles," he said, proffering the pen, "an' keep de seckin' as yo' receep. Ef you gits de raise de premium am mine; ef you doan' Ah pays you fi' hun'erd dolluhs in de currency o' de realm 'thin seben days."

Brother Peebles extracted a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and settled them on his nose. He surveyed the contract:

NORTH AFRICAN LLOYDS, Ltd.
Barbours, Ky.

LLOYD SMELT, Sole Owner.

No contracts valid unless signed by the owner and manager.

We have no agents or representatives.

In consideration of a premium of $50, North African Lloyds, Ltd., hereby and to wit enters into a contract with Brother Theodore Peebles, 418 Preston Street, rear, to pay unto him or his heirs and assigns forever, the sum of five hundred dollars in the legal coin of the realm, in event that his salary ain't raised by the congregation on or before August 30th.

Whereas, should the raise be more than $500.00, the party of the 2nd part agrees to pay to the party of the 1st part, 50% of the additional increase, to be payable within 90 days.

To seal and to legalize this heretofore and hereinafter contract, the company by its president, gen. manager, and sole owner, does set his hand and seal.

Witnesseth, LLOYD SMELT,
Sole Owner.

Witnesseth, ...
The Insured.

"Sign on de dotted line," urged Mistuh Smelt, "an' de transaction am complete."

"Dis am de law?" queried Brother Peebles, poising the pen in air.

"Jes as much de law as de one you sign' fo' de picnic."

Brother Peebles scrawled his name on the dotted line and fished out a damp roll of flaccid bills. "An' theh's the fifty bones." He glanced at the contract. "Moh than five hun'erd dolluhs!" he read aloud. "Ain' you kinduh op'mistic?"

"Not a bit, Bruth' Peebles; not a bit. You ain' nev' hearn me orate, thass all. Prob'ly have you pledgin' a few bucks uh de raise yo'self in de 'citement, when Ah flaps mah wings an' sails de heights empyemic. Prob'ly git you thousand-dolluh raise, 'stead o' fi' hun'erd."

"Wind to yo' gizzud, Bruth' Smelt!"

"Thankee, Bruth' Peebles," replied Mistuh Smelt, holding open the door. "Ah shakes a nasty lung. Jes you gib me a rousin' sen'-off We'n's'y night 'n' Ah'll bring home de salt po'k. 'Day, suh, g'day."

IV

FOUR hours later Mistuh Smelt, radiantly garbed and swinging a light bamboo cane, mounted the steps of the Barbours Carnegie Library and pushed through the door. With faultless decorum he approached the wispy librarian, whose dull eyes glowed with a look of astonishment at the spectacle created by a combination of Mistuh Smelt's pouter-pigeon figure and the machinations of Mistuh Smelt's tailor and haberdasher. In the parlance of the highways Mistuh Smelt, from his brass-buckled oxfords and red silk hose up through his chameleonesque suit and yellow silk shirt to his high-crowned woven hat, was a knockout.

"Evenin', m'am," he said with an expansive smile; "Ah's p'tick'ly anxious to git me some books on o'to'y an' ec'nomics."

"Oratory and economics?" repeated the librarian. "Why, there are hundreds of them!"

"So Ah heahs, an' thehfoh Ah's askin' yo' 'pinion."

"Do you want elementary or advanced works?"

"Doan' mattah, s' long's 'ey improves mah speechin'."

The librarian pushed back her chair, rose, and walked over to a distant row of shelving. Mistuh Smelt trailed her dutifully.

"Are you preparing for a debate?" she queried, halting before a section devoted to ominously large tomes, and dubiously nibbling the eraser of her pencil.

"No, ma'm, Ah's gwine tuh make uh speech."

"At a lodge meeting?"

"No, ma'm, at a chu'ch meetin'."

"Something on the religious question?"

"No, ma'm; on de money q'estion."

"Money question?"

"Yes, ma'm, Ah's booked to orate at de Franklin Street M. E. Chu'ch on de high cos' o' livin' an' hits 'fect on de preachuh class. Whut Ah wants is some movin' 'spressions and some long wuhds tuh 'sperse 'mongs' de solid fac's Ah has at mah finguh tips."

Concealing the faint smile which crept over her prim countenance the librarian reached for a quarto volume and carried it to her desk. Mistuh Smelt followed meekly. He watched her scribble hieroglyphics on a card and tuck it in the envelope on the rear cover. Then he accepted the book.

"The first speech in the book," commented the librarian, "is said to be a masterpiece. It made one man famous overnight. The Cross of Gold, by William Jennings Bryan."

Mistuh Smelt surveyed the volume and grunted, "Humph! Cross o' Gol'! Ma'm, ef Ah doan' use de Cross o' Gol' to de 'casion, Ah gits de double cross o' gol' next We'n's'y. 'Night, ma'm. Thankee."

On the steps he halted to adjust his green-banded panama to the contours of his cranium. "Mistuh Bry'n," he muttered, patting the tome, "Ah's desp'rit. Ef yo' treats me right, de 'Publican Pa'hty stagguhs 'long 'thout mah vote on 'Lection Day!"

THE milk of human kindness oozed sappily from the airy heart of Mistuh Smelt. His cuff links were golden, his tie pin was pearled, his shirt was resplendent, all was right with the world. Grandiloquently he waved an inviting hand.

"Step right 'hin' de railin', Mistuh Flowuns, an' pick de easy seat. Ah's right sma'ht glad to see you."

"Thankee, Mistuh Smelt, thankee," replied the visitor, dropping heavily into a chair. "Ah jes thought Ah'd drap in outen de heat an' comp'ment you on dat speech last We'n's'y night."

"Not 'tall, Mistuh Flowuhs, not 'tall," replied Mistuh Smelt with an indulgent smirk. "De cause wuz one whut Ah had de keenes' interes' in, an' Ah jes natchelly rose to de 'casion."

"Yassah, you sho' had de brethren an' de sistern right het up and shoutin' han'some."

"Dat dey wuz!"

"'Cedentially, whut wuz dem papahs whut was pass' roun' at de climax?"

"Din' you read whut you wuz 'fixin' yo' legal signature to?"

"No, suh. In de 'citemen' Ah jes grabbed de pen and wrote wif de right han' whilst shoutin' wif de lef'."

Mistuh Smelt opened a drawer of the desk and pulled out a sheaf of papers. He slipped off the rubber band and selected one. "Lis'n ca'f'ly," he commanded, and began to read: "'Note. In consid'ration of mah membuhship in de Franklin Street M. E. Chu'ch, Ah heahby 'grees to pay 'thin ninety days to de duly 'pointed treas'ruh uh de 'foremention' chu'ch, de sum uh ten dolluhs to be devoted to de increased sal'ry o' de Rev'nuh The'doh Peebles, D. D., as duly 'proved by de congregation in reg'ler meetin'.

"'Dis note shall cons'toot a lien on mah prop'ty bof real an' puhs'nal an' is sign' wif mah full knowledge an' b'lief. Signed Han'ball Flowuhs, witness' -by Lloyd Smelt.'"

"Thass ve'y well, Mistuh Smelt, but whut all dem highfalutin' wuhds means?"

"Jes dis, Mistuh Flowuhs: Dat you an' eighty-two othuh membuhs in de Franklin Street M. E. Chu'ch has contract' tuh pay ten bucks t'woads raisin' Bruth' Peebles sal'ry befoh de fust uh Decembah. Ise c'nsented tuh ack as de financial agen' in dis prop'sition, an' ef you doan' pay Ah kin sue by de law o' de lan' an' c'leck."

"Can't squeeze no blood outen no tu'nip, Bruth' Smelt."

"No; thass right. But it's s'prisin' how de astute squeezah kin squeeze jack outen a cullud gen'man."

"Splain on."

"Well, fer zample, s'posin'—jes s'posin'—you 'fuses to meet yo' obligation. Ah sets de wheels o' justice grindin'—justice uh de peace, chattel mawgige, lien, an' a mandamus o' nolley contender. 'Long comes a

(Continued on Page 60)

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

WE have repeatedly stated that the greatest single asset of this company is the good will of the American people—the very positive friendship of an entire nation.

East and West—North and South—you will find the Paige trusted and respected as a fine mechanical product. And each day this reputation increases in scope and influence.

Our car, very evidently, has earned for itself an altogether distinctive position in the great field of motor vehicles. It is regarded as a preferred investment and, as such, commands a permanent following of its own.

The Paige is a *fine* car because our standards of manufacturing will permit of no compromise whatever. It is a *great* car because the American people have indorsed it with their faith and confidence.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, Michigan

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

No Flies to Disturb You

Close your room an hour before bedtime. Fill the air with Red Wing Powder. It's almost invisible. When you come back, every fly and mosquito will be dead. Sleep soundly, without interruption.

RED WING POWDER

in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label."

Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, bedbugs, roaches, lice, chicken lice, fleas, ants and red ants. Never loses strength.

Blow it in heavy clouds on insects; in cracks of walls and floors; in closets; under carpets; under sink; wherever you find a trace of insects.

Absolutely harmless to mankind or animals.

10c 25c

RAT CORN

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(Continued from Page 58)

club-swingin' cop, an' you pays. No efs, buts, an' an's 'bout hit; you pays!" A pause. "Fer zample, 'gin: S'posin'—jes s'posin'—yo' house wuth thuteen hun'erd dolluhs, an' you 'fuses tuh pay. Ah has yo' house sol' by de law an' ——"

"Oh, Ah's 'tendin' payin', Mistuh Smelt!"—hastily.

"Sho', sho', but Ah's jes citin' uh zample, so's you kin spread de joyous tidin's. Ef you spreads fah an' wide enough, Ah's likely tuh reduce yo' note by a coupla bucks p'r'aps."

Mistuh Flowers rose. "Thass gen'rous, Mistuh Smelt, right gen'rous," he commented, shuffling to the entrance. "Ah—oof! 'Scuse me, Aunty May Bell, Ah di'n' see you-all plowin' fru dat doh!" He swept off his dusty derby and tore off a bow which would have put a Parisian boulevardier to blushing shame. "Step right inside, Aunty May Bell," he continued unctuously. "You'll fin' Mistuh Smelt a gen'man uh de fust watah."

Aunty May Bell sailed in and tacked toward the bland Mistuh Smelt, who was bowing decorously.

"Aft'noon, ma'm, aft'noon," he crooned. "P'mit me tuh show you 'hin' de railin'. Thass right, ma'm, he'p yo'self to de stoutes' cheer. Lean right back, ma'm; de back am good an' stout." He sank into his own seat and continued in a patently inquiring tone: "Uh—whut Ah kin do fo' you, ma'm ——"

"Mis' May Bell Po'tuh."

"Mis' Po'tuh," repeated Mistuh Smelt carefully, "Ah's pleas' t' make yo' 'quaintance. An' you wishes to see me 'bout whut, Mis' Po'tuh?"

"'Bout life insu'ance."

"Life 'surance, yes, ma'm, suttinly. An' whut kind uh policy would you prefuh?"

"Splain me de kin's you's got."

"Well, Ah has de reg'lah pol'cies in de two comp'nies Ah represents—de Mutchell o' New Englan' an' de Planteh's o' Looeyville. They's a straight life, 'n' a twen'-yeah 'dowment, 'n' a twen'-pay life. Nen Ah has de famous pol'cy o' de No'th Af'ican Lloyds de cum'lative, ge'metrical pr'gressive pol'cy, 'plyin' to folks less'n sixty yeahs ol'."

"Ah's only fift'-seben, and de name soun's fine. Splain me bout dat dat cume — dat las' k.n'."

"Pleasuah, Mis' Po'tuh, pleasuh, ma'm. De pol'cies am fo' one thousan' dolluhs, rega'dless o' de age an' sex o' de insured. As de name uh de pol'cy sez, de premiums pr'gresses ge'metrically. De fust week you pays one cent. De nex' you pays two cents. De nex' you pays fo'h cents, an' doublin' up like 'at. You pays fo' one yeah only, an' 'en stops. W'en you dies, de thousan' dolluhs is paid t' yo' suhviv'uhs."

"Thass prit' cheap 'su'ance, ain't it, Mistuh Smelt?"

"Yes, ma'm; pow'ful cheap, Mis' Po'tuh. Co'se de papah states dat if de 'sured misses two consecutive paymen's de policy am null an' void an' de previous paymen's becomes de prop'ty uh de No'th Af'ican Lloyds for p'teckshun received. Nen they's a clause 'bout de comp'ny bein' zempt f'um payin' fo' deafs by hangin', 'lectricutin' an' lynchin', but thass no nev' min' to you nohow."

Mrs. May Bell Porter nodded her head approvingly. "Thass mighty 'tractive, Mistuh Smelt," she opined.

"De mos' 'tractive policy Ah knows of, ma'm, Mis' Po'tuh, an' whut Ah doan' know bouten 'surance game, Ah'll do up in a papah 'an' eat! Co'se they's a fee a fi' dolluhs fo' de green-an'-gol' pol'cy, w'ich same we frames free. So fo' de firs' paymen' o' fi' dolluhs an' one cent you gits de cum'lative, ge'metrical pr'gressive policy, framed tuh hang in de pa'luh an' readin' fo' one thousan' dolluhs."

"Thass jes de kin' uh 'su'ance papah Ah wants, Mistuh Smelt. Jes tu'n yo' face t'wa'ds de desk an' write de wuhds. Ah'll have de money right off."

While Mistuh Smelt wrote diligently the prospective policyholder dove deep in her Brobdingnagian hosiery and fished up a bill; then from her purse she drew a copper cent, both of which she placed on the desk. Feverishly did Mistuh Smelt wield the implement whose might exceeds that of the sword.

"An' yo' address is whut, Mis' Po'tuh, ma'm?" he inquired.

"Six eighteen Ches'nut Street, in de alley."

"Yes, ma'm. Thankee."

He blotted the paper and handed it to the most recent client of North African Lloyds, Ltd.

"Thass yo' temp'rary 'ceep, Mis' Po'tuh, ma'm," he said. "De policy in green an' gol'll be ready fo' you, all frame' in gol' nex' Friday. Drap roun' an' fotch it den."

Mrs. Porter tucked the receipt in her generous waist front and ballooned to her feet. Mistuh Smelt held open the gate.

"Ah's confiden', Mis' Po'tuh, ma'm," he said, "dat the pol'cy'll make a han'some 'dition to yo' pa'luh fu'nituh."

"So Ah reckins, Mistuh Smelt," replied Mrs. Porter, waddling to the door. "Dat papah's gwine tuh hang squah ovah de mantelpiece, nex' to de merrige licen'."

"Soun's 'tractive, ma'm, Mis' Po'tuh."

"Does, Mistuh Smelt, does. Ah inten's tuh have me a swell fun'rel, wif a pu'ple box, 'n' hacks, 'n' er brass band when Ah stah'ts off fo' de pu'hly gates. 'Day, suh."

"'Day, ma'm, g'd aftuhnoon, ma'm, Mis' Po'tuh. Call roun' again."

Mistuh Smelt strolled idly to his desk and sat down. From one of its crammed compartments he drew a tattered magazine article and carefully unfolded it. "Lloyd's of London, the Most Unique Insurance Company in the World," he read. An expansive smile crept over his face and he settled comfortably into his chair. Easily his eyes fell shut and he happily recalled the cycle of events which had brought him to his envied and prosperous position as originator and sole owner of North African Lloyds, Ltd., of Barbours, Kentucky.

After fifteen months' service in a stevedore regiment stationed first at Southampton and finally at the Bassens Docks on the Gironde, Mistuh Smelt, then Lloyd Smelt, sergeant, No. 243679, had been handed his discharge and sixty dollars by a harassed quartermaster captain at Camp Taylor one balmy May morning, and told to travel. And straight to Louisville he traveled.

Four hours after his arrival in Louisville he emerged from a saloon on lower Walnut Street, overseas cap cocked killingly over one eye and a bulging roll of nondescript bills in his pocket. The bonus under the ministrations of the gallopers had expanded eightfold. Hailing a taxi he clambered into the rear cushions.

"Drive me roun' to de bes' 'fectionery store in town," he commanded.

On Fourth Avenue in front of Benedict's the taxicab halted. Mistuh Smelt tossed a ten-dollar bill to the driver.

"Roll inside, man," he said, "'n' buy me fi' dolluhs' wuth o' peanut candy, an' buy yo'self de same. Ah feels rich."

Five minutes later the chauffeur appeared at the curb with a box.

"Where next, old sport?" he queried.

Mistuh Smelt tore off the wrapping, selected a generous hunk of brittle and tossed it into his oral orifice. "Jes roun', man," he retorted, smacking his lips, "jes roun'. Drive me roun' de bool'vahds fo' 'bout ten bucks' wuth. Ah needs de aiuh."

In the most distant corner of Cherokee Park the taxi halted and the driver appeared alongside. "Your ten bucks is up," he announced. "Where next?"

Mistuh Smelt ruefully contemplated the crumby remains of five dollars' worth of peanut brittle and licked his lips regretfully. "Jes drive me roun' to de L. & N. deepo," he ordered. "Ah reckin Ah'll be gittin' on."

Forty-five minutes later Mistuh Smelt stepped grandly forth from the taxicab in front of the Tenth Street Depot and demanded: "Whut's de tax, Mistuh Man?"

The chauffeur glanced at the roll of bills which Mistuh Smelt produced, glanced at the meter, glanced at the serene guardian of the law on the corner and replied: "Thirty-four dollars."

"Thutty-fo'h bucks? Cheap at twicet de price," returned Mistuh Smelt. "Dat aiuh done sobuhed me up right smaht. Keep de change," he added, tossing over seven five-dollar bills and turning nonchalantly away. Inside the depot he accosted the nearest uniformed porter.

"Black man," he demanded, "which is de bes' town in de state?"

"Whu'hbouts in de state?"

"In de whole state, Ah sez. An'whuh; Ah ain' p'tickluh."

O. Henry once spent two thousand words or thereabouts demonstrating man's unquenchable affection for his natal village—how globe strollers and ennuied men-about-the-equator will, after conclusively and aggressively proving their citizenship of the world, rise in instant defense of the sidewalks of the sleepy villages they quitted years previous and to which—God forbid!—they will never return. And the red-capped baggage hustler only proved again the human equation which Henry demonstrated by replying: "Bahbuhs, Ah reckin. They's a lot uh high browns up theh, an' de two 'stilleries is pumpin' full blas'."

"Plendy gals and plendy hooch! Yah! Den dat's de town fo' me! When do de nex' train set off fo' Bahbuhs?"

"Numbah Twenty-six pulls out in fifteen minits."

"Ah ketches huh. Heah, black man, take dis fi' spot an' tell de cockeye worl' you's met up wif a hot spoht!"

Leaving the porter dazedly staring at the bill in his hand Mistuh Smelt purchased a ticket for Barbours, then fifty cents' worth of lollipops, and finally a magazine whose cover was made interesting by a picture of an alluring young woman wasting Christian kisses on a poodle. He boarded the train, selected a window seat in the smoker, slipped several lollipops into his cheek and glanced idly at the periodical.

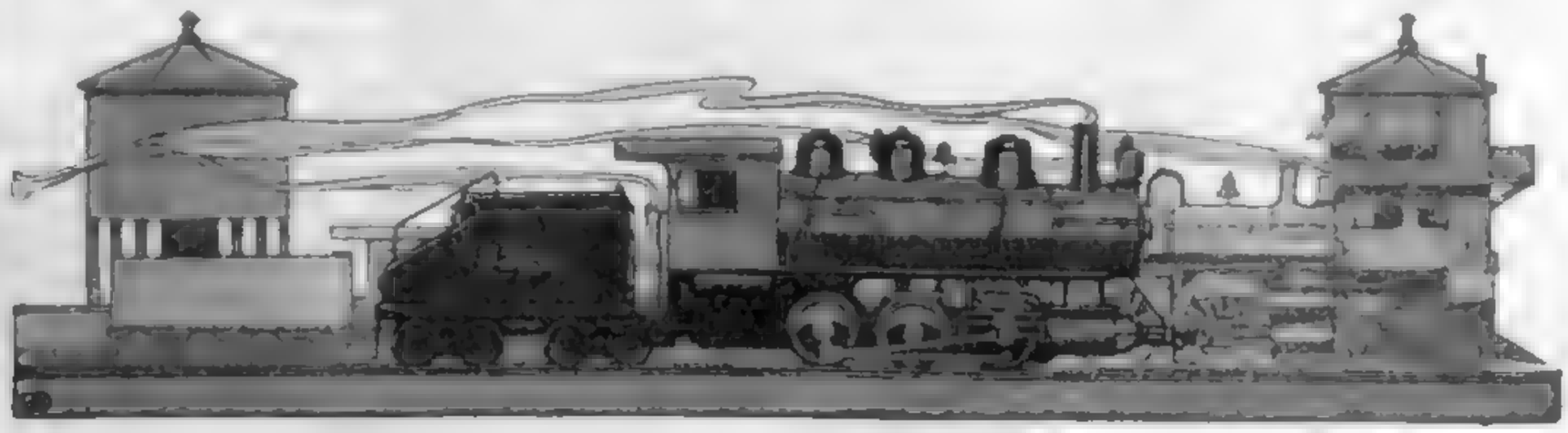
Chance led him to the article describing the operations of Lloyd's, and slowly he spelled out the sentences. The *modus operandi* of the unique English association appealed vividly to his own vivid imagination, and in his absorption he failed even to note that the train had pulled out of the station and was clacking merrily over the yard frogs; which, if you are acquainted with Afro-American nature, indicated considerable concentration.

He paused in his reading only long enough to surrender his ticket, and looked about him only when he had finished the article. Carefully he tore it out and buttoned it in a breast pocket of his uniform.

"Thass de game fo' Mistuh Smelt," he mused, wagging his head; "de Lloyd 'surance game. Git me a nice office 'n' nice gol' sign 'n' make me some jack. Yassuh," he continued with waxing enthusiasm, "de cullud folk o' Bahbuhs needs p'teckshun, an' Ah's de man they gits it f'um!"

Straightway the coy goddess of Chance settled on Mistuh Smelt's broad shoulder and curled up there for an apparently interminable stay. North African Lloyds, Ltd.—the proprietor hazily recalled a blatant sign he had glimpsed when the transport bearing him and several thousand

(Continued on Page 63)



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And the Symbol *of* Welcome is Light

THE houses of rich and poor glide by, dark masses against the moon.

But somewhere down the path of the headlights is a different house, where laughter floats from the windows, and light from a golden doorway is caught and reflected in youthful eyes.

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Next Time—BUY FISK
from your dealer

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

(Continued from Page 60)

similarly awed negroes had dropped out of New York Harbor—prospered. Risks were taken with reckless abandon, and calamity came not. To his own thriving business Mistuh Smelt added that of representing two excellent insurance companies. His winning approach battered down all defensive barriers, his jaunty raiment made him the envied cynosure of Barbour's colored population, and his glib tongue wagged persuasively and persistently until a policy was duly signed. His blind guesses on the weather, and his similarly hazardous operations had netted him a handsome profit and his ——

"Op'n 'em googoo eyes, man, an' ten' to bizness!"

Mistuh Smelt opened his googoo eyes. He beheld the aggressive Mr. Horace Hancock Breckenridge, whose bearing fairly reeked with revenge. He stretched luxuriously and surveyed his caller.

"'Do, Mistuh Breck'nridge," he said; "you looks like you is rarin' tuh go."

"Ah is, an' Ah has! Ah wants some p'teckshun."

"'Ginst de dice?"

"No, suh. Dis is 'gitimate bizness!"

"Ah's lis'nin'."

"Ah wants some twin insu'ahnce."

Mistuh Smelt jackknifed to an upright position.

"Some whut insu'ahnce?" he exclaimed.

"Some twin insu'ahnce," retorted Horace Hancock; "an' de sign sez you insu'ahs ev'thing!" he added triumphantly.

"De sign doan' lie, but splain me a li'l' bit, Mistuh Man."

"N'much splainin' to be did. De ol' stork gwine ter flop roun' ouah shanty prit' soon, an' Ah wants t' p'teck mahself 'ginst twins, thass all. Does I git p'teckshun?"

"You does."

"Wot's de odds?"

"Doan' say 'odds,' Mistuh Man," replied Mistuh Smelt. "Dat sounds gamblin'-like. Say 'premiums.' Fo' a premium o'—fo' a premium o'," he continued meditatively, glancing covertly at the article spread on the desk—"for a premium o' ten p' cent ah 'sures you 'ginst twins; an' fo' a premium o' two p' cent ah' 'sures you 'ginst triblets."

"Triblets? Ain' said nuthin' 'bout no triblets."

"Thass true, but ah jes mention it 'cause de two p' cent premium makes de odds fifty tuh one, as you sez."

"Fifty tuh one? Um-m. Thass a long shot, man."

"It's de long shots dat buys de baby's shoes, Mistuh Breck'nridge."

"Soun's good."

"'Tis good! Lemme splain. You pays me twen'y-fi' bucks. Ef 'at ol' sto'k brings you one chile you loses; ef he brings you a pai'uh, ah loses; 'n' ef he brings three'va kin' we bof loses in de long run."

"How much does Ah git fo' twins?"

"Two hun'erd an' fifty bucks."

"An fo' triblets?"

"Twel' hun'erd an' fifty bucks."

Mistuh Breckenridge slapped down several greenbacks. "Sign de papah!" he commanded.

Mistuh Smelt reached for a pen and queried, "When's this ol' sto'k 'spected roun' yo' way?"

"'Bout three weeks."

"Humph."

Mistuh Smelt, without further ado, began to write. He knew when to stop talking. He dried his signature and handed the policy to the impatient Mistuh Breckenridge, who seized it with perceptible satisfaction.

"Suah am glad t' git dis papah," he commented, thrusting it into his pocket. "An' glad to git dat offen mah min'."

"Youse worryin'?"

"Some. Mah twin sistah an' Queenie's two twin bruthuhs done 'vised me to 'spec' de wust," replied Horace Hancock, turning away; "an' now Ah 'specs' de bes'. 'Day, Mistuh Smelt."

He canted his hat over his left ear and strode blithely out into Clay Street. Something in his carriage, the manner in which he swung his elbows, the care-free way he lifted his heels—had a disquieting effect on the owner of North African Lloyds, Ltd., who watched him out of sight and then scrutinized the magazine article closely.

"De Lloyd's odds on twins am fo' p'cent. Dat's twen'y-fi' tuh one," he said aloud; "an' on triblets one-half p'cent. Dat's—lemme see—dat's two hun'erd tuh one. Ah done hedged de bet, but dat niggah's got a confiden' aiuh. De sky am gittin' cloudy, Lloyd. Bettah step roun' de libr'y an' git some fusthan' info'mation."

VII

"DOCTUH, as de dooly 'pointed 'sician o' de Mutchel Life Insuahance Comp'ny," began Mistuh Smelt, carefully placing his hat on the floor beside his feet, "Ah needs some 'vice."

Doctor Chenoweth laughed genially. "All right, Lloyd," he replied. "What sort of advice do you want?"

"On twins an' triblets, Doctuh Chenoweth."

"Twins and triplets! Why, are you married?"

"Res' thah, doctuh, res'! Ef Ah had me twins or triblets, Ah wouldn' be 'plyin' to you-all -Ah'd be up 'plyin' to git in de porehouse. No, suh," continued Mistuh Smelt, briskly, "hit's this-a-way." And he carefully explained the policy which he had written concerning the offspring of Horace Hancock Breckenridge and his wife Queenie. At the conclusion of his explanation he queried: "An' whut Ah wants to know am, has Ah ovahbet mah han'?"

Smiling broadly the M. D. queried: "Horace has a twin brother and Queenie is one of triplets?"

"Yassah."

"Then it looks bad for you."

"Whut's worryin' me am how bad, doctuh. Yistiddy Ah oozes ovah to de libr'y tuh git me de odds on twins and triblets an' de gal pass me out a book on—on h-h'-redity. Hit wuz full uh stuff 'bout sweet peas, an' roostuhs, an' pink-eye rabbits, an' shimmyin' mice, an' zy-zygotes an' chrom-chrom-chromesomethin's 'r othuh, but nev' no wuhd 'bout no twins an' triblets. Ah'd be 'bleeged for de real s'tistics, doctuh."

From his well-filled shelving the medico selected a mighty volume and opened it on his desk. After running over the leaves rapidly, he paused and read for a moment. "Lloyd," he said, "according to Petersen, ten out of one thousand births are twins, three out of one thousand are triplets, and two out of ten thousand are quadruplets. He goes on to say, however, that if one parent is a twin, the chances are one to thirty that twins will be born; that if both parents are of twins, the chances are one to two; and that if one of the parents is of twins and the other of triplets, it is not only practically certain that twins will be born, but that triplets may ——"

"Stop right thah!" exclaimed the perturbed Mistuh Smelt. "Nev' min' no mo' 'splanations! Ah's done pulled me a cuckoo, an' Mistuh Ho'ace Hancock Breck'nridge gits his 'venge!"

"It appears that you've displayed bad judgment."

"Doan' 'peah, doctuh; Ah knows Ah has! Ef dat Mis' Breck'nridge has triblets Ah doan' ride in no yaller seedan nevah, an' Ah's faced wif a bankrupt sale."

The doctor rose. "Cheer up, Lloyd," he said; "the stork does some unexpected things occasionally. Come to see me again when you've got better news."

Mistuh Smelt, considerably wilted, settled his hat on his head, took up his stick and departed. But somewhere en route between the physician's office and his boarding house on Shelby Street he encountered inspiration. For he strutted up the street with his old *élan* and halted before his landlady, who sat on her front porch cooling herself with a palm-leaf fan.

"G'd aft'noon, Mis' White," he said after sweeping the four-o'clocks with a Brummellian bow. "Ah's ketchin' Numbah Twenty-seven fo' Looeyville right off for a few days. Jes you have Ruby set in de office an 'c'leck de premiums whut's pay in an' tell de folks whuh Ah is at. Ah's rollin' back nex' Satiday."

He entered the house and reappeared ten minutes later, sartorially immaculate and carrying a neat cane suitcase.

"'By 'gin, Mis' White," he amplified. "Jes tell Ruby to tell de folks Ah's called down fo' tuh c'nfer wit' de directuhs o' de Planteh's 'Surance Company. Send you post cahd f'um de big city, an' be back Satidy."

And with a parting salutation he set off for the depot, pertly twirling his stick and tossing cordial greetings to acquaintances who turned in his wake to survey his pea-green suit with envy or admiration, according to their sex.

VIII

FIVE days later Mistuh Smelt, care free, smiling and debonair, descended from the smoker of Number Twenty-six and plunged into the routine of business; and three days later than that things with a capital T began to start to commence to happen, fully in keeping with the flea-bitten adage to the effect that it never rains but it pours.

Event One: On the day of the Japanese lawn party planned by the Afro-American Baptist Church and insured against inclement weather by North African Lloyds, Ltd., a generous inch of rain descended between two successive midnights. Item: Debit North African Lloyds, Ltd., two hundred and fifty dollars, less twenty-five dollars.

Event Two: Mrs. May Bell Porter, while waddling along a railroad right of way in open defiance of printed exhortations to the effect that such practices frequently led to dire consequences, came into juxtaposition with the business end of the Pensacola Flyer and was badly messed up; so badly that the undertaker called round with a purple box, and doleful music later filled the air.

Item: Debit North African Lloyds, Ltd., one thousand dollars, less five dollars and seven cents.

Event Three: Pres'dent, the sole occupant of a ramshackle pigsty beyond the distillery, turned up missing one morning and a week's sleuthing had failed to reveal either hide or bristle of him. Item: Debit North African Lloyds, Ltd., twenty-eight dollars, less three dollars and sixty cents.

Event Four: A businesslike young gentleman of the Aryan race, between whom and the owner of North African Lloyds, Ltd., the following dialogue transpired:

"Nigger, I'm the county prosecuting attorney."

"Yassuh."

"Where's your charter?"

"Ain' got no charter, jes my licen' to sell 'surance fo' de Mutchel o' New England an' de Planteh's o' Looeyville."

"How about this North African Lloyds graft?"

"Ain't no graft, Mistuh Judge. Jes mah own comp'ny."

"Your own company?"

Extended explanations of the risks accepted by North African Lloyds with emphasis on the cumulative geometrically progressive policy.

At the close of Mistuh Smelt's painfully detailed explanation an expression which might have been amazement but which bore earmarks of admiration came over the prosecuting attorney's face.

"And you've signed forty-five of these policies in less than four months?" he exclaimed.

"Yassuh."

"Did you explain to any of the policyholders that their weekly payments would be more than five thousand dollars at the end of the fifth month and that they would be over eighty thousand dollars at the end of the sixth?"

"Uh—dat is, no, suh! But dey coulda figgered it theyself!"

"Has anyone refused to pay?"

"On'y one pa'ty—he 'fused to pay de fi'-dolluh 'sessment, so Ah canceled his pol'cy."

"And you kept his payments?"

"Suttinly. Dat's write in de pol'cy."

"By gad, you're a wonder for pure unadulterated guts!"

"Yassah, thankee."

"Don't thank me yet."

"Yassah?"

"Because I'm going to make you cancel every one of those high-finance policies you've written and return the payments you've received!"

Mistuh Smelt reeled as if struck by a night stick; yet, as he reeled, he made a hurried mental calculation. "Retu'n de—paymen's, Mistuh Yo' Honuh!" he repeated with horror. "Wha—wha—hit's gwine tuh cos' me nigh on fo' hun'erd dolluhs ef Ah does!"

"And ninety days in the hoosegow if you don't!" came the emphatic retort.

"Do—do de res' o' mah bizness have yo' 'proval, Mistah Gov'nuh?" queried Mistuh Smelt dazedly yet hopefully.

"No, it doesn't," replied the visitor; "but I can't stop you. But I can stop you from selling that life-insurance policy of yours. And I'm going to do it! Now I'll be back here in a week to see those forty-five canceled policies, with receipts showing that you've returned all payments. If you're one short I'll swear out a warrant against you for obtaining money under false pretenses, and send you up to Frankfort on a one-way ticket! Get me?"

(Concluded on Page 65)

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The Genuine is Stamped

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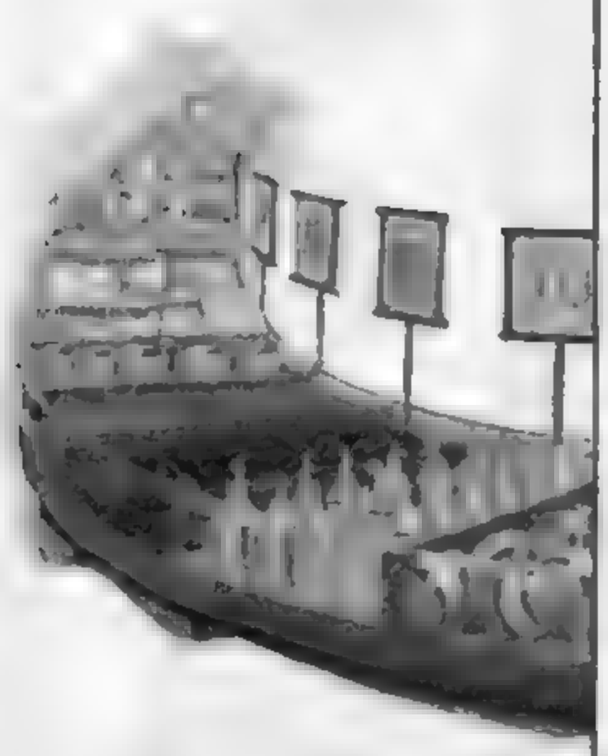

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S. S. KRESGE COMPANY, *General Offices:* DETROIT

S. S. 5¢-10¢-15¢ Red Front KRESGE Stores 25¢-50¢-$1.00 Green Front

(Concluded from Page 63)

Mistuh Smelt got him. He collapsed like a punctured balloon and watched his Nemesis depart. Varied emotions surged through his whirling brain and dizzily he rubbed his brow as if to dissipate the cerebral fog which beset him.

"Daddy!" he groaned. "Dis am de end of a puffick day! Dey's got me by de tail an' swinging' hahd!"

A fondly nurtured vision of a swell yaller seedan, scintillating sunlight on its polished trimmings, filled with a bevy of vivacious *chocolat au lait* belles, and demanding and receiving attention by virtue of a plangent horn, was elbowed from his subconscious mind by a grim specter labeled Work. Mistuh Smelt shuddered. With an uncertain hand he seized a sheet of paper and began to calculate industriously. To claims recently paid and outstanding he added the sum of the premiums which were to be plucked from his heart by the personification of the people's might. After a droning computation in which his fingers served as an adding machine, he set down the total. Feverishly he glanced at his deposit book. He sank back in horror.

"Daddy!" he breathed. "Jes six dolluhs an' thutty-eight cents left ef Ah gets a hun'erd dolluhs fo' mah clothes! An' ef dat ol' sto'k o' Ho'ace Breck'nridge th'ows me down—daddy!" He wagged his head dolefully. "An' Doc Chen'weth sez he do some unexpected things! Man! No mo' silk shuts, no mo' swell clo's, no mo' good-lookin' gals, no mo' nothin' 'ceptin' work! Ah's slippin' fast!" And all his pent-up misery found utterance in a single despairing groan.

Legend puts it that Glycerius, the Roman, when all appeared to be lost, threw open his purple toga and ordered his armor-bearer to pierce his heart; that Robert of Courtenay, when hemmed by the bowmen of a certain Burgundian gentleman whose wife he had appropriated, kissed the delectable creature and called for the poisoned cup; and that the Corsican turned from the field at Waterloo and calmly said, "It seems we're beaten."

Mistuh Smelt, however, rose to no such dramatic grandeur. He thrust his fingers into the uttermost depths of the lower right-hand drawer of his desk and brought forth a bottle half filled with a limpid amber fluid. After a hasty glance at the door he removed the cork, threw back his head and allowed the aforementioned fluid to gurgle musically into his throat. Thirstily he waited for the bottle to deliver its last lingering drop, and then tossed it into the drawer.

In thirty seconds Mistuh Smelt was a remade man and his dun-colored forebodings had dissipated into rarefied air.

"Hot dog!" he exclaimed as the alcohol snatched at him beneath the epiglottis. "They's three fights to de bottle in 'at 'Tucky Dew! Yah! Bring on yo' prosecutin' 'tohney! Yassah," he reiterated belligerently, addressing the four walls, "Ah tells de googly-eyed worl' dat wif a lonesome qua'ht o' de ol' red eye an' a brickbat an' a good ol' razoo, me an' one moh black boy would 'a' whupped de Gummin Ahmy single-han'ed! Yah! Tease me, licker! Git me hot! Ah feels wicious! Bring on yo' ol' prosecutin' 'tohney! Jes lemme ——"

Whang! The door crashed open and Mistuh Smelt, chilled with a premonitory flashing fear that his cringing victim was come in answer to his defy, leaped to his feet. He blinked twice and his lower jaw dropped loosely. Horace Hancock Breckenridge, covered with dust from his dripping hatless skull to his brogans, staggered into the office and collapsed into the nearest chair, gasping for breath and rolling his eyes in a mighty effort to burst into expression. An excited crowd of spectators gathered from nowhere in particular surged through the entrance in his wake and overflowed into the room.

In a single spread-eagle leap Mistuh Smelt, now as sober as a Supreme Court Justice on Inauguration Day, cleared the railing and covered the distance between his chair and the puffing Mistuh Breckenridge, whose countenance was streaked with ghostly lines of limestone dust and sweat.

Seizing him by the shoulder Mistuh Smelt besought: "Whu—whu—f'um, Ho'ace?"

Horace waved his hands hopelessly and pointed significantly at his heaving chest.

"Stop breathin', Ho'ace," urged Mistuh Smelt. "Is—is you been runnin' f'um which?"

"Hospittel," gasped Horace. "De—uhuh—de—uhuh sto'k ——"

Despite the fact that the thermometer in the doorway was flirting with the century mark an icy sweat broke out on Mistuh Smelt's brow. If you have ever shot a rabbit and watched its death throes you know the hunted, pleading look which whisked into Mistuh Smelt's eyes. In the slowly ticking seconds he visioned many things—he saw himself entering the triballed Empire Loan Office laden with treasured finery and emerging empty handed and sick at heart; he saw himself returning dollar after dollar of his accumulated savings in exchange for gaudily framed policies worth only their weight to the rag collector; he saw himself, whipped and dejected, departing from the happy environs of Barbours in the corner of an empty box car, unhonored and unsung; he saw himself, clad in baggy overalls, rusty shoes and dusty hat, rolling hogsheads of fragrant tobacco leaves in the redolent warehouses on West Main Street in Louisville; he ——

"Stop puffin' in mah face, Ho'ace," he pleaded, "an' tell me, Ho'ace! Stan' back, thah, lady, an' leave de man some aiuh! Ho'ace, ain't yo' evah gwine to shut yo' mouf an' talk?"

"Uhuh—dey's—uhuh—dey's stacked de deck!" wheezed Horace.

"Pai' uh jacks, Ho'ace?"—hopefully.

"Uhuh—no, suh!"

"Three'va kin', Ho'ace?"

"No, suh!"

Mistuh Breckenridge was rapidly recovering the breath he had recklessly dissipated in a mad sprint over two miles of hot and dusty streets. "No, suh! Foh aces! An' they's all black!"

Mistuh Smelt collapsed against the railing.

"Whut!" he exclaimed, aghast.

"Yas suh! Quadruplets! Gimme dat twel' hun'erd an' fifty bucks! Ef you've got de cash Ah'll take it in ones!"

For the first time in twenty-six years Mistuh Smelt was speechless. He opened his mouth and his dry lips moved, but no words came tumbling forth. Horace Hancock turned imperiously to the elbowing spectators.

"Stan' back thah, folks," he commanded, "an' 'low de man some aiuh! Nen gimme de once-ovah. Me an' Queenie an de sto'k has bust de bank!" To Mistuh Smelt he exclaimed impatiently: "Come to, Mistuh Smelt, an' show some 'thusiastic!"

Mistuh Smelt came to. He wiped his lips with the back of his hand, strode agitatedly to his desk, extracted an envelope decorated with green-and-black scrollery and stepped back to the preening parent.

"Bus' No'th Af'ican Lloyds?" he repeated scornfully. "Wake up, black man! Ah congratchelates you an' pats mahself on de back! Bus' No'th Af'ican Lloyds? No, suh! You an' Mis' Breck'enridge an' yo' frien' de joyful bird done p'served de financial 'tegrity o' dis ins'tution!"

"Ah gits mah jack?"

"You does; an' moh'n dat! 'Spite no mention o' de fo'th ace in yo' policy, Ah's gwine tuh p'sent you wif two hun'erd an' fifty bucks 'ditional!"

"You acks like you is glad!"

"Ah is!"

"Ain' this costin' you fifteen hun'erd bucks?"

"No, suh!"

"How come?"

Mistuh Smelt waved the embellished envelope under Horace Hancock's wondering nose. "See this papah?" he flaunted. "Them foh aces o' yohn makes dis papah wuth fi' thousand bucks."

"Splain on!"

"Easy. You p'tecks yo'self in de No'th Af'ican Lloyds 'ginst twins an' triblets, an' Ah goes tuh New Yawk an' p'tecks mahself 'ginst de same by de parent comp'ny in Lunnon, Englan'. Only Ah goes you one bettah, an' mah papah reads for quadruplits, in 'dition. Even wif yo' twin sistuh an Mis' Breckenridge's two twin bruthuhs, de odds on de last wuz hun'erd to one. An' ah holds a fifty-buck ticket! Yes, suh!" continued Mistuh Smelt enthusiastically, "Lloyds o' Lunnon pays me fi' thousan' bucks, an' No'th Af'ican Lloyds pays you fifteen hun'erd bucks! De balance am profit! Call roun' nex' week an' git yo' cash!"

And in the astonished silence, Mistuh Smelt's dulcet tenor broke out:

'Cause Ah's a rarin' gamboleer,
'N' a son of a gun fo' gin.

WORKING with the "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill is safe, speedy, sure. Seven tensions—adjustable to the size of drill point and work in hand.

Biting into hard material with a small drill calls for less pressure—just turn the cap at the base of drill. With tough timber and a larger drill more pressure is needed. Turn the cap.

The "Yankee" tension adjustments allow rapid drilling without danger of breaking bits. Eight drill points add to the convenience and working range of the tool. All exposed together in magazine handle for convenient selection.

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Magazine equipped with eight drill points, 1/16" to 11/64". Length of tool with drill point inserted, 11¼ in.

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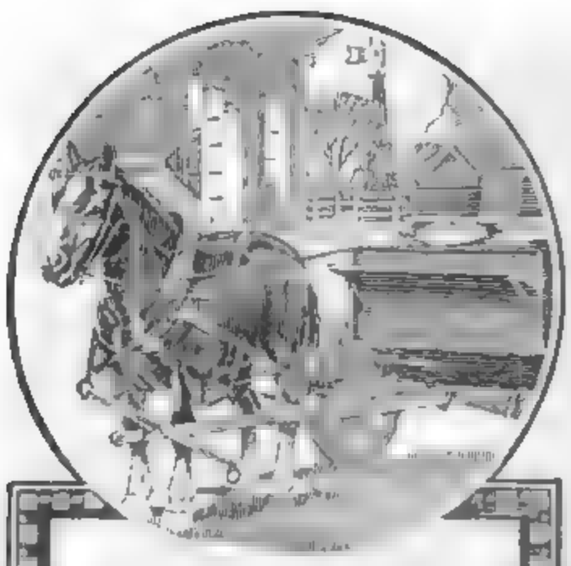

Would You Call One Horse A Team?

THE fully equipped farm of a generation ago is only the half equipped farm of today. With labor at its present high cost, no farmer can afford to have his "chores" done by hand. A Matthews FULL Automatic Light and Power Plant will milk, churn, run the cream separator, grind grain and tools, wash, iron, sweep, pump, and perform many other small, necessary but expensive duties in the home and about the farm. It removes the last vestige of "one horse" farming methods and stamps the farm as being fully modern.

The Matthews Full Automatic starts recharging its storage batteries long before they are exhausted to the danger point. Then, when the batteries are full, it automatically stops charging.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS FOR COUNTRY HOMES

protect your investment. Repeatedly exhausting storage batteries below a certain point hurts them. When you forget to recharge, the damage is done. A Matthews never forgets. The "Automatic Caretaker" endows the Matthews plant with a mechanical memory, which automatically insures the right operation at exactly the right time. It will lengthen the life of the storage batteries enough to pay back its cost many times over.

The United States Government, in wireless stations and on its naval vessels, is getting 100% efficiency 24 hrs. in every day with the Matthews.

Matthews rating is based on generator capacity ALONE—not generator and batteries combined. Made in six sizes, to operate from 15 to 500 (20 watt) lights burning at one time. Prices $445 upward.

Write for Free Booklet "A"

Dealers: Some good territory still open. Act quickly.

Full Automatic—starts and stops itself—not merely self-starting

The Automatic Caretaker

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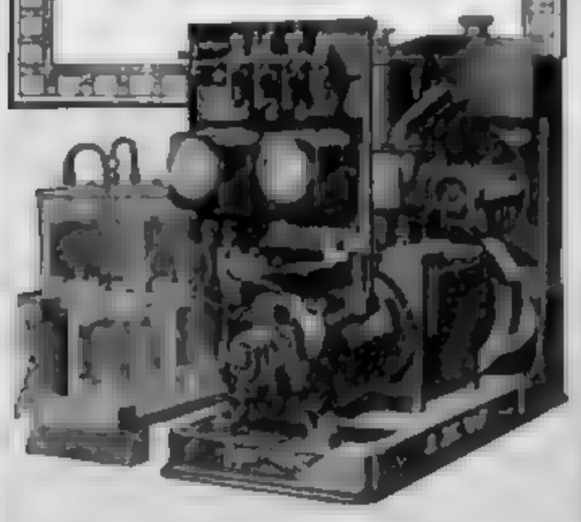

This is No. 4 of a series of 13 ads.

MAROON-COLORED, WITH WIRE WHEELS

(Continued from Page 21)

who dreaded all differences of opinion between taxpayers, told her flatly that the war was the board of health's war, and that he wished she could be more alert to these cases and catch them sooner.

She then supervised the rehearsal of The School for Scandal until five-forty. At this hour she put on the spring hat and turned her face toward the West Sconset Inn. She was conscious that what she had recognized at seven-twenty-eight that morning as the Friday feeling had now taken definite form as a boring pain over her right eye and a grinding one in the back of her neck.

Once in her aerie on the fifth floor of the inn she had a hot bath, a cup of tea illegally made on her electric plate, and went to bed. At seven a maid, subsidized to secret and expensive devotion, brought her a tray from which she consumed consommé and a salad consisting of one slice of tomato, three canned string beans and one pale sliver of exotic cucumber. The mashed potatoes and boiled salmon, sacred to Friday night, she left untasted. The queen of puddings with hard sauce she swallowed, in the belief that they contained the elements of a balanced ration. She prevailed on the maid to substitute a large cup of strong coffee for the after-dinner demi-tasse. Fortified thereby she rose, and through the intricacies of a deliberate toilet verified her hope that both the boring and the grinding sensations had measurably retired before her experienced attack.

Standing a moment in front of her glass before she turned out the light upon herself, she knew that she surveyed a pretty woman, russet crowned, and becomingly attired in a gold that was not quite brown. She let herself enjoy the dark fur of her pale blue cape against the slightly hollowed curve of her slightly pallid cheek. Then, hoping that old Mrs. Brandegee would not spy her on her way past the social room, she went down in the lift and out of the door of the West Sconset Inn into a night all odor of lilac, all stars and lavish moon.

It was a night, she knew very well, for lovers. Probably many of the eleven hundred to whom in a way she was a mother were out under the moon, loving and being loved. It was not a nice thought, and Mary Elizabeth Williams knew that if they loved and were loved amiss it would be her fault. If they should be eloped with, her office would be filled with irate relatives at once. About once in two years someone was eloped with. It was always very difficult afterward.

"Men," mocked the moon, and stars, and lilacs, as she gathered her cape about her and hurried to the theater—"men do not elope with women professors."

She set her lips and pressed her ticket for Seat Seven, Row Six, Section E, more tightly in her hand. Before the last curtain went down on Bedtime and Trixie de Lashmut she meant to formulate the unformed conclusion that had gathered in her mind all day over that expert testimony. As she walked under the spring moonlight she knew, being a frank analyst of herself, that she longed for a lover. Then she thought of Will Waterbury, Glee Club Biff Bronson and Hiram Prendergast, and shivered.

"Better, far better," she answered the morking moon, "to walk alone forever, with only a partially tamed headache for company, than to ride beside any one of these in a maroon-colored car with wire wheels."

The plot of Bedtime, as you know, is not precisely consecutive. In general it revolves about a blond mezzo-soprano who finds on her hands three husbands, two of whom she had supposed dead. They turn up just as she is singing Splash With Me, Dash With Me on the front porch of a large beach hotel, all jealous, and all under the influence of something they have just drunk out of a shaving mug. While they do a very clever dance below the porch to that captivating lyric I Am Always Finding Sweethearts, a chorus of fifteen brunettes comes in unexpectedly from the races, and the dance develops into that great popular hit, You Cannot be Too Fast for Me.

The heroine meanwhile goes inside and finds that the hotel clerk, a really excellent tenor, is in fact her brother-in-law by her first marriage. Finding a near relative opportunely at hand to protect her in her great peril she naturally falls at once into his arms, and as the chorus dances off, enthusiastically applauded, she and the brother-in-law sing out of the hotel windows The Winking Song, which always stops the progress of Bedtime for a full four minutes.

Their plan to pretend to be married in order to avert the suspicion of the three husbands naturally follows, and the great scene in which four apartments open off the hallway on the second floor of the beach hotel occupies the major portion of the second act. The staging and lighting of this scene are alone worth the price of admission to Bedtime. Trixie de Lashmut's costumes in the second act are known to have cost a fortune, and it is here that she wears the pendant given her by the Duc de Moselle.

Mary Elizabeth Williams had just time to adjust herself in Seat Seven, Row Six, Section E, and to note Biff Bronson in his box for four at the left of the stage, when the overture stopped, the lights dimmed and the curtain went up on the best beach scene that had ever been shown in West Sconset. The audience clapped for at least thirty seconds before it was possible for Trixie to come out on the porch in her beautiful bathing suit, all sequins. When she did appear, West Sconset, wearing this evening a predominantly male aspect, gave her what the Saturday Morning Clarion justly said was an unprecedented ovation.

Mary Elizabeth Williams, behind a good pair of opera glasses, gave the famous and frequently itemized charms of Trixie de Lashmut a dispassionate survey. The eyelashes, the dimple, the foot, the nape of the neck, the hand, the impertinent little nose, the golden curls close to her audacious head—all came under scrutiny. All these and much more were obvious to the scrutinizing eye. She noted the competent sweep of gaze by which Trixie included the last college sophomore in the highest row of the topmost gallery and Biff Bronson's box of four in her greeting. Even, for a brief flash of bewildering eyelashes, the gaze had seemed to gather in Seat Seven, Row Six, Section E. Then with a wide gesture of white arms curving from shoulder to delicious finger tip she had embraced the craning multitude and lilted into the audacities of Splash With Me, Dash With Me.

Her observer in Seat Seven, absorbing every vital detail behind her opera glasses, found her firmament suddenly darkened, and at the same time knew the agony of having her left instep, as it seemed, completely crushed. A late comer of unprecedented size and weight, and exhaling reminiscences of excellent cigars, was stumbling over her in an endeavor to reach Seat Eight. Tears of honest suffering in her eyes, she scrambled herself out of his destructive route, and felt downward in the dark after her insulted member.

From that moment she got very little of Splash With Me, Dash With Me. Working her toes in gingerly experiment she found that her foot was still there. The major injury was to her silk stocking. That, she could plainly feel, was torn across the instep. By the time Trixie de Lashmut began to lead the chorus of Splash With Me, Dash With Me, while the rocking house whistled and sang it, she had wiped her eyes and settled back into grim consideration of the best ways to reach the West Sconset Inn after the play. She could limp along the street through the darkness, but could she in a torn stocking make that exit through the crowded and lighted foyer which West Sconset would think befitted an instructor of English in the Andrew Jackson High School?

She began to see that as Dean of Girls she should not have come to Bedtime at all. Biff Bronson's sleek blond head with its unmistakable thinning circle about the crown would be the target of no criticism in his box for four. As a kind of substitute for the parents of eleven hundred adolescent girls she knew that West Sconset would lift its eyebrows very high at the sight of her leaving the theater. Her leaving it with a torn stocking would lift the eyebrows several hairbreadths higher. As the pain in her foot lessened she substituted for it mental anguish. It occurred to her, just as the three husbands finished their third encore of I Am Always Finding Sweethearts, that as she limped out she would probably come face to face with several of the forty-seven who had received her substitute for motherly advice that afternoon. The ones who flirted in class and wore immodest shirt waists would, beyond a doubt, be there, with boys. They would meet her, coming unattended away from Bedtime. They would say in loud, surprised crescendo, "Why, Miss Williams! How do you do?"

They would look at each other afterward, and probably discuss her at breakfast. Parents not of the substitute variety, but temporarily functioning, would be shocked.

Various forms of flight began to shape themselves in her mind. She could go out before the end of the last act, while the house was dark. She could, in fact, go now and reach the inn practically unobserved. Or she might stay until the last syncopation of the orchestra should fling Trixie de Lashmut finally into someone's arms, and make the vulgarity of Bedtime the subject of a Monday-morning talk on decadent drama. She could affect to have come in the spirit of research.

"Bedtime," she could hear herself saying in her most effective platform manner, "is a symptom of mental disease. A musical comedy, without humor, without melody, without plot, devised for the vapid," she could hear herself going on.

As a form of flight she realized that this would perhaps be successful. She even fancied herself giving it added point by asking some of the forty-seven to say truthfully why they had gone at all to Bedtime. What had they hoped to see or hear?

Would they truthfully confess to having come to see how Trixie de Lashmut brought the world to her feet? A woman of conscience, Mary Elizabeth Williams knew that, truthfully, she had come to study a woman who could be eloped with twice a day if she but said the word.

The Winking Song was meeting with riotous triumph before she again gave real heed to Bedtime. Trixie leaning from the hotel window appeared to wink not merely with eyes but with sequins and glittering smile. The tenor winked unctuous return winks. The two came hand in hand to the footlights before enraptured West Sconset had enough of them. Trixie kissed one hand to West Sconset, then both hands. She indicated the tenor as the sharer of her triumph. She glittered at the audience, seat by seat. Mary Elizabeth Williams felt her glitter rest warmly for a moment on Seat Seven and Seat Eight, and on Biff Bronson's box. When the lights went on Biff Bronson and his friends were gone—behind the scenes, she supposed, to renew old friendships. Seat Eight meanwhile looked down at her, big and brown, and baffled.

"What makes her work so hard?" said Seat Eight.

Mary Elizabeth Williams looked at him. A perfect stranger, he was speaking to her. As the substitute parent of eleven hundred she realized that there was but one thing to do. She must repulse him. Yet with her repulse well launched she paused. Could a man who had all but crushed one's left foot be considered a perfect stranger? Even though a perfect stranger, might he not contribute to her talk on decadent drama? Might he not in fact aid her flight? Might he not—and here a wonderful color flooded her too pallid cheeks—might he not unwittingly tell her what, truthfully, she had come to learn?

"Besides," a small and probably demon voice whispered, "who is to know that he is a stranger?"

She looked swiftly about. West Sconset was saying things about Trixie de Lashmut. Her eyes, her eyelashes, her dimple, the back of her neck, her hair, her foot, her smile, her sequins—were under animated discussion. People who had heard and seen Trixie de Lashmut ten years ago were saying she had gone off terribly or had amazingly hung on. West Sconset was saying that she had had three or four or perhaps six or seven husbands. The mortal combat of two prominent New York bankers outside her door was under discussion. Here and there behind a program someone yawned and said Trixie had never had much voice and had lost that long ago.

Whatever else the town might be saying or doing, temporarily it was not thinking about Mary Elizabeth Williams. She gave Seat Eight a brilliant smile and plunged into adventure.

(Continued on Page 69)

CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

THE subdued tones and harmonious mineral texture of Certain-teed shingles accord well with the more restrained tendency in home-building.

Their long life, and the protection they offer against fire, recommend them to those who have a preference for permanence.

Certain-teed shingles conform closely to difficult angles and curves and do not crack or break.

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It All Comes Out in the Wash

It's as easy to soil clothes today as it was years ago. The process hasn't changed. The wearing of garments at work or at healthful play brings burdensome washes as regularly as weeks roll around.

But it is easier to clean them. Slow hand methods —hard hand rubbing, heavy wringing—can't even be compared with the wash-way of the Gainaday.

With a Gainaday Electric Washer-Wringer in your laundry you can do the *whole wash* without any real work. There's a roomy zinc cylinder waiting that revolves and reverses, which tumbles dainty laces or coarse garments to immaculate cleanliness. Then the Gainaday Wringer will wring them—it swings to *any* position.

Our folder, "For an Easier and Shorter Washday," tells the story in words and pictures. Write today for your copy.

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PITTSBURGH GAGE & SUPPLY COMPANY
Manufacturers
3012 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Do Your Washing at Home for Sanitary Reasons

Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 66)

"Work so hard? Don't you think she is charming?"

"She don't charm me," said Seat Eight. "Why, the newspaper lady at my hotel gave me her ticket and said she'd introduce me to her to-night after this was over. But I don't know as I can stand it that long."

"Really!" She looked at him in genuine surprise. "What is wrong with it?"

Seat Eight laughed.

"I don't know as anything's wrong with it. Mebbe it's high class. Is it?"

The look Seat Eight turned on her was a look of honest inquiry. She laughed in turn.

"Not from my point of view," she admitted.

"What is your point of view?"

"If I tell you," she said slowly, "will you tell me why you think Trixie isn't charming?"

"I don't know anything about theaters and smart people," said Seat Eight, "but I've seen all I ever want to see of women like her—old and tired and trying to act young and lively. She looks like she had the toothache to me. I don't like the idea of the play they're playing anyhow. It sounds kind of ridiculous to me. What's your point of view?"

"Well," she admitted slowly, "you see, I teach English in a high school."

"Great Scott!" said Seat Eight. "Are you a schoolma'am?"

She nodded. A bell had tinkled somewhere behind the curtain. Biff Bronson's box had filled again. The orchestra suddenly took up the opening melodies of Act II, and the house went dark.

From Seat Eight came a sibilant whisper: "Say! I meant to ask if I stepped on you. I was kind of afraid I had."

"Oh," said Mary Elizabeth Williams hastily, "not very much. It didn't matter."

"If I stepped at all," he hissed, "I must have stepped a good deal. Are you hurt bad?"

Violent sh-ing began about them. People who had paid two dollars to see and hear Trixie de Lashmut were righteously indignant.

The real drama of Act II, lost on Mary Elizabeth Williams, now performed itself for the benefit of Hilma Harding, watchfully seated where Seat Eight, Row Six, Section E was within range of vision. In this, the great scene of Bedtime, the house customarily went wild. Trixie's arch rendering of I've a Husband Behind Every Door had been known to take as many as six encores. To see Trixie sing it right at Seat Eight, and to know that out of mere human generosity she had put in Seat Eight the opportunity of Trixie's lifetime, gratified Hilma Harding's sense of the dramatic.

"Talk about plots," she told her world-weary soul. "It's real life that has the drama in it."

She sketched in rapidly the possible review of the episode she might have in the Morning Clarion. A wild man from Alaska might do anything. He might climb down from the balcony and make for the stage if Trixie sang her number adroitly enough. He looked like a man who could walk up walls or down columns any time he cared to try. When she introduced him to Trixie after the show he might engulf her in his mighty arms. That would make a striking last sentence, accompanied with a little comment on his years of combat with elemental dangers like walruses and icebergs and the other perils of Alaska. She rather thought he might offer to take Trixie somewhere in the maroon-colored car with wire wheels. How about that for a headline? Whatever he did or did not do, Hilma Harding, ready to indite and publish everything of interest, felt that besides the opportunity of a lifetime she had put in Trixie's way much valuable publicity.

Trixie de Lashmut, meanwhile, in a rose-colored chiffon negligee that deserved a paragraph, was holding West Sconset breathless during her dialogue with the tenor brother-in-law. You remember, he said wittily, "I don't see what you are so scared of."

And while West Sconset enjoyed that the spotlight found Trixie as she burst into the strains of I've a Husband Behind Every Door.

Looking on with jaded eyes Hilma Harding knew that in that song to-night Trixie outdid herself. Between Act I and Act II something had happened that had taken ten years off her appearance. Even the slightly swollen look about her left cheek was less noticeable. Her voice seemed fresher, and that faintly beginning stringiness of the throat just under the chin hardly showed at all. Her archness left nothing to be desired.

"Honestly," Hilma Harding told herself, "she's a wonderful kid; all she needed was an interest."

She settled back with a benevolent feeling to watch Trixie gather in the fruits of her industry. Before I've a Husband Behind Every Door had gone halfway through the first stanza, however, she realized that something had slipped. Trixie, arch, delicious, the irresistible Trixie of fifteen years ago, was not singing as Hilma Harding had directed, straight at Seat Eight, Row Six, Section E. She was singing as if inspired, and looking at once like an angel, a minx, a schoolgirl, and an accomplished siren. But for whom, at whom, was she doing it?

Hilma Harding, a frown growing between her brows, gathered, at last, the unmistakable fact. Trixie was doing it at and for a box just at the left of the stage, in which she could see the silhouettes of four men, raptly attentive or wildly applauding. Not one glance of the eye or turn of the wrist did Trixie have for the opportunity of a lifetime. Hilma Harding watched until there could be no doubt of it. At the end of Act II she made sure that the box had emptied itself, then she, too, slipped round to reconnoiter. They were all there, behind the wings, shaking Trixie by the hand, by both hands, and telling her she was a peach, not a day, not an hour older than when——

"When you boys were Freshmen and I was only sixteen! My! It's certainly old times to see you!"

The worst of it was, Hilma Harding told herself, she meant it. She heard them plan a little supper after the show, a vast disgust growing within her. If that wasn't Trixie! She had forgotten all about Seat Eight and the opportunity, at sight of that husband and father, Biff Bronson, and the other husbands and fathers in his box. She would eat lobster with them, and talk over the golden days of 1903 until one o'clock, feeling and looking very much the old, happy, sixteen-year-old Trixie.

The next day it would be all right for Biff Bronson; he could go about insuring people just as usual. But poor old Trixie! She would feel thirty-five again! The lobster would not agree with her, the dentist would give her another wicked two hours, Harry would be going right on with his suit, and the opportunity of a lifetime, his perfectly good maroon-colored car with wire wheels, neglected and forgotten, would have passed on his way, probably forever. Hilma Harding, a business woman to her core, shrugged her shoulders. That was the trouble with these artists. They all had too much temperament. The idea of Trixie de Lashmut losing her head this way over Biff Bronson! She had been in such a flutter over her returned youth that she hardly needed her rouge, and had no eye for Hilma Harding's disapproval in the background.

As Hilma Harding slipped, unnoticed, from the wings, she debated whether or not to stay through the third act of Bedtime. There was nothing now to stay for. Biff Bronson's supper party was not news that the Clarion could print. She went discontentedly back to her post of observation, for no particular reason save that, with the half column already written in her mind now rendered useless, she must in some quarter find something to take its place. She turned a lackluster gaze upon Seat Eight. The opportunity was there, looking browner than ever in the city throng, and undeniably handsome.

"He makes Biff Bronson look like a statue in oleomargarine," she groaned. "And who on earth is that with him?"

She got only an impression of a blue cape, dark fur and russet hair before the lights were out, and Act III, set in the luxurious bachelor apartments of Husband the First, claimed the audience. She had not recognized the owner of the blue cape and russet hair, but she had recognized, in the rapt attitude of Seat Eight, that Trixie's opportunity had passed by forever.

"No man," said Hilma Harding, an observer of much experience, "who looks at any woman that way has eyes for any other."

Seat Eight, as Mary Elizabeth Williams could have told her, looked in just that way throughout Act II. During the singing of I've a Husband Behind Every Door he had not given the stage one glance. The archness of Trixie, the pendant of the Duc de Moselle, her gestures, her dimple, her rose-colored negligee—all had been lost upon him. She had been annoyed at first, and embarrassed; then, as Act II proceeded, thankful. Act II, she decided, giving it fragmentary attention, was impossible. If Seat Eight preferred to look at her she thought the better of him. She began even to wait for what Seat Eight would say when the intermission began. When it did begin, his speech was like the escape of something held in leash.

"Honestly," he broke out with the dropping of the curtain, "do you teach school?"

"Honestly," said Mary Elizabeth Williams, "I do."

She was bitterly disappointed. She knew what people thought of women who taught school. They respected them, sometimes. She was quite sure that they always respected her. After all, however, respect is a drab and chilly accompaniment of worthy middle age. She supposed, feeling gloomy and friendless, that she should be grateful for respect. She gave him a courageous smile. He leaned forward a little.

"Then," he said in evident excitement, "you know about books!"

Mary Elizabeth Williams' courageous smile grew warmer.

"A little," she admitted. "Do you like books?"

Seat Eight turned squarely toward her.

"I don't know one thing about them," he said. "The only things I know about are out-of-doors things, like animals, and being snowed in and having your feet froze and washing gold, and wintering alone. I've been in Alaska for fifteen years. I've come out now to stay. But I don't know anything about any of the things you people know. Why, I never finished grammar school. Say! Do you know a man named Wordsworth?"

"Wordsworth? You mean the poet?"

She turned amazed eyes upon him. She could not remember having heard Wordsworth mentioned in West Sconset society.

"Well, mebbe you'd call him a poet. The woman did that sold him to me. I went into one of your bookstores and told her to give me something good, something I'd ought to know about. She gave me this Wordsworth. Say! Mebbe you could tell me what to ask for next time I go to that store. She seemed kind of disgusted with me."

"I'll make you a list," she said, her smile warm and friendly, "of wonderful things. I'd love to."

"Do you suppose," he asked, "there would be schools where I could go? I'm forty-one."

"You could have private teachers," she told him.

"Why, of course! Will you teach me?"

She laughed outright.

"Anything I can," she said aloud. Inwardly she finished: "You nice person."

Seat Eight leaned back with a deep sigh. "You've no idea," he confided, "how much I've worried over there being not much chance of me ever getting acquainted with a woman like you. There seem to be so many of that kind." His gaze, for the first time since the beginning of Act II, wandered toward the stage.

That was all Hilma Harding saw before the lights went out again.

Bedtime riotously over, she made her dispirited way once more behind the scenes. If Trixie de Lashmut wanted publicity to-morrow morning she was prepared to say it was now up to her. The opportunity of a lifetime, she could see, was bending solicitously over the woman in the blue cape. She could not hear him say as he did so, "Then I did step on you."

Mary Elizabeth smiled, somewhat ruefully. She was genuinely lame.

"It's all right," she said. "I'll go out slowly."

"Say," said Seat Eight, "I've got a car. It's maroon-colored, with wire wheels." He gave her a long, slow smile of satisfaction. "It's a good car, too, they say. And I can drive real good, now. I've had her two months. And I'll take you home. It's a nice night. Mebbe you'd ride round a little."

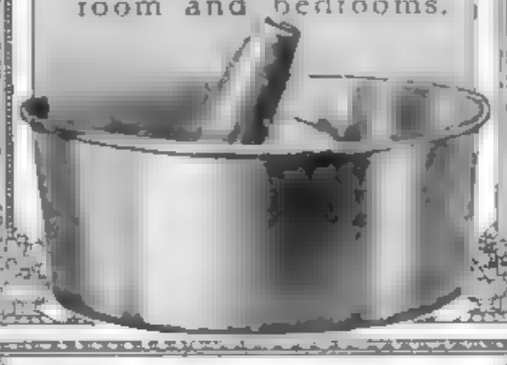
Mary Elizabeth Williams' brown eyes traversed the streaming lines of West Sconset's best citizens, leaving the balcony. As she had anticipated, three of her forty-seven were there, with boys. She smiled and nodded to them brightly. For some reason she did not care whether or not they thought she should be there.

"I'd love to ride round," she said.

Hilma Harding did not hear this because behind the scenes she was gleaning

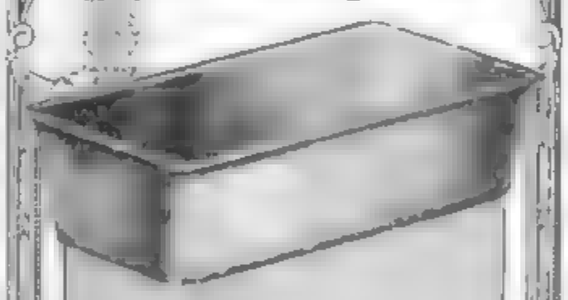
In the Well Appointed Home

the kitchen—so important because of its influence on family health and happiness—is given the same serious thought as the dining room, living room and bedrooms.



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils



The kitchen of such a home indicates by its equipment of clean, beautiful, silver-like "Wear-Ever" a real appreciation of the true meaning of a well-furnished home.

"Wear-Ever" utensils cannot rust—cannot chip—are pure and safe.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Write for booklet, "Canning, Preserving and Jelly-making," with hints of easy ways to put up fruits and vegetables. Address Dept. 18

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In Canada "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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You put less muscle back of it and get more workout of it—if it's a SIMONDS

Edgeholding—the outstanding quality of all SIMONDS Saws—because of their special saw steel, made in SIMONDS own crucible steel mill. Hang correctly and easily in the hand.

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SIMONDS SAW STEEL PRODUCTS
MADE RIGHT SINCE 1832

human-interest stuff for the Morning Clarion. As she had foreseen, Biff Bronson was there, putting Trixie's orange velvet cape about her white shoulders. The three others were there, all in high spirits and all reminiscent of something they had all done in 1903. They were just setting out, in great and pleasurable excitement, when a messenger boy handed the star a telegram. Trixie read it, paling underneath her rouge, then cried, looking piteously about her group, "It's Harry! He has pneumonia. He wants me to come right away. He's in Omaha. Isn't it terrible? I've got to get the next train."

And amid the wrath of managers, the frenzy of maids, and consternation of Biff Bronson, get the next train she did. Tomorrow night's performance could be called off. They could sue her if they wished. Harry wanted her. He had pneumonia. In Omaha. She left them, with this climax, in a taxi, her orange cape still about her white shoulders, scattering behind her directions to her maids and defiance to managers.

Hilma watched her from the curb. Trixie was really wonderful. Reunited with Harry over his sick bed would make a stunning half column in the morning. She was conscious of Biff Bronson and his boxful on the curb beside her, all forgotten by the fleeing artist.

"Well," said Biff Bronson, "we seem kind of out of it, but we can still go and eat. Come on!"

They were setting out, rather without zest to quaff the dregs of their adventure, when Biff Bronson paused. An unusually tall man was helping a russet-haired someone in a blue cape into a car just in front of the entrance. As they had come down the steps Hilma Harding had noted that the lady limped, and that her silk stocking was torn across the instep.

"Why, she's that school-teacher!" she had just time to think, when Biff Bronson paused.

"See that car?" he said. "Fellow bought it out from under me couple of months ago, just because it was maroon-colored, with wire wheels. Yep. No other reason in the world."

As the four drifted down the street Hilma Harding affected to adjust her neckpiece. Some inner voice told her that news was astir to-night. As she adjusted she listened. As she listened she looked. Her eyes, keen from long training, saw, as the maroon-colored car with wire wheels began slowly to slip by, the transfigured face of Mary Elizabeth Williams looking up into the face of the opportunity of a lifetime. Curiously a sentence of her own floated into her consciousness.

"Men," she found herself recalling, "do not elope with women professors"

The floating memory gave place at once, however, to the amazing thing that her keen ears caught just as the car was slipping past her.

"This Wordsworth," the man's voice said—"is he a good poet?"

Hilma Harding stared.

"Wordsworth?" she echoed, gazing after the maroon-colored car with wire wheels as it gained speed down West Sconset's rapidly emptying midnight street. Surely she had not heard aright. Yes, she had. It had been unmistakable.

"Wordsworth?" she repeated as one in a dream. "Wordsworth! Well, my word!"

Sense and Nonsense

For a Change

IN A LITTLE town on Long Island the Post Office Department has inaugurated regular mail delivery. The postman, a puny-looking man, has to do all the work. Starting out at eight o'clock in the morning he covers over four miles of territory, finishing his first delivery at noon. At one o'clock he starts out again and goes steadily until five o'clock.

A cartoonist, living out there, says he has watched this man for quite a while with sympathy. One day he refreshed the poor postman with a cup of coffee.

"Pretty tough job you've got," he remarked as the mailman sipped the hot drink.

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "But I'll have a day off to-morrow."

"What are you going to do?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, I don't know. I think maybe I'll take my lady friend and go for a long walk down the south shore."

Two Courses in One

SEVERAL years ago the Brooklyn Baseball Club stopped off at Little Rock, Arkansas, to play an exhibition game with the Southern Association team of that city. The club was in the Arkansas capital just long enough to get one meal, a luncheon, and the repast provided at one of the local hostelries was not particularly appetizing.

A Brooklyn newspaper man with the club met a group of players emerging from the dining room, and the athletes gave him due warning of the meal he might expect.

"Stay off the meat. It's terrible!" advised Baron Knetzer, one of the Brooklyn pitchers.

When the waiter came to take the correspondent's order the latter said: "Never mind about any meat. Just bring me some soup and vegetables."

The darky soon returned with a bowl of well-seasoned soup, which the hungry scribe consumed. After that he received no further attention.

Finally getting the waiter's eye he asked: "George, what's the matter with the vegetables I ordered?"

"Why, man, the vegitibuls was in the soup," came the prompt response.

A Fussed Cook

FOLLOWING a discussion at the Green Room Club in New York as to what nation of men knew least about cooking a test was made at a camp maintained on the shore of the Great South Bay and the prize has been awarded to an Englishman.

This British member, so they say, was assigned to the job of cooking eggs while the rest of the party made it a point to stay away from the shack. Upon their return they found the cook in quite a fuss.

"I say," he complained, "I've been boiling these bally eggs for more than an hour and they are not soft yet."

Jokes à la Mode

THAT vaudeville performers keep abreast of the times became quite apparent the other night in New York when four different comedians, following the nomination of Harding and Coolidge, revived and redressed a fairly well-known baseball joke in exactly the same form:

The two successful candidates, they related, upon leaving Chicago stopped at a small restaurant and ordered a quick lunch.

"Say, waiter," one of them called to the servitor, "our beans seem to be cold."

"Well," he suggested, "why not put on your hats?"

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The very sustenance and nourishment of business is advertising that is studiously truthful.

Every remote suggestion, as well as every direct statement in all KAHN advertising, has been carefully weighed.

KAHN Made-to-Measure Clothes are truly wonderful values, whether judged by past or present market standards.

In all of our appeals to you—three of which are reproduced on this page—we have persistently assured you of the fine quality of KAHN Made-to-Measure Clothes. And we have said that fine quality in tailoring depends on three intimately related factors—on artistic designing, on the use of the finest fabrics, and on the careful supervision of even the least detail of expert workmanship. In all of our advertising, we have made quality the consideration of prime importance.

In all of our advertising, too, we have called your attention to the fact that in buying KAHN Made-to-Measure Clothes you get the same fine quality of material, workmanship and style that the most exclusive custom tailoring gives you, for about the same price you would have to pay for really good ready-made clothes. Quality production on a large scale enables us to keep the price of our clothes within the reach of almost everyone who appreciates the pleasure and satisfaction of being well dressed.

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Suspenders
for comfort
Freedom of movement is the possession of every President wearer. No pull on buttons, no bind on shoulders.
Every pair guaranteed
Be sure the name President is on the buckle.
Made at Shirley Massachusetts

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 37)

provide us with no date to show its beginning. Linen was the prescribed vesture of the priests of Israel, and fine linen was the material that clothed the royalty of the earth up until a century ago.

In recent years more than one-third of the linen of the world has been manufactured in Ireland from flax grown in Russia. Less than four per cent of the raw material used by the Irish is home grown. Belgium has produced the best grade of flax, which has been largely used in the manufacture of shoe threads. Small tonnages have also been grown in Holland, France, Austria-Hungary and Germany.

Here in the United States we have been growing less than 6000 acres of flax for fiber, while at the same time our imports of linen textiles have averaged something like $20,000,000 annually.

America was once a linen country, and as far back as 1810 we produced more than 21,000,000 yards of linen, all of which was hand spun and hand woven. The records of that time show that flax was grown and linen produced on almost every farm in the thirteen original states. To-day the only linen mill in the country in operation is making crash toweling from imported flax. The advent of cotton machinery ousted the linen industry from America, for a hand-made product could not compete with a machine-made fabric.

At the time of the commencement of our Civil War we were producing 5,000,000 pounds of flax fiber in the United States. The supplies of raw cotton were cut off by the South and Northern mills were idle.

This situation gave an enormous impulse to the flax industry, and every effort was made to encourage the domestic production of flax.

In 1863 Congress appropriated $20,000 for an investigation "to test the practicability of cultivating and preparing flax or hemp as a substitute for cotton." As a result of the necessity that had risen the production of flax increased to 27,000,000 pounds by 1870, but as there were no new improvements in the laborious methods employed to prepare flax fiber, cotton again gained the ascendancy, and by 1880 the production of flax in the United States had fallen to less than 2,000,000 pounds.

The owners of large hotels and restaurants, where considerable quantities of linen are used, state that linen will outlast cotton goods in everyday wear in a proportion of not less than one to six. That is, one linen sheet or tablecloth will outwear six such articles made of cotton. Hundreds of families in the United States have valuable heirlooms in the shape of linen articles that were made 100 years or more ago. To such people there is no need to present proof that linen is a fabric possessed of many superior qualities.

The most remarkable fact with relation to the linen industry of the world is that the same methods are in vogue to-day in practically all countries as were used in the days when Moses led the children of Israel out of Egyptian bondage. This method consists of pulling the flax straw up by the roots, taking off the seed in a rippler and submerging the straw in water for several weeks in order to rot away the vegetable gum which binds the flax fiber to the woody pith or straw.

Not only does this ancient method entail hard labor in the water pits, but it is intensely disagreeable because of the unpleasant odors resulting from the decay of the vegetable matter. The only other known method is to spread the flax straw, after it has been deseeded, on the grass, subjecting it to the action of rain, sun and dew. This latter method depends largely on weather conditions for its success, and does not always bring satisfactory results, even when the straw is turned over every day for three or four months. Methods such as these had little appeal for the American farmer, and the consequence was that he turned from flax to more profitable crops at the earliest opportunity.

It is likely that the long slumber of the linen industry in America has been occasioned by the lack of any real incentive for science to devote close and persistent attention to the problem. The war furnished us that incentive, and advances have been made that will probably revolutionize the linen industry of the world. Engineers have produced a special mowing machine and a bunching device that cut 2000 acres of flax in Michigan at a cost of $8.50 an acre. This compares with a cost of seventeen dollars an acre for pulling by hand.

Up in Canada another machine has been devised that succeeded in gathering and binding flax at a low cost. Other inventors have produced a machine to take the place of the old-fashioned scutching wheel, which latter requires a skilled operator. The new machine can be operated by a girl, and reduces the cost to about sixty per cent of what it was before.

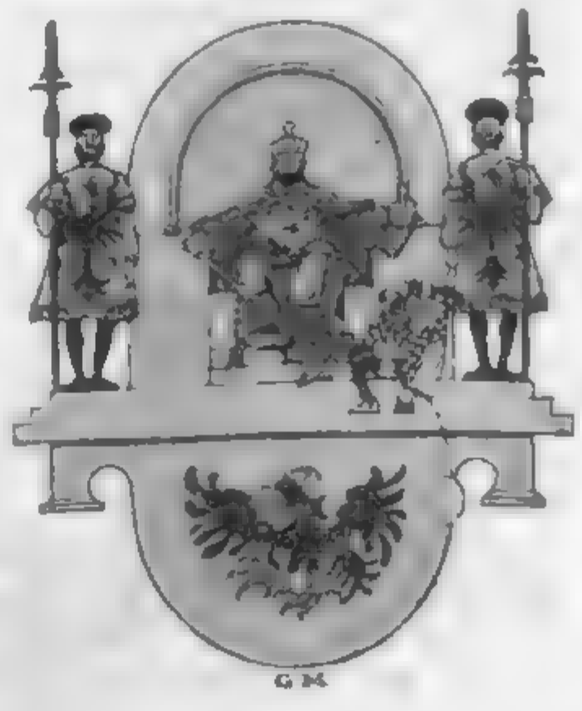
The newest and perhaps the most important discovery is the development of a synthetic process whereby a solution is produced that has an affinity for the gum that binds the fiber to the flax stock. This liquid, which is prepared without the use of any inorganic chemical matter, attracts and precipitates the gum, leaving the fiber free and uninjured. The entire process, from the straw to the finished fiber, requires less than two hours, which compares with weeks and months consumed by the old methods.

As a general rule the majority of inventions designed to advance or improve the methods employed in the utilization of a common raw material have come as a result of accidental discoveries in daily practice rather than deliberate research. Here we have the process reversed. We are now prepared to go ahead with the manufacture of linen, and the country has no raw materials with which to make the fabric. In other words, we are long on methods and short on goods.

A number of people interested in the re-establishment of a linen industry in the United States are taking steps to encourage American farmers to devote attention to the cultivation of flax. The proposed plan is to erect decorticating mills in various parts of the country where the landowners will agree to put 1000 acres or more into flax. This flax will be delivered to the mill, where it will be threshed and reduced to green-line fiber. This fiber will be baled and shipped to a central retting plant, erected to take care of an agricultural unit of no less than 10,000 acres. The product that comes from the central plant will be baled and shipped abroad, or used for domestic consumption just as cotton is to-day. As an adjunct to the central plant there will be a linseed-oil mill for the production of such oil, with a by-product of cake which will be used as a cattle feed.

The reports of investigators show that on an average 100 acres of land will yield approximately 200 tons of flax straw and seed. Of this tonnage twenty-two tons are seed, 116 tons are shive and boll and sixty-two tons are green-line fiber. Out of the sixty-two tons of green-line fiber come twenty-five tons of gum. It is this gum that is mixed with the boll and shive to make an animal feed that contains proteins, carbohydrates and fat.

The cultivation of flax presents no new problem to the intelligent farmer. Though flax will grow almost any place where other farm crops can be successfully raised, it does best in a good sandy-loam soil. Years ago the opinion prevailed that flax is exhausting to the soil. This belief has been disproved, and it is now known that it makes no more demands on the soil than any other grain crop. It is a fact, however, that flax will not grow on the same land year after year, since it deposits a humus in the soil that acts against itself, which demands that at least three years must intervene before flax is again grown on the same ground. In other words, it should be rotated at least once in four years and should be sown after potatoes, beans, vetches or other nitrogenous plants. This does not mean that it will fail to thrive if sown after other crops. Experience has taught that it rotates well with wheat, oats or rye.



Last year a test crop of flax was grown in southeast Georgia, and a subsequent investigation showed that this product was of as good quality as the Irish or Belgian flax. In our Southern States the crop can be sown in February and will mature in from eighty to ninety days, leaving ample time for the planting of corn, cotton, potatoes and other crops. In sections where the boll weevil is playing havoc with cotton flax can be grown as a substitute crop. If the plans that are under way successfully mature the farmers of the South will be able to use flax as a spring crop, so that it would not interfere with the growing of cotton later.

There is now an annual demand for about 12,000 tons of flax in the United States for use in the thread and linen crash industries. In Europe the hundreds of thousands of spindles that are either idle or working part time would consume all of the flax that could be produced in this country for years to come. Prior to the war the price of flax averaged round twenty-five cents a pound. Since then the price has risen to one dollar or $1.50 a pound, according to grade. It is also certain that just as soon as American textile manufacturers find that they can get a constant supply of flax at a reasonable price they will take up the manufacture of linen, and America will witness the birth of a new industry.

According to the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, more than 4,000,000 acres of land throughout the world were devoted to the growing of fiber flax at the commencement of the war, and this area produced about 800,000 tons of fiber. The flax-spinning factories of the world contained about 3,000,000 spindles, of which number one-third were in Ireland.

One authority estimates that from four to five million acres of flax will now have to be grown to supply the normal world demand. At first glance this acreage may seem quite large, but it is small when compared with the 38,000,000 acres that are devoted to growing cotton in the United States each year. It is also stated that cotton requires considerably more money and fifty per cent more labor to produce than flax. It requires from three to five acres of land to grow a ton of flax fiber. Fiber flax-seed grown in Michigan in 1918 brought about ten dollars a bushel for export to Ireland. Canadian flax in 1918 sold as high as eighty cents a pound. Thresher-run seed brought six dollars a bushel.

If the linen industry of the world is to be born again its new life will come from the substitution of scientific knowledge and new machines for the old, tedious processes of Nature. The Russian farmers engaged in the growing of flax, not for love or money, but because a government edict compelled them to plant a percentage of their land in flax. This product was later collected by the taxgatherers and sold to liquidate taxes levied on the farms. The soviet leaders have declared an end to flax-fiber production except for home consumption. It is plain therefore that the time is ripe for America to enter the field and with the aid of science and invention resurrect and modernize the dying art of linen manufacture.

Good linen to-day commands a price that is from five to fifteen times as much as was paid for pieces of this fabric before the war. Unless our American farmers soon come to the rescue the present owners of real linen goods will be able to trade their supplies of this material for such trifles as an automobile, a house and lot or a balcony seat in a modern, first-class theater next winter after the new scale of prices has gone into effect.

A large supply of good linen would probably improve and cheapen the production of automobile tires, which are now made of a cotton fabric that possesses far less endurance and strength than linen. The aircraft industry is also becoming a business that threatens to duplicate the rapid growth of the motor-car business. What can we use for airplane wings that will prove to be as satisfactory as this fabric that has served humanity since the beginning of time?

"His Good Seal" is a real guarantee"

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Neat, plain blue and white, and brown and white patterns for a spotless kitchen or dining room; dignified harmonious ones for a restful, neat living room or cozy bedroom—and so on, with infinite variety and good taste that is seldom evidenced in rugs that cost so little.

3 x 4½	feet $2.40	7½ x 9	feet $11.85		
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Brasco	½ Reg AC Titan
Buick Six	½ Long AC Titan
Buick Model 45	½ Reg AC Titan
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Comet	½ Reg AC Titan
Commonwealth	SAE Reg AC Titan
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Dyxs	½ Reg AC Titan
Detroiter	½ Reg AC Titan
Dishow	SAE Reg AC Titan
Dixie	½ Reg AC Titan
Dodge	Dodge Spec AC Titan
Harris	½ Reg AC Titan
Dort	½ Reg AC Titan
Economy	SAE Reg AC Titan
Elcar	½ Reg AC Titan
Elkhart	½ Reg AC Titan
Elmira	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Empire	½ Reg AC Titan
Essex 12 Cylinder	½ Long AC Titan
Essex 6 Cylinder	½ Reg AC Titan
Fiat	Reg Metric AC Titan
Ford	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Fiat	Reg Metric AC Titan
Franklin	SAE Reg AC Titan
Frontenac	½ Reg AC Titan
Gardner	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Grant	½ Reg AC Titan
Gray Dort	½ Reg AC Titan
Hal	½ Reg AC Titan
Hamlin Holmes Front Drive	½ Reg AC Titan
Hartford	½ Reg AC Titan
Haskell	½ Reg AC Titan
Hatfield	½ Reg AC Titan
Haynes	SAE Reg AC Titan
Hecker	½ Reg AC Titan
Hudson	½ Reg AC Titan
Hupmobile	½ Reg AC Titan
Inter-State	½ Reg AC Titan
Jackson	½ Reg AC Titan
Jeffery	½ Reg AC Titan
Jordan	½ Reg AC Titan
Kenworthy	½ Reg AC Titan
King	½ Reg AC Titan
Kissel Kar	½ Reg AC Titan
Knox Kar	½ Reg AC Titan
Lexington Power Plus Six	½ Reg AC Titan
Lafayette	½ Reg AC Titan
Lexington	½ Reg AC Titan
Liberty	½ Reg AC Titan
Locomobile	Special AC Titan
Lorer	SAE Reg AC Titan
Mabley	½ Reg AC Titan
Marion Handley	½ Reg AC Titan
Marmon	SAE Reg AC Titan
McLaughlin Buick Can Motor 60-65	SAE Long AC Titan
McLaughlin Buick Can Model 85	½ Reg AC Titan
McLaughlin Buick Can Other models	½ Reg AC Titan
Meteor	½ Reg AC Titan
Metz	Extra Long AC Titan
Mitchell	SAE Reg AC Titan
Moline Knight	½ Reg AC Titan
Monroe	SAE Long AC Titan
Moon	½ Reg AC Titan
Nash 1918	SAE Long AC Titan
Nash 1919	SAE Long AC Titan
Nash 1920	Extra Long SAE AC Titan
National	½ Reg AC Titan
Nelson	½ Reg AC Titan
Oakland up to 1918	½ Reg AC Titan
Oakland All Six	SAE Long AC Titan
Oldsmobile 8 Cylinder	½ Reg AC Titan
Oldsmobile 6 Cylinder	½ Reg AC Titan
Overland	½ Reg AC Titan
Owen Magnetic	½ Reg AC Titan
Packard	½ Reg AC Titan
Paige Detroit	½ Reg AC Titan
Paige	½ Reg AC Titan
Pan American	½ Reg AC Titan
Peerless	½ Reg AC Titan
Pierce Arrow	SAE Reg AC Titan
Pilot	½ Reg AC Titan
Porter	½ Long AC Titan
Premier	½ Reg AC Titan
Regal	AC Aviation Metric
Reo	SAE Long AC Titan
Republic	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Reserve	½ Long AC Titan
Roamer	½ Reg AC Titan
Rock Falls	½ Reg AC Titan
R & V Knight	½ Reg AC Titan
Saxon	½ Reg AC Titan
Scripps Booth Four	SAE Reg AC Titan
Scripps Booth Six	½ Long AC Titan
Scripps Booth Eight	SAE Long AC Titan
Seneca	Extra Long SAE AC Titan
Singer	½ Reg AC Titan
Standard Eight	½ Reg AC Titan
Strawbridge	½ Reg AC Titan
Stearns Knight	SAE Reg AC Titan
Stevens Duryea	½ Long AC Titan
Stewart	½ Reg AC Titan
Studebaker, up to 1920	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Studebaker 1920	SAE Reg AC Titan
Stutz	½ Reg AC Titan
Templar	½ Reg AC Titan
Texan	½ Reg AC Titan
Trane	½ Reg AC Titan
Ungar	½ Reg AC Titan
Westcott	½ Reg AC Titan
Waite	½ Long Body AC Titan
Willys Knight	½ Reg AC Titan
Winton	½ Long AC Titan

COMMERCIAL CARS

Acason	½ Reg AC Titan
Ace	½ Reg AC Titan
Acme	½ Reg AC Titan
Ahrens Fox Fire Trucks	½ Reg AC Titan
American	½ Reg AC Titan
American LaFrance	½ Reg AC Titan
Apex	½ Reg AC Titan
Ateo	½ Reg AC Titan
Atlas	½ Reg AC Titan
All Power	½ Reg AC Titan
Armleder	½ Reg AC Titan
Avanal	½ Reg AC Titan
Buck Hawkeye	½ Reg AC Titan
Bell	½ Reg AC Titan
Brockway	½ Long Body AC Titan
Bergt	½ Reg AC Titan
Bridgeport	½ Reg AC Titan
Brunton	½ Reg AC Titan
Broadway	½ Reg AC Titan
Buffalo	½ Reg AC Titan
Chase	½ Reg AC Titan
Chevrolet	½ Reg AC Titan
Clydesdale	½ Reg AC Titan
Diamond	½ Reg AC Titan
Comet	½ Reg AC Titan
Commerce	½ Reg AC Titan
Conestoga	½ Reg AC Titan
Dort	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Defiance	½ Reg AC Titan
Denby	½ Reg AC Titan
Derby Canada	½ Reg AC Titan
Dessam	½ Reg AC Titan
Dependable	½ Reg AC Titan
Diamond T	½ Reg AC Titan
Ewd	½ Reg AC Titan
Dunge	½ Reg AC Titan
Dyxs	½ Reg AC Titan
Daly	½ Long AC Titan
Elmira	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Federal	½ Reg AC Titan
Ford	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Forschler	½ Reg AC Titan
F W D	½ Reg AC Titan
Frontenac	½ Reg AC Titan
Garne	½ Reg AC Titan
G M C	½ Reg AC Titan
Garford	½ Reg AC Titan
Gary	½ Reg AC Titan
Gmc	½ Reg AC Titan
Golden West	½ Long Body AC Titan
Graton Bernatez	½ Reg AC Titan
Hewett	½ Reg AC Titan
Hahn	½ Reg AC Titan
Hme	½ Reg AC Titan
Harvey	½ Reg AC Titan
Homer Laughlin	½ Reg AC Titan
Hupp Knight	½ Reg AC Titan
Hoover	½ Reg AC Titan
H R L	½ Reg AC Titan
Hurlburt	½ Reg AC Titan
I H C	½ Reg AC Titan
I H C Commercial Passenger Car	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Independent	½ Reg AC Titan
J & J	½ Reg AC Titan
Jordan	½ Reg AC Titan
Kelly Springfield	½ Reg AC Titan
Kalamazoo	½ Reg AC Titan
Kelsey-Wheel	½ Reg AC Titan
Kearns	½ Reg AC Titan
Keystone	½ Reg AC Titan
Kissel Kar	½ Reg AC Titan
Kleiber	½ Reg AC Titan
Klemm	½ Reg AC Titan
Koehler	½ Reg AC Titan
K-Z	½ Reg AC Titan
Lippard-Stewart	½ Reg AC Titan
F M C	½ Reg AC Titan
Mercer	½ Reg AC Titan
Master	½ Reg AC Titan
Maxim Fire Trucks	½ Reg AC Titan
Menominee	½ Reg AC Titan
Menard	½ Reg AC Titan
Moreland	½ Long Body AC Titan
Muskegon	½ Long Body AC Titan
Napoleon	½ Reg AC Titan
Nash	½ Reg AC Titan
Nelson	½ Reg AC Titan
Nelson LeMoon	½ Reg AC Titan
Nemo	½ Reg AC Titan
Nyberg	½ Reg AC Titan
O K	½ Reg AC Titan
Old Reliable	½ Reg AC Titan
Olds	½ Long AC Titan
Oneida	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Oshkosh	½ Reg AC Titan
Overland	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Packard	½ Reg AC Titan
Pace	½ Reg AC Titan
Parker	½ Reg AC Titan
Patriot	½ Long Body AC Titan
Peerless	½ Reg AC Titan
Pierce Arrow	½ Reg AC Titan
Pittsburgher	½ Reg AC Titan
Ranger	½ Reg AC Titan
Reo	½ Long AC Titan
Republic	½ Reg AC Titan
Reynolds	½ Reg AC Titan
Rider	SAE Reg AC Titan
Robinson Fire Trucks	½ Long Body AC Titan
Roamer	½ Reg AC Titan
Sanford	½ Reg AC Titan
Sauer	½ Reg AC Titan
Schact	½ Reg AC Titan
Schwartz	½ Reg AC Titan
Sedgefield	½ Reg AC Titan
Selden	½ Reg AC Titan
Service	½ Reg AC Titan
Standard	½ Reg AC Titan
Stanwood	½ Reg AC Titan
St Cloud	½ Reg AC Titan
Sterling	½ Reg AC Titan
Stewart	½ Reg AC Titan
Studebaker up to 1920	½ Reg AC Titan
Studebaker 1920	SAE Reg AC Titan
Sultan	½ Reg AC Titan
Super	½ Reg AC Titan
Titan	½ Long Body AC Titan
Tower	½ Reg AC Titan
United States	½ Reg AC Titan
Universal	½ Reg AC Titan
Vim	½ Reg AC Titan
Vogue	½ Reg AC Titan
Wallet	½ Reg AC Titan
Ward LaFrance	½ Reg AC Titan
Watson	½ Reg AC Titan
White	½ Long Body AC Titan
White Hickory	½ Reg AC Titan
Wichita	½ Reg AC Titan
Wilcox Trux	SAE Reg AC Titan
Wilson	½ Reg AC Titan
Winther	½ Reg AC Titan

TRACTORS

Advance Rumely	½ Reg AC Tractor
Allis-Chalmers	½ Reg AC Tractor
Allwork	½ Reg AC Tractor
American	½ Reg AC Tractor
Appleton	½ Reg AC Tractor
A & I Model C	½ Reg AC Tractor
A & I Model 6	½ Reg AC Tractor
A & I Other models	½ Reg AC Tractor
Avery Model 8-16	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Avery Model 12-25	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Avery Model 18-36	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Avery Model 25-50	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Avery Model 40-80	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Avery Model 5-10	½ Reg AC Tractor
Avery Motor Cultivator	½ Reg AC Tractor
Avery Model 14-28	½ Long AC Titan
Bates Steel Mule	SAE Long AC Titan
Bettendorf	½ Reg AC Tractor
Beeman Garden	½ Reg AC Titan
Bering	½ Long AC Titan
Bemis	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Buffalo	½ Reg AC Titan
J I Case T M Co	½ Reg AC Titan
Clark	½ Reg AC Titan
Cleveland	½ Reg AC Tractor
Comet	½ Reg AC Titan
Dakota Model 1919	½ Reg AC Tractor
Dart	½ Reg AC Tractor
Deere	½ Reg AC Titan
Dakota Model 1918	½ Reg AC Tractor
Eagle	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
F B	½ Reg AC Tractor
Fitch	½ Long AC Titan
Four City	Extra Long AC Titan
Gile Model Q	½ Reg AC Tractor
Gile Model P	½ Reg AC Tractor
Gile Model PB	½ Reg AC Tractor
Gile Model L	½ Reg AC Tractor
Gile Model K L	½ Reg AC Tractor
Gray	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hackney Model 3 1919	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hackney Model C 1919	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hackney Model 1917	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hackney Model 1918	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hackney Model 4 1919	½ Long AC Titan
Heider	½ Reg AC Tractor
Holt Caterpillar Model 45	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Holt Caterpillar Model 75	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Holt Caterpillar Model 120	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Holt Caterpillar Model 55	½ Long AC Titan Carbon Proof
Howell 1919	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Howell 1918	½ Reg AC Tractor
Huber "Light Four"	½ Reg AC Tractor
Huber 35-70	½ Reg AC Tractor
Hudson	½ Reg AC Tractor
Imperial Forty	½ Reg AC Tractor
J I	½ Long AC Titan
K G	½ Reg AC Tractor
Knox	½ Reg AC Titan
La Crosse	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Lauson	½ Reg AC Tractor
Leader Model B 12-18	½ Reg AC Tractor
Leader Model C 18-36	½ Reg AC Tractor
Leonard	½ Reg AC Tractor
Liberty	½ Reg AC Tractor
Little Giant	½ Long AC Titan
Mack Bros Tractor	½ Reg AC Tractor
Minneapolis	½ Reg AC Tractor
Monarch	½ Reg AC Tractor
National	½ Reg AC Tractor
Nelson	½ Reg AC Titan
New Britain	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Nilson	½ Reg AC Tractor
Parrett	½ Reg AC Tractor
Peoria	½ Reg AC Tractor
Pioneer	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Port Huron	½ Long AC Titan
Post	½ Reg AC Tractor
Power	½ Reg AC Tractor
Prairie Dog	½ Reg AC Tractor
Rumely Model 12-24	½ Reg AC Tractor
Rumely Model 15-30	½ Reg AC Tractor
Rumely Model 20-40	½ Reg AC Tractor
Rumely Model 40-80	½ Reg AC Tractor
Samson	½ Long AC Titan
Sandusky	½ Reg AC Tractor
Sawyer Massey Can	SAE Long AC Titan
Scott Farm	½ Reg AC Tractor
Sears	½ Reg AC Titan
Stinson	½ Long AC Titan
Strit-Unit Transmission	½ Reg AC Tractor
Sweden	½ Reg AC Tractor
Topp-Stewart	½ Reg AC Tractor
Townsend	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Troga	½ Reg AC Tractor
Trackslayer	½ Reg AC Tractor
Tanner-Langley	½ Reg AC Tractor
Twin City	½ Reg AC Tractor
Uncle Sam	½ Reg AC Tractor
Victory	SAE Reg AC Titan
Wades	½ Reg AC Titan
Waterloo	½ Reg AC Titan
Waterman	½ Reg AC Titan
Waterloo Boy	½ Long AC Titan
Wolverine 1918	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Yankee	½ Reg AC Tractor
Yuba Ball Tread 12-25	½ Long AC Titan
Yuba Ball Tread 25-40	½ Long AC Titan
Yuba Ball Tread 12-30	½ Reg AC Tractor

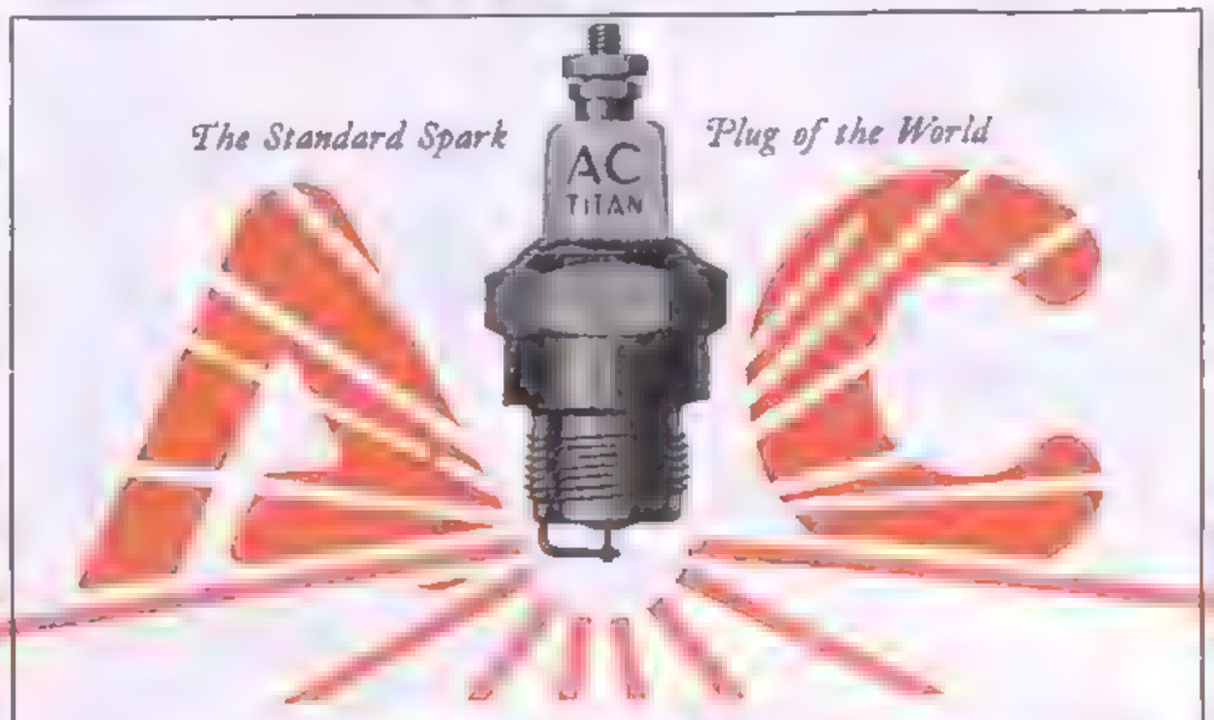
MISCELLANEOUS

Automatic Lighting Plant	½ Reg AC Titan
Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel	Reg Metric AC Titan
Delco Light	SAE Reg AC Titan
Domestic Plants	½ Reg AC Titan
Excelsior Motorcycles	Reg Metric AC Titan
Genco Light	SAE Reg AC Titan
Henderson Motorcycles	Short Metric AC Titan
Ingerson Rand Air Compressors	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Johnson Motor Wheel	Reg Metric AC Titan
Lunex Light	½ Reg AC Titan
Maytag Washing Machines	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Northlite Lighting Plants	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Owen Light & Power Plants	½ Long Body AC Titan
Perfect Power Sprayers	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Schwartz Lighting Plants	½ Reg AC Titan Carbon Proof
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors	½ Reg AC Titan

AIRCRAFT MOTORS

Curtiss	AC Aviation—Metric
Hall-Scott	AC Aviation—Metric
Hispano-Suiza	AC Aviation—Metric
Liberty	AC Aviation—Metric

The Standard Spark Plug of the World



Look in this list for your automobile and find the particular type of AC Spark Plug which is specially designed for your engine. When you need spark plugs go to your dealer and buy the AC's as indicated in the list given.

Keep this page. Hang it on the wall of your garage for future reference

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,721, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,316,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

IT PAYS TO SMILE

(Continued from Page 27)

Mr. Markheim, Pinto and Alicia and myself were indoors, an unusually cold snap having offered us the treat of an open fire, a not unmixed pleasure by reason of our being under some anxiety about the trees. But on the whole it was what some modern poet whose name I cannot at the moment recall has termed the end of a perfect day.

To begin with, I had dispatched three pounds of wool to Euphemia, who Galadia, my only source of information about my sister, had written was doing great work for the Red Cross; her chief natural gift, that of knitting, had suddenly become of immense importance since the outbreak of the war, and she had to her credit and the honor of the family three hundred pair of socks. The achievement appeared almost foreign to me, inasmuch as I had not knitted any socks since that momentous pair at Monte Carlo, a surprising faculty for a more active existence having developed in me during my sojourn on the ranch. At any rate I had sent out the wool, finished my last jar of marmalade, of which I had made an experimental thousand for a market which Mr. Pegg intended the development of, and Mr. Markheim had returned from a visit East in company with Pinto. Peaches had that day succeeded in breaking a pony she had long desired as a saddle horse and had hitherto been unsuccessful with. Mr. Pegg had a special design for the marmalade jars—a crystal orange, of the natural size and shape, the preserved fruit to furnish the color, and he and I were most enthusiastic over it.

Mr. Markheim also credited himself with a successful trip, though from a wholly different cause. It appeared that he had at length contrived to install in his house a picture which he had long coveted, and this picture was none other than the Madonna of the Lamp, for which he had paid five hundred thousand dollars. Since his purchase of it the picture had been stored, and it seemed to me a strange time to trouble with getting it out, but Sebastian Markheim, with the fervor of the true collector and the madness which seems the hall mark of his kind, was apparently oblivious of this circumstance and became rapt in his description of it.

"You must have seen it in Vienna," he said. "Good heavens, don't say you have seen photographs of it! You cannot imagine the beauty of the thing itself. I have given directions for the remodeling of the south wall of my library in the Ossining house for its occupancy. It will hang all alone on that wall—it's only a small picture, you know, so I have had Hasbrock, the architect, design some panels to encircle it. I hope it is going to please you, Alicia."

"What?" said Mr. Pegg, twirling round suddenly from the bowl of ripe olives with which he was occupied. "What's that? Why should Alicia be pleased?"

"She's going to live there with it!" said Markheim. "She promised this afternoon!"

"Oh, no!" I said, getting to my feet. But nobody seemed to hear me.

"Yes, father," said Alicia. Then Pinto's face broke into a sort of crooked smile and he held out his hands to both of them.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said. "Think of my Peaches picking out a friend of her father's! Why, Markheim, you must be somewhere near my own age!"

"Why, pa, how rude!" said Alicia. "Aren't you going to kiss me? And you too, Free! Stop standing there like a dummy! People get married all the time—there's nothing unusual about it, you poor nuts! Come on, congratulate us!"

Well, of course, I recovered myself as best I could and pecked her on the cheek. But I didn't feel my congratulations—I simply couldn't feel them. To marry that old man. And a foreigner! And a German Swiss! And everything! It was too dreadful! Nothing could make me feel that she was doing it for any reason except pity and because he had nagged her into it with his ceaseless attentions. Of course we had nothing against him, absolutely nothing, because after all being a millionaire art collector is not in itself strictly criminal. But with the memory of that beautiful romance in Italy still fresh in my own mind I could not understand it—I simply could not; and every fiber of my being resented it. Youth and age! It was all wrong. She had a silly notion that her heart was dead and that it didn't matter what she did. That if it gave Sebastian happiness to marry her—why, he was good and kind and rich and cultured and famous, and why not give joy since one could no longer experience it?

I could see in a flash what had gone on in her simple, honest, generous mind, and it nearly drove me wild, while all the time I had to stand there grinning and patting her on the shoulder, and saying how wonderful it all was, when in reality I wanted to drag her out of the room and shake her for being such a great silly fool, and force her to stop it before anyone else heard of her folly and she found herself in the complications of public knowledge of her engagement.

Instead of which I stood round and admired the wonderful five-carat diamond ring which Markheim produced, and behaved like an idiot generally.

"Well, well, when is it to be?" Mr. Pegg wanted to know.

Alicia turned her big eyes slowly to her father's puzzled face.

"I have promised Sebastian," she said slowly, "to marry him as soon as the war is over!"

Her tone had, to my ears, the expectancy of a long reprieve.

There Suddenly and Soundlessly a Form Was Towering Vaguely Before Us, Its White Face Luminous in a Shaft of Uncanny Light

And it was at that minute that the fire bells began to ring.

You can be sure we all rushed out at that, crying, "Where is it? What is the matter?" and many other similar exclamations natural to the situation. But at first nobody seemed to know. The Chinese cook came out, frying pan in hand, and began running round in circles. The hands were soon straggling in from their camp in the gulch by the river. Somebody, Mr. Pegg, tried the telephone, but could get no answer. By this time almost everybody on the ranch had assembled before the house, shivering with the frost and searching the sky for signs of the incendiary glare, but in vain. An automobile dashed by down the Letterbox road with two prospectors in it. One was firing a gun like mad and he yelled something unintelligible at us in passing but ignored our invitation to stop.

Then from the direction of the town a flivver emerged out of the swiftly falling dusk, and as it stopped in front of our gate a man in the uniform of an American captain jumped down with the aid of his uninjured arm, the other being supported by a sling, and came running toward us, flinging his cap into the air, the lights from our porch gleaming upon his excited face and upon the decorations on his breast.

"Victory!" he shouted. "Victory! Schoolhouse fire? Hell! The armistice was signed at two o'clock to-day!"

It was Richard, the chauffeur, and I assure you that it was at that moment that I recognized the strong family resemblance and decided that he might after all be a Talbot—one of our Talbots.

You can imagine the wild riot into which the news and the bearer of it threw us. I cannot describe it. Everyone went crazy and I have a blurred recollection of kissing several persons, the Chinaman among them. But only one thing stands out clearly in my mind—Alicia standing like a stone in a corner of the veranda, her white face lifted to the rising moon, and Markheim running toward her with burning words which seemed to fall upon deaf ears.

"Alicia, Alicia, it's the end of the war!" he was shouting.

I

I RECALL upon one occasion my dear father having said that love in a cottage was better than politeness in a mansion, and this came at once to mind upon the occasion of our visit to Sebastian Markheim's palace on the banks of the upper section of the Hudson River.

This took place just six months after that wonderful night when my dear nephew, as I was now convinced he was, returned, so to speak, with the armistice in his pocket. Sebastian, as I was now instructed to call Mr. Markheim, had desired us to come sooner, in order that Peaches might herself assist in selecting the plans and furnishings incident to the remodeling of what was to be her home.

But Peaches was reluctant to go. Of course there was a good deal of readjustment to be done on all her father's ranches, and while he was in the south, where the big orchards were, we set in order the home ranch, which had been practically in our charge for a year and a half, and she gave as excuse for the delay the necessity for making these readjustments herself. Richard was to be left in complete charge and she busied herself quite unnecessarily in showing him a thousand details. Every week she would promise to be ready, and when the time came she would have discovered something which nobody else could take care of, which was all nonsense, because a citrus ranch practically takes care of itself during the winter months. But by hook and crook she held us off until April, and then at last we were ready to go.

I will state that I for one was unreservedly eager to go home—to go East. I was, in point of fact, so excited at the prospect that on the night before our departure I found myself unable to compose myself to slumber, and rising from my uneasy couch I donned a robe and ventured forth from my bedchamber, which was upon the ground floor.

The moonlight, which flooded the garden, gave it an uncanny distorted aspect, and all at once as I sat there, huddled upon a bench close to the wall of the house, I seemed to see the ranch and its surroundings with the same eyes which envisioned it upon my arrival so long ago. This sudden

(Continued on Page 77)

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Tell him if anything bearing our name has not given perfect satisfaction—he's as ready as we to see that you get full value.

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Wilson Bro's

Established 1864—Complete Furnishers of Men

CHICAGO BOSTON DALLAS DETROIT LOUISVILLE ST. LOUIS NEW YORK PARIS

(Continued from Page 75)

clarity of vision was doubtless due to the subconscious influence of my impending departure. At any rate the place, which I had grown so accustomed to that I beheld it only with the blindness of familiarity, seemed once more the impossibly crude wilderness that it appeared to be upon my arrival.

For in the northern part of California there is little of the induced luxuriance of the South. There is something of the Eastern farmer's fight with the elements and a Nature that is not always overly kind or utterly dependable, and our garden was not a thing of lovely lawns, dense shrubs and misty glades. Far from it. Our flower beds were as practically irrigated as our orchards, standing deep in mud and lifting their wonderful blossoms from the mire we so religiously provided for them. There was none of the trimness of an Eastern estate about our more than practical, enterprising organization. Rather it bore the general aspect of Boston Common after an August holiday. It was, in plain truth, shockingly untidy, and I was horrified to realize that even I, who had been so carefully reared by the immaculate Euphemia, had made only the most feeble sort of effort to tidy up. I had been unable to see the molehills for the mountains, as one might say.

But now, with the thought of the concentrated, condensed East before me, I perceived the unevenness of our paths, the forgotten bundle of old papers outside the storehouse, the broken gate which everyone cursed at but forgot to mend; and the olive and orange clad hills beyond grew dim in my mind's eye even as they formed but indistinguishable black patches in the cloud-changing moonlight. A deep longing for my own kind of living swept over me, and I even went so far as to experience a desire for Euphemia's breakfast room on Chestnut Street, and the mended table linen—the careful little things of life grown dear through years of painstakingly careful usage.

Moved by this overwhelming impulse I was on the verge of rising and gathering up that disgracefully untidy bundle of papers and carrying it to the trash bin where it belonged, thus at once satisfying a normal impulse and proving to myself that my upbringing had not been in vain, when I became aware that the window above my head had been opened softly and that someone—Peaches, without a doubt, since that was her chamber—was standing there, crying softly.

My first impulse was to speak—to go to her with what comfort I was capable of offering, but having for an instant refrained I could not do so. Since the announcement of her betrothal to Markheim a wall had sprung up between us as far as her intimate life was concerned. Indeed she seemed to have withdrawn into herself curiously, though I doubt that anyone realized it as keenly as did I.

And then having failed to speak immediately I found myself in an awkward predicament. Should I move or not? I had no desire to eavesdrop for the confidence she withheld, and yet I felt it my bounden duty as her chaperon and guardian and older woman generally to know all about her by one means or another, for her own good, and not out of mere female curiosity. And so allowing my sense of responsibility to conquer my delicacy I kept very still, and before long my diligence was rewarded.

"A clean sweep!" whispered Peaches at her window. "No use kidding myself. I'll make the break clean. It's the only thing to do!"

There was a short silence punctuated only by a few sniffs, and then an object flew through the air over my head and landed in the pool with a splash. The window above was closed with a snap. Whatever ritual she had been at was over. But not so the fulfillment of my duty as her protectress.

No sooner had I made sure that she was not going to change her mind and come down after it than I crept stealthily to the water's edge, having carefully noted the very spot where the object fell, and kneeling on the concrete basin's brim, greatly to the detriment of that portion of my anatomy which bore the weight, being clad only for private life, I fished determinedly for the best part of half an hour, my sleeves rolled up but not escaping the effects of my earnest endeavor, and my curlers getting thoroughly soaked.

Fortunately Peaches' aim, usually so accurate and far reaching in the pursuit of the national sport of baseball, or any other emergency such as a high-hung apple, had fallen a little short this time, her secret having hit the shallow end of the pond. And so it was that only after a very considerable period of effort did I retrieve the object, and retreated with it to the seclusion of my room.

Once there I lit the lamp, drew the curtains, locked the door and proceeded with my duty still further. It was a terribly moist little bundle, done up in a silk handkerchief and weighted with the bronze paperweight I had given Peaches for Christmas. But I was too much interested to mind this slight. For inside the bundle were two letters, already a mere pulpy mass from the soaking they had sustained, a brittle something which might once have been a rose, and the duke's wallet!

The last was still intact, but before examining it I made a little fire on the hearth, and by diligent coaxing managed to consume the remnants of the other souvenirs. They were no one's affair except that of the lovers and no other eyes should behold them unbidden. And when they were quite concealed in the ashes of the fireplace I returned to the light and examined the wallet carefully. It seemed to me that there simply must be more to the matter than appeared. In any of those books which had so deep an influence upon my early thinking the discoverer of such a wallet would have surprised a jewel of value, secret documents popularly referred to as the papers, or a marriage certificate which cleared the honor of the hero's mother, or something equally vital. And I must confess that I, in opening my find, rather anticipated some such discovery, but my expectations were doomed to disappointment, for it was in very truth what Peaches had suggested—a mileage ticket of some sort made out in Sandro's name!

I will say that this end of my exciting evening was a trifle flat, but as my dear father used to say, our chief pleasure lies in anticipation and no disappointment in the event can cheat us of that. So I simply decided to put the thing carefully away in the bottom of my reticule in case it was ever needed. What with the war and all, one never can tell who is going to turn up a hero; and just think what souvenirs of Rupert Brooke, for example, are worth to-day, not to mention Napoleon and General Grant, and so forth, whose hero value has, of course, been augmented with time.

Well, at any rate, that was all there was to it at the time. I slept the sleep of duty well done, because I was determined to take care of Peaches in spite of herself, and the next morning rose refreshed, to make the early train to San Francisco, where we were to join Mr. Pegg and turn our faces eastward.

The house which Sebastian Markheim had remodeled for his bride-to-be was already a sumptuous structure worthy of the famous collection of art treasures which it housed, and his efforts in altering it had been bent rather in the direction of improving its livableness and making it a cheerier spot to which to bring a young wife. The object of our visit was that Peaches be given the opportunity of making it completely to her liking in advance of her possession of it, and incidentally to make the acquaintance of her future neighbors.

He had planned a large house party as the means of introducing his fiancée to his social world, and she intended to procure her trousseau in New York during intervals of the gayety. Mr. Pegg was enchanted at the prospect thus opened up before him, and I was myself much elated at the thought of experiencing some real social life once more, for Abby's hospitality in dear old Italy, so lavish and yet in such excellent good form, had given me a taste for the gayeties my restricted youth had lacked. Even Peaches was gay, though not as of yore, but rather with a mature, stately gayety, and her manner toward me had become positively motherly.

"There now, Free!" she soothed me one day when I had expressed a mild concern about her state of mind. "There now, Free, don't you worry about me! We all have to grow up sometime, don't we? Can't stay young plants forever—especially we women. Comes a time when young plants have to be grafted to old stock so as to be ready for bearing—eh? Well, that's me, old thing!"

I was shocked at her indelicacy.

"If that is how you regard your forthcoming nuptials," I said stiffly, "you ought to dissolve your betrothal. One should marry only for love—for love alone!"

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"Oh, should they?" said Peaches. "That's all you know about it. I'm very fond of Mr. Mark—of Sebastian, and he is the typical good husband."

"But you don't love him!" I protested firmly.

"I love him as much as I am likely to love anyone," responded Peaches—like a young Portia, so stately and serious. "And even if he is half a head shorter than I am he has a kind heart and he's a gentleman."

"And not over sixty years old!" I retorted. "Oh, Peaches, do you really want to do it?"

Suddenly she was serious. The defensively bantering light went out of her changeful eyes.

"Don't, Free!" she pleaded. "Yes, I do want to. I want to be a reasonable being—to make the best life I can for myself since I must go on living. I don't want to be a coward. I am still young and I haven't seen much of the world. Riches, art treasures, cultured people, and things—social position—there must be joy in these things or folks would not struggle for them so! And since they must be filling up the emptiness in a whole lot of lives I'm going to have a try at them too. Don't be afraid for me. I know just what I am doing. I know that I shall never care again. But I can like. And I can live, and I'm going to use my old beau to help me get the most out of life that I can when—when—well, you know, only don't say it, please!"

She was wonderful. So big and beautiful and full of health and common sense. I could not but admire her, though, of course, a few maidenly tears and vows of lifelong fidelity to the heroic dead would have been more suitable But things had already gone too far for that. At the time the above-recorded conversation took place we were standing upon the steps of the Ritz in New York, waiting for the car which was to convey us up the river. Mr. Markheim had not expected us for another week and so hadn't been at the hotel to meet us, but was sending his chauffeur.

And in a way Peaches' words reassured me. After all, one must eventually resign oneself to fate, and if one had the good sense to take fate by the horns and, as Peaches would say, "beat him to it"—why, so much the better. We could all settle down to watch her live happily enough ever after if her program worked out.

But would it? Despite her assurance I felt a faint misgiving. My dear father used always to say: "Never you girls marry until Mister Right comes along." And we were brought up to honor and obey our parents—with the result that at the respective ages of fifty and sixty we girls were still single. However, I digress.

In my youth, following the precepts of my father and seeking knowledge of the world through the medium of literature, I came upon the works of a lady of rank whose writings had for me the greatest fascination. As to what her actual name was I have to this day remained in ignorance, and her title, The Duchess, is all that I identify her by. But this estimable lady, while somewhat given to the recounting of scandalous episodes and the misfortunes peculiar to innocent maidens, had a wealth of descriptive power when she undertook the delineation of rich and aristocratic mansions or the interiors of castles of the less-modest variety. But nothing ever recorded by her could begin to compare with the sumptuousness of Mr. Markheim's establishment.

I had been prepared for something very fine, but this gorgeous replica of a famous Italian villa built upon terraces, its lovely low white façades rising in a symmetrical group one above the other, the whole nestling into the budding verdure of the hillside, its formal gardens descending step by step almost to the broad sweep of the Hudson below, was a veritable dream palace.

And the interior! Words almost fail me when I seek to describe it. Perhaps the most fitting thing I can say of it is that it was a home good enough for Peaches. Her great height, her gold-and-marble beauty, here found at last a fitting habitat. And then when I saw that little, comparatively speaking, Markheim man trotting about in front of her and giving her the place with a gesture as he displayed each treasure in turn, I felt sick and faint in my mind. And yet he was nice and had never given me the least cause to criticize him, and certainly the house was enough to tempt any girl. I sighed, however, to think of the day when she would be married and living there.

"Mr. Markheim—Sebastian, I mean," I said—Mr. Pegg and I followed in the wake of the happy couple as they made the tour of the house—"Sebastian, this place looks as if you had dug up the rich heart of Italy and transplanted it to America!"

"You have the right idea, Miss Freedom! The right idea—yes!" he exclaimed with pride. "More than half my collection is Italian—and if I do so say myself, it has taken a lot of patience and trouble to gather it—not to speak of the cost in money. They have a strict law against taking objects of art out of their country, you know, and it's been nip and tuck getting hold of a lot of this stuff—smuggled of course. Oh, don't look so shocked! It's an open secret more or less. If it's genuine it's smuggled—at the Italian end. But one doesn't call attention to the fact except in the privacy of one's own family!"

"It sure is swell!" said Mr. Pegg.

Sebastian laughed again—a sound which never got him favor with me—and opened the door into the newest addition to the house—the library wing, which he had remodeled for the especial purpose of housing the Madonna of the Lamp.

When I entered I could not refrain from an exclamation of delight, nor can I forbear to describe the place in some detail. To begin with, it was almost round and very large, the ceiling being domed and the books being carried in long narrow stacks sunk into the paneling between the French windows as high as the carved molding. Above this an exquisite tone of blue with a few cleverly distributed stars gave a sense of infinite space, and despite the cumbersome old Florentine furniture the room was neither heavy nor dull. There was just enough gold to furnish flashes of light, and the warm old amber brocade on the chairs seemed to catch and hold the sunlight which poured through the long narrow windows at the west, all of which opened directly upon the first terrace of the rose garden. But the real triumph in lighting was the rose window of plain leaded glass on the north side of the room—the wall of which had been reconstructed to accommodate it in order that the madonna might be properly illuminated by day. We gasped our admiration of its perfect lacery, and then turned about and faced the picture itself in reverent silence.

Of course it is ridiculous to suppose there is anyone able to read to whom the Madonna of the Lamp is not perfectly familiar, being, as it is, one of those paintings which are impressed upon the popular mind in spite of itself through endless repetition upon postal and Christmas cards, engravers' windows, magazine covers and Sunday-school prizes, to say nothing of Little Collections of Great Masters, gift photographs, furnishings for college rooms and appeals for public charities.

Nevertheless, I will describe it, because, as my dear father used to say, the collective mind of the public is not the public mind of the collector. It has to be told, in other words, when it can't be shown; whereas, of course, you can tell a collector nothing—and get him to admit it.

Well, at any rate, in case you do not recall it, the Madonna of the Lamp is a round canvas, not more than two and a half feet in diameter, and represents the Virgin with the Child curled up in a robe of sapphire blue which falls from her head in thick sweeping folds and crosses her knee in such a way as to give the appearance of being blown from behind by a wind and aiding in the circular effect. She is seated and bending over the Infant, protecting both him and the flickering lamp from the wind. Above her head is a single star visible through a patch of leaded window.

Now you recall it, I am sure. It was painted in Florence by Raphael about the year 1506 and is one of the most famous monuments to his genius.

And Markheim had made a most wonderful setting for this jewel The great window was of a design copied from that behind the Virgin's head, and the carved panel upon which the painting hung was a skilful variation of the beautiful old carved frame about the canvas—the original frame, it was believed to be, and the motif of the design was carried out in a molding which diminished into a faint bas relief at the outer edges of the large wall space above the mantel where it hung. Nor was the picture hung too high. Even I could have touched the bottom of the carvings, and the mantelpiece had no other ornament except two gigantic polychrome candlesticks of the same period. Truly it was a wonderfully successful arrangement and reflected great credit on the owner who had conceived it.

"Do you like it?" was all he said, looking not at the madonna but at Alicia. "Do you like it, eh?"

Mr. Pegg took the question to himself.

"And you paid five hundred thousand dollars for that little picture?" he asked incredulously. "Why, from the price I expected something as big as a barn door!"

"Pa—don't be a boob—it's a diamond without a flaw," said Peaches, going closer, her face alight with pleasure. "It's a real mother and child," she added. "How big would you want them to be? They are immortal—isn't that big enough?"

Through the simplicity of her rebuke I got one of those rare glimpses of her golden heart.

Her crude parent, however, was unimpressed.

"Of course it's real pretty," he said. "Which is more than can be said for most antiques. But five hundred thousand! My Lord, look at the profit! There can't be over ten dollars' worth of paint in it! Where is this feller, Raphael?"

"Where the profit is doing him precious little good," chuckled Sebastian.

"Must be hell!" commented Pinto.

"Very possibly, in spite of his choice of subjects!" replied Markheim.

Whereat he and I exchanged our first glance of thoroughly sympathetic understanding. I, of course, at once lowered my eyes, a burning sense of shame at my implied disloyalty struggling with my desire to spare Mr. Pegg the mortification of instruction. I had not forgotten and shall never forget how gently he led me to see the error of my ways when I first hit the ranch—as, for example, when I unknowingly made culls of his best tree of home fruit and he urged me to make marmalade of them and never told me until afterward that the way I had picked them by pulling them off the tree instead of clipping the stem made it impossible to use them for anything else. So now in my own realm I wished to lead him gradually into the paths of erudition and allow him to learn by inference whenever possible.

Well, the rest of the house was beautiful as could be, and after we had finished inspecting it we had tea in a wonderful glass room filled with gay cretonnes and flowering plants, wicker chairs and caged canaries. Two menservants served the refection. Mr. Sebastian Markheim had a considerable household, that was plain, and I began to regret that I had steadfastly stood with Peaches on refusing her father's suggestion of a personal maid.

"There's something too public about it," had been her objection, which I had sustained.

But here amid all these servitors I felt differently. Not that I saw any indignity attached to our maidless condition, being, as I was, a self-supporting female well able to afford one if I desired such a thing. I could now live as I chose instead of as I ought, if you understand me. But I knew that Peaches would have to get a female attendant after she was married. Markheim was not the man to allow his wife to live in comfort when he could provide her with luxury. And at this juncture of my thought I stopped halfway through my sugared tea biscuit, a terrible realization overwhelming me for the first time.

When Peaches was married she would no longer need me. Who then would need me? Nobody? Not Euphemia, who never answered my letters, though she always mutely cashed the inclosed checks. And would there be any checks to send her? Where would they come from? It was a chilling thought, as will readily be admitted. Why I had not thought of it sooner I cannot say. It must have been evident from the moment of Peaches' engagement that when the affair reached its consummation I would be, to put it vulgarly, out of a job.

Of course I did not so greatly care for myself, but there was Euphemia, the dependent, to consider, whose tradition of useless gentility must not be disturbed in her declining years. True, I had saved a very considerable portion of my salary and had almost twenty thousand dollars distributed among six savings banks. That might conceivably tide us over for the remainder of our lives. But I had acquired the habit of remunerative occupation and close companionship with dear friends; also a taste for French heels and facial massage whenever practical. And the thought of the Chestnut Street house was, the more shame upon me for saying it of my father's home, almost intolerable. And Mr. Pegg—dear Pinto! How I should miss him—in a purely friendly way of course.

Fully realizing for the first time the bitterness of my situation I refused a second sugared bun and rising remarked that as Sebastian expected dinner guests we had best retire and obtain a little rest before it was time to dress.

Of course my intention was in part to leave the lovers together for a properly brief interval, but somewhat to my surprise Peaches rose also and said she would accompany me. My heart was heavy, and for once I would have preferred to be alone. But she slipped her arm about my neck, and we started for our rooms, chatting amiably while the men settled down for a cigar.

Now one of the peculiarities of the Markheim palace was that it gave no appearance of modernity. Though it was, in point of fact, less than ten years built, it was so cunningly designed, so convincingly arranged, with such perfection of detail that it possessed an air of old mystery difficult to define, and under ordinary circumstances most fascinating—a real achievement on the part of architect and decorator alike. The ancient furniture stood so easily in the background provided for it that one could have sworn the walls had been made before it; the modern lighting was so well handled as to be absolutely unobtrusive.

Slowly, affectionately, we crossed the main hall, pausing to look at the chased armor on the two silent figures at the foot of the beautiful winding stairs. A Gobelin tapestry fluttered faintly on the wall above us, stirred by the gentle sunset wind from the spring-scented river below, and the lingering twilight filled the great hall with mysterious shadows. There was not another soul in sight and not a sound to be heard except the distant murmur of the men's talk and the voice of a pleasure boat distantly upon the water. I accompanied Alicia up the stairs, feeling as if I were in some enchanted palace of medieval days, and above, the long dim corridor in which the lamps had not yet been lit was ghostly in the pale glimmer from its high mullioned windows.

"Isn't it spooky?" said Peaches in a low tone.

"Yes!" I replied, whispering involuntarily. "One might almost expect to see a ghost!"

And scarcely had I spoken the words when Peaches, the supernormal, who was a trifle ahead of me by now, uttered a shriek and leaned trembling against the stone wall of the passageway. But for a moment I could not come to her aid. My limbs seemed frozen, paralyzed. For there suddenly and soundlessly a form was towering vaguely before us, its white face luminous in a shaft of uncanny light.

It was the Duke di Monteventi!

XI

AFTER one horrible endless moment the figure moved slightly and the corridor was flooded with the soft mellow light from half a dozen electric sconces.

With a half-choked cry of "Sandy!" upon her lips Peaches moved toward him, only to stop short, her face going completely blank. The man was a servant, a valet presumably, carrying a folded suit of clothing carefully over one arm and wearing soft felt shoes, which had been the secret of his noiseless approach. His hair was thickly gray and his face was lined and scarred. He looked perhaps ten years older than Sandro—and yet the likeness was there—unmistakable, though in the full light not by any means so perfect.

"I beg pardon, ladies," he said in a measured voice, withdrawing another step. "The lights should have been on."

Then with a little bow he passed noiselessly down the corridor and entered one of the bedrooms, presumably that occupied by Markheim himself.

Peaches made a little involuntary gesture as if to follow him, stretching out her hands toward his unconscious back, and then, as the door closed upon him, turned to me, her amber eyes afire. She seized me by the wrist in a manner positively painful and dragged me into her room, where she caused me to sit down abruptly and without personal selection upon a sort of hassock, the while she towered over me, fairly glowing with animation—far, far more like her old self than she had been at any time for almost six years.

(Continued on Page 81)

600-W

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[1]

A 125 h. p. horizontal sliding valve engine required 10 drops of cylinder oil per minute. The frictional load was 23 h. p. Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W was substituted. Consumption was reduced to 2 drops per minute. The frictional load dropped to 18 h. p.

[2]

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[3]

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[4]

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[5]

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[6]

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ADAMS
Pure Chewing Gum

(Continued from Page 78)

"Free!" she said. "Was it? Was it? Oh, Free—say something!"

"It couldn't have been!" I replied shakily. "And yet the resemblance—it was extraordinary!"

"It was a miracle!" said Peaches. "No two people could look so much alike."

"He had a brother," I began doubtfully, "who was merely supposed to be dead. Sandro would have known you at once."

"But didn't he?" she questioned, striding up and down the room with her long, clean gesture of body. "Why didn't he speak at once? He was too much amazed!"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "How could he be amazed when, as a servant in this house—in all probability Sebastian's valet—he must have known in advance all about your coming here!"

"That's so," said Peaches. "And, of course, there are differences—the grayness, the lines in his face. But something may have happened to him."

"Very likely!" I replied dryly. "Considering we have heard from Cousin Abby that he was killed in action."

"But that may have been a mistake," she whispered. "Stranger things have happened. And a servant! No—even if he had gone quite mad and forgotten everything that would hardly be possible."

"Servant or not, if it is he, why on earth shouldn't he recognize you?" I demanded. "That's the sort of encounter which is supposed to bring people to their senses, you know."

"But didn't he recognize me?" she replied with a doubt willfully sustained. "Just for an instant, I was so sure! Well?"

"What are we going to do about it?" I said. "If by any chance it really is Sandro it's a nice situation, I'm sure! With your wedding only a few weeks off and, and—why, good gracious! It's simply terrible!"

But Peaches didn't look as if she thought it was simply terrible—not in the least. She was terrifically excited, but more beautiful than ever.

"Free!" she cried. "I know it is he! Do you suppose I could feel as I did, as I do, at the encounter unless it is Sandy? Lots of times people know things without evidence. And this is one of those times. I feel it is he. I don't care how differently he looked when the lights went up."

"But how on earth are you going to find out?" I urged. "Surely, Peaches, he cannot have forgotten you!"

"Forgotten!" she exclaimed, stopping short in her pacing of the floor. "Forgotten! Good heavens, Free, you don't suppose that is it, do you?"

"Of course I don't!" I snapped, even though I was not entirely sure but that a young man who was capable of taking French leave in the way that Sandro had six years previously, was not capable of anything, including having an *affaire de cœur* with Peaches and then failing to recollect the incident. Some men are that way; I have it on the authority of The Duchess.

"This man is older!" I went on. "And we don't know for certain what his position in the household is. The best thing for you to do is to question Sebastian about him."

"Won't he think it strange if I let him on to the fact that I'm stuck on his valet?" Peaches considered in her disconcertingly frank way.

"Good gracious, you must do nothing of the kind!" I interposed. "Besides, you don't know that you are, as you vulgarly put it, stuck on him. You only think it may be Sandy. Kindly keep that in mind, my dear!"

"I think there is something darn funny about the whole shooting match!" said Peaches vigorously. "And I'm going to the bottom of it mighty pronto!"

With which she flung from the room to don one of her majestic evening gowns, leaving me in great distress of mind for fear of what she would do next. To array myself for the evening's festivities and to descend to them in a becomingly dignified manner was no easy task, but by the greatest effort at self-control I accomplished both the arrangement of my toilet and the adjustment of my manner sufficiently to reappear in polite society in the state of composure due to my name and heritage and the responsible position which I occupied toward the Pegg family. It is one of the penalties of a great name that one must ever maintain the aspect of a painted ancestor, no matter what tumult may be going on within one. And though I admit that I was in a profoundly disturbed state of mind, and indeed, I may say, shaken to the very depths of my romantic soul by what had occurred and still more by what might occur, I believe that my conduct and appearance as I stood smiling beside the unconscious Mr. Markheim, aiding him in the reception of his guests, would have been wholly approved by my dear father. And I rather relished the sense of standing upon a species of social volcano.

When Peaches appeared on the, as I may call it, haunted stairway, a gasp of delighted astonishment went up from the assemblage. She was arrayed in a sheathlike gown of golden sequins that rivaled but did not surpass the glory of her hair, and though she was without jewels except for her ring, she shone with a radiance such as can scarcely be imagined. Her wonderful hair lay close and glistening upon her head like a helmet of burnished metal, and this taken with her—er—martial though décolleté costume gave her somewhat the appearance of a young Pallas Athene with a redeeming touch of—er—jazz, if you know what I mean. At any rate she was magnificent. And if a trifle pale, it was from the intense wave of new life which had flooded her during the past few hours, and her eyes were like those of that terribly incoherent tiger of Blake's.

Well, I will not digress by describing the feast which Sebastian gave as a housewarming for his ladylove. The field of such description has been widely covered by every chronicler from Balzac to D. W. Griffiths. Suffice to say that it was a very sumptuous affair, attended by a more or less cosmopolitan crowd, comprising friends and neighbors alike, and affording, I dare say, a reasonable amount of enjoyment to those present.

Under different circumstances I should have enjoyed it myself, being, as I am, possessed of a very profound sense of the solemnity of social functions and their proper conducting. But upon this occasion I was so taken up with being on the outlook for a glimpse of that mysterious valet among the other servants that I succeeded only in performing the mechanics of a pleasant evening. But nevertheless I was aware that the affair, considering that it was more or less impromptu, due to our unexpected arrival, went off very well, and without my once seeing the person for whom I was automatically peeking.

Well, at about half after eleven that night, when the last guest had departed and we four—Mr. Pegg, Alicia, Sebastian and myself—were assembled in the library for a good-night discussion, Peaches laid her trap, if so I may call it, for the information she desired. She became suddenly domestic and affectionate over a glass of milk and vichy and I watched keenly as she led up to her subject with a deceitful air of innocence of which I would not have believed her capable. Markheim was in the seventh heaven at her interest, and dear Mr. Pegg stood under the madonna chewing on a big cigar and nodding his approval.

"It was a wonderful dinner, Sebastian!" said Peaches, her big eyes limpid pools of approval. "What a peach of a chef you have!"

"I am glad you approve!" said the banker. "We will keep him on."

"There are an awful bunch of servants here," Peaches commented. "It will seem funny, keeping house with them after one Chinaman, and sometimes none, out on the ranch. I suppose I'll have a maid. But if I do I'm going to teach her pinochle! Have you a valet, Mark?"

"In a way," replied Markheim. "In a way I have—and then again I haven't."

At this astonishing announcement you may well believe that a sensation occurred in my breast. I positively started out of my seat, though controlling myself instanter, and even Peaches gave a funny little gasp, which she, however, contrived to turn into a species of inane giggle, spluttering over her milk.

"What—what do you mean by that?" she said.

"Only that he's given notice," Markheim replied. "Nothing unusual about that nowadays, I assure you, my dear. And I'm sorry he's going," he added. "The best chap I've had—came to me six months ago, and been absolute perfection ever since!"

"Why do you let him go?" asked Peaches, her eyes fixed upon her fiancé as if she would like to hypnotize him into telling her more than she asked. "Why not give him more wages or something?"

"It's not a question of money," Sebastian explained. "It seems he dislikes women—regular misogynist. It's all your fault, my dear. He gave notice as soon as I told him I was going to get married!"

"Oh!" said Peaches. "Then it was some time ago that he—he quit? Not just to-day?"

"About a month ago," replied her lover. "He expected to leave before you appeared upon the scene, only you are ahead of time. Great Scott, Alicia, you seem fearfully interested in the fellow! Have you seen him, or what is the idea anyhow?"

"No," lied Peaches calmly. "I just got to thinking about servants in general and about the personal-servant idea in particular. I don't know that the plan has my O. K. It's an embarrassing idea—makes me feel like a boob to have anybody dress me, unless to hook a fool dress up the back perhaps. And a Chinaman could do that, you know. What do you call the bird—by his front or hind name?"

"I call him Wilkes," said Markheim, laughing. "And you are too amusing, my dear. You are not obliged to have a maid, you know. It's quite conceivable that I can learn to hook a gown!"

I bade them good night shortly after this, as I was very tired.

The enormous main hall was but dimly lighted and I crossed it not without hesitancy, and when, at the foot of the staircase, a hand was laid upon my arm I nearly screamed aloud. In fact I attempted to scream, but was so frightened that I only accomplished a squeak. However, it was no supernatural apparition, but Peaches, who had overtaken me, and who dragged me to my room, where she slammed the door behind us in breathless triumph.

"There!" she cried. "Did you hear him!"

"I did!" I replied. "Well, what about him—if it is he?"

"If it is?" said Peaches. "Have you any doubts now? Leaving as soon as he heard about me, and then being caught by my unexpected arrival. Didn't you listen?"

"It may be just a coincidence," I demurred, though in truth I was deeply interested. "And he's been here six months. He must have heard of your engagement before—or at least been aware that Sebastian knew you."

"Perhaps," admitted Alicia, pacing up and down like a substantial sunbeam. "But that doesn't satisfy me. There's only one way to settle the question. I've got to have a private talk with that man."

"But how?" I gasped.

"You've got to arrange it," replied Peaches firmly.

"Impossible!" I squeaked. "What an idea! Though, of course, you could meet him secretly in the garden!"

"The very thing!" exclaimed my charge with enthusiasm. "Here—I will write a note and date him up, and you will see that it gets to him. I'll meet him in the rose garden at midnight to-morrow."

She sat herself down at the exquisite old Moorish escritoire and taking pen and paper wrote in her labored, painstaking fashion, her head on one side, her tongue firmly between her teeth, the hair curling at the nape of her neck like that of an innocent child rather than a desperate maiden in a most thrilling situation.

"There!" she said at length, slipping the missive into an envelope and handing it to me. "There you are, Free. Now be sure he gets it, and let me know how he acts. It doesn't need any answer!"

With which she actually had the impudence to kiss me gayly on the cheek and run away to bed, leaving me standing as if paralyzed, the note in one hand, and the problem of handling the preposterous situation staring me in the face.

My dear father used to say that only those who must be ashamed need be afraid, and as this matter of the note was really none of my personal affair I need not, I suppose, have feared for the consequences; and yet I confess that I was filled with fear. The day had been interminable, and now it seemed it was not yet over, though the clock pointed to a quarter after twelve. At such a circumstantial hour I had no mind to venture out into a corridor in which I had recently encountered a very fair imitation of a ghost. Indeed, there had been from the start of our acquaintance something very mysterious about the Duke di Monteventi, and death, it seemed, did not offer any solution, but rather extended the obscurity which surrounded him.

It was my personal opinion that he was dead, and that this valet creature who had startled us in such a fashion merely bore an accidental resemblance to Sandro. Yet then again it was so much more romantic to consider his being resurrected as a possibility. But if it were Sandro, why on earth should he, who had the entrée to every fashionable house in Europe, reappear in the capacity of a servant?

Perchance it was not Sandro, but his supposedly murdered elder brother. That would, of course, account for the resemblance. This idea struck me as being remarkably intelligent, and I at once began to search my mind for its literary beginnings. My dear father used to say that all ideas had literary beginnings and all beginnings contained a literary idea. But neither Deadwood Dick, Edwin Arnold, Walter Pater or The Duchess seemed to have supplied me with the thought, strive as I would to place it among them. And I was forced to claim it as original, and perhaps merely the theme for a story's beginning. And despite my dear father's precept, I do verily believe that I am at times productive of ideas quite my own, as, for example, in the realm of love, wherein my manifold ideas must have no other origin than my own brain, inasmuch as the only books on the subject which we possessed at home were written by a Frenchman named Balzac, and though ostensibly in English translation they were mostly set forth in asterisks, dots and dashes.

But I digress. Let us return to the privacy of my chamber at the villa, and the note to Wilkes, which somehow must be disposed of.

My first inclination was to procure a two-cent stamp and mail it—an obvious solution. And yet I hesitated, because if by chance it should miscarry and fall into the wrong hands, what dreadful consequences might not ensue? What a, as one might say, roughhouse might it not—er—precipitate! No, mailing would not do, because at best I might be unable to find a mail box or post office before late the next day, and I would certainly be unwilling to offer a note so addressed to one of the other household servants.

Furthermore, I was hampered by a lack of familiarity with the house. Doubtless there was a servants' mail box somewhere about the service stairs, if only I knew where. But to wander round looking for it would be both nerve racking and indiscreet, particularly at such an hour. Finally, in desperation I was half tempted to burn the wretched thing, and forbore only because of my promise to Alicia. My brain felt as if it were on fire.

All at once the great room with its wide spaciousness and light hangings seemed suffocatingly hot. I crossed to the window, and first extinguishing the light in order not to attract the night insects, opened it and sat down beside it, the better to meditate upon my course of action. I was half determined to take the whole matter to Pinto Pegg in the morning and allow him to settle our minds for us, even against Alicia's will.

But as I reclined upon the open window sill the vision of my own somewhat barren girlhood rose before me like a reproachful ghost, and I had no heart to stifle the sequel to that romance which I had seen bud, unfold and blossom in the tropic air at San Remo. Holding the letter in my lap it seemed to burn through the heavy silk of my gown, such was the fire which had inspired its writing. No matter what might come—what disillusionment, what disappointment—it should be delivered. I vowed that through no fault of mine should Peaches be cheated of her love; and I felt myself to be an excellent judge of love. I had looked on at a good deal of it. Indeed, as I sat there it occurred to me that I had accomplished a great lot of looking on in the course of my life. And scarcely had this commentary crossed my mind when, quite in line with my usual fortune, I found myself once more an observer, though unobserved.

I think I have remarked that Mr. Markheim's villa was built upon several levels, thus permitting the windows on one wing to overlook those on the same story in another portion of the building, and that there were several wings or sections to the place, so arranged that the main portions were well isolated from each other in accordance with the modern ideas of comfort and quiet. Thus the living rooms were in the main body of the house, the library was at the extreme end, the bedrooms in one wing, and the kitchen with the servants' quarters over them in another wing at the extreme opposite end of the house, but facing the guest rooms across a wide garden space. For the most part the service quarters opened upon a hidden court of their own,

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but the wide row of windows must be, I decided, the rooms of the upper servants.

Once possessed of this thought I began to visualize the interior plan of the house, particularly that of the corridor which would lead to those rooms. By a little figuring I came to the realization that they were in reality on the same level as my own chamber, though actually on the story above—that is to say, the third story while I was on the second. To reach them from within the house meant the ascent of one flight of stairs, whereas if one were to get out onto the little balcony below me and cross the roof of the porte-cochère, one would bring up on a ledge running level with the third story of the opposite wing; a by no means perilous journey unless one were to be observed from the garden below, which was not likely at night, modesty being the only thing subjected to any serious danger.

While I was meditating upon this architectural curiosity a light appeared in one of those third-story windows, and against it stood the figure of a man. It was Wilkes—or Sandro, as Peaches insisted upon calling him. I could see him very plainly, as indeed the whole of the rather small simple room was perfectly visible and he stood directly under the electric light. At this distance his resemblance to the lost duke was certainly remarkable. He was alone in the room, which was evidently his bedroom, and had plainly just finished with Markheim, for he carried the light gray suit which Sebastian had worn that afternoon, and several pairs of boots.

Fired by a thought which offered to solve my problem I counted the windows between me and that before which he stood. They were fifteen; his was the sixteenth along the ledge. To walk the distance along the balcony, over the intervening roof of the porte-cochère, was no task at all to one who had been living a life in the open for six years, and there was very little danger of my being observed since none of the windows which I should be obliged to pass were those of bedrooms—except in the servants' wing. I would wait until the light was extinguished and then play my part.

The interval between my resolution and the moment for its execution was but brief. In a surprisingly short time the light in the man's room was extinguished, and then I had only to wait until I might reasonably suppose him to be asleep—a half hour, for surely, I thought, a tired servant would take no longer. At the termination of this period I removed my shoes and put on a pair of knitted bedroom slippers with felt soles—a welcome Christmas offering from Galadia and Boston—and gathering my dress about me with little regard for the dictates of modesty, I stepped forth from my window and began my journey.

I am aware that this performance of mine would not have been looked upon with favor by Euphemia, nor yet by the members of our home-mission sewing circle, yet my conscience was clear, and I had ever been somewhat at a loss to confine my behavior strictly within the limits of the society in which I had been reared. And furthermore, there was but little chance that the sewing circle or indeed my sister would ever learn of the incident, and, as my dear father used to say, there are more Lorelei in the social sea than ever come out of it. I infer that he intended some reference to social shipwrecks.

And had my circle of acquaintances ever become aware of my behavior upon this particular occasion without clearly understanding the motives which actuated me they would undoubtedly have wrecked my standing. In point of fact they might even have done so with the fullest understanding of my motive—the act being itself father to the ostracism, if you know what I mean, and motives are seldom if ever considered when the opportunity for passing judgment occurs.

But at the moment of emerging upon the narrow ornamented balcony I was concerned with none of these possibilities, which occurred to me only at a later date. I was too thoroughly occupied with making a noiseless, inconspicuous progress, and with wondering whether the valet was high class enough to sleep with his window open. I trusted that he did so, and expected it, for he was a clean, bronzed sort of man, and in truth it would prove utter frustration for me if he should be in the habit of sleeping with it closed.

It was with something of the emotion which I fancy that a participant in a motion-picture drama must experience that I, not without some difficulty in climbing the intervening railings, approached my goal, silently as the—er—wings of night, as one might say, feeling my way along the wall and taking careful count of the windows as I went, the garden a still pool of blackness below me, in which the few scattered stars of the overcast sky found no reflection. It was really very dark for such an enterprise, and though the fact was undoubtedly of advantage in one way it made my progress uncomfortably slow, the more so as I had now no lighted window to guide me, and was compelled to advance by the sense of touch alone.

I passed the roof of the porte-cochère with success, climbed to the ledge leading outside of the servants' wing, the letter safe within my bosom. There I began again my feeling of the window sills, this time with the added wish for clinging to them for support as well as for their enumeration, for this was the most perilous portion of my undertaking, there being only a gutter along the ledge, and no railing of any sort. And after an interminable period I reached my goal—the sixteenth window. It was open!

With infinite caution I slid past the shutter, holding my breath lest I be heard, and flattening myself against the wall I extracted the letter from its hiding place and peered round the side of the aperture, doubtful how best to dispose of it soundlessly.

The casement was not only open, but open to its widest capacity. And while I was rapidly considering whether I should simply lay the letter on the sill, trusting that the wind would not blow it away, or if I should drop it inside, risking some sound that might waken the sleeper, the moon slid from under a cloud, and on the instant the whole interior became visible to me.

It was empty!

The bed had not even been disturbed, and the door was closed. As well as I could see in the dim light the only clothing lying about was that which the man had brought from his master's room, and this was neatly placed upon a chair, even as I had observed him to dispose of it nearly an hour since. It was a most perplexing matter. But without waiting to consider it further I reached within and laid the letter upon a chair beside the window where the occupant could not fail to observe it upon his return, and forthwith withdrew the upper portion of my body. As I did so I heard a sound which, in the language of my favorite authors, froze my blood. Someone was walking upon the gravel of the path directly beneath me.

For a long instant I stood as if petrified, listening intently. For a moment, nothing, and my heart relaxed a little, for the supposition occurred to me that it might have been some animal bent upon nocturnal adventures. But hardly had this reassurance registered in my brain when it came again. Without doubt someone was making a stealthy progress along that side of the house upon which I stood in an unusual, not to say compromising, position. And in another moment my fears were justified, for out of the abyss below me darted a dark and noiseless figure, followed at close range by a second one. Both crossed the moon patch like wraiths, vanishing instantly into the shadows of the shrubbery beyond. Two men! What were they about? No good, that was certain. And what, in merciful heaven's name, was I to do about it?

To give the alarm from my present position was impossible. Moreover, if I were to remain where I was the two in the shrubbery might at any instant discover my presence upon the ledge, for the moon in illuminating the room behind me was, of course, also rendering me clearly visible. To retreat to my own quarters by the route by which I had come was now obviously impossible. There remained but one course, and I took it. Without further ado I picked up my skirts and climbed into the bedchamber of my host's bodyservant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Organization — Equipment — Knowing-how Produce the New Leland-built Motor Car

In this day of big things, what more magic words than these: "Organization," "Equipment," "Knowing-how"!

Without them is nothing great accomplished.

With them, nothing seems impossible.

Many are the stories of vast achievement in the world mechanical; among them is a story not widely known, yet a story whose parallel you would seek far to find.

In order to understand the possibility of that achievement, let us hark back some thirty to forty years.

Then, Henry M. Leland was a conspicuous figure in New England's higher craftsmanship.

Some years before, he had left his boyhood home on the farm in Vermont, and gone to Worcester, Mass., where he engaged as an apprentice. He became a workman at the bench, but not for long, because he soon compelled recognition as an artisan of an uncommon kind. He showed an ability to do things—to do them differently, and to do them better than they had been done before.

He became a machinery salesman, and an unusual one, because he was more than a salesman.

He knew, too, how to install and to teach the operating of the machines he sold.

Manufacturers sought his counsel. They engaged him to re-organize their equipment and their men.

He knew how to increase production, not by oppressive but by progressive methods. He did two more things, which to those who do not know him and his methods may seem anomalous or impossible—yet he did them:

Besides increasing volume, he actually reduced production costs, and at the same time bettered infinitely the quality of the things produced.

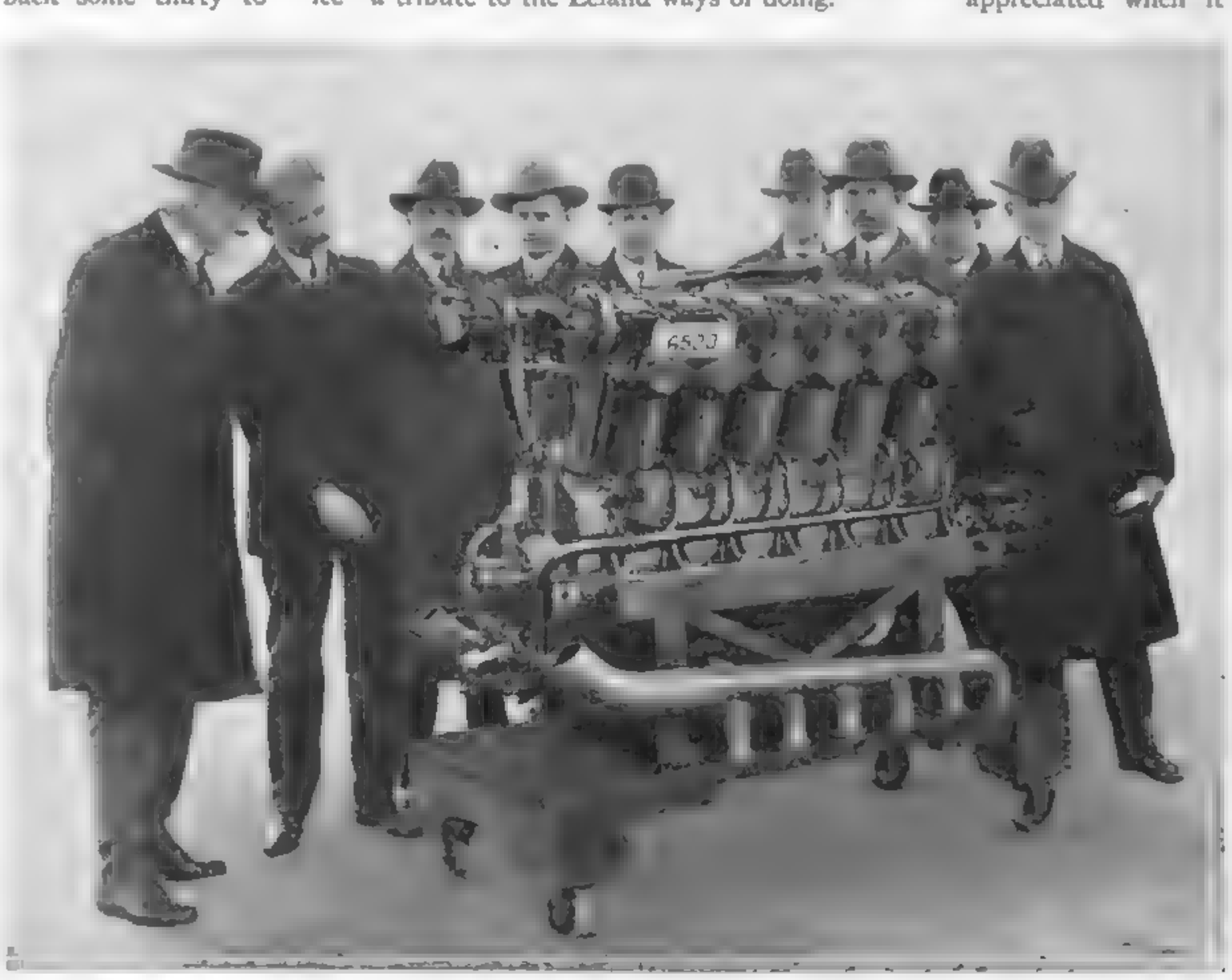
He had a knack and a penchant for doing things while others were saying they could not be done. His was supreme delight to bring order out of chaos.

Many are the great establishments today which owe the foundation of their prestige and their success largely to the organizing, producing and quality-building genius of Henry M. Leland.

He is credited with a multitude of "crowning achievements," because he has made it a life principle always to do things better than they had been done before.

His generalship in organization is strikingly exemplified in that of the Lincoln Motor Co., although he maintains that Wilfred C. Leland, who has been his mainstay and close associate for many years, assumed a large share of the responsibilities; and its success he also attributes to the loyal, skillful and effective co-operation of his thousands of other associates.

In the year 1890 the Lelands came from New England to Detroit, where for a number of years they engaged in the manufacture of the finer kinds of machinery and precision tools. They were among the pioneers in the making of gasoline marine and automobile engines; and after eighteen years, many of those engines are still in service—a tribute to the Leland ways of doing.



Henry M. Leland, Wilfred C. Leland and some of their Chief Associates viewing the 6,500th Lincoln Liberty Aircraft Motor

Of these nine men, seven have been in continuous relation for 12 years, five for 21 years and three for 27 years

A Duplicate of this Motor is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., where it will stand for all Time, a Monument to and an Example of the world's finer Craftsmanship

Shortly after our country became involved in the world conflict, the vital need for aircraft so forcibly impressed itself upon the Lelands that they severed their many years' affiliation with the motor car industry, in order that they might undertake the production of Liberty airplane motors for the allied fighting forces. This they did in July, 1917.

With absolutely nothing in the way of plant or equipment, they received the government's first award for the building of these motors—and faith in the men and their ability was the government's sole assurance.

Capital was interested, and much volunteered. The Lincoln Motor Co. was formed. Fifty-two acres of land were acquired. An adequate plant was erected and equipped in record time. A vast amount of machinery was designed, built and installed. Tools to the extent of 6,522 separate and distinct designs, aggregating 91,807 in number, were made.

Thousands of America's most skilled craftsmen tendered their co-operation and their services. Many of the men, particularly the executives, were men whom the Lelands knew and who knew them, through many years' association; and they were anxious to enlist under their banner.

Never in their lives, say the Lelands, have they seen such a vast organization get into working harmony with so little delay and so little friction.

The efficiency of that organization can best be appreciated when it is realized that in seven months and three days after starting with nothing they assembled their first motor. In ten months thereafter, and with 6,000 employees, the Lincoln Motor Co. was producing at the rate of 50 motors per day. In contrast with these Leland methods, the leading English manufacturer, with three years' aircraft experience and 10,000 employees, had required a week to produce the quantity of motors which the Lincoln organization had produced in a single day.

Within eleven months from the day production of completed motors began, the Lincoln Motor Co. had established the record of producing the largest number of motors in a day, the largest number in a month and the largest total produced by any manufacturer from the beginning; and those who know the story of Liberty motor building know the rivalry for that record.

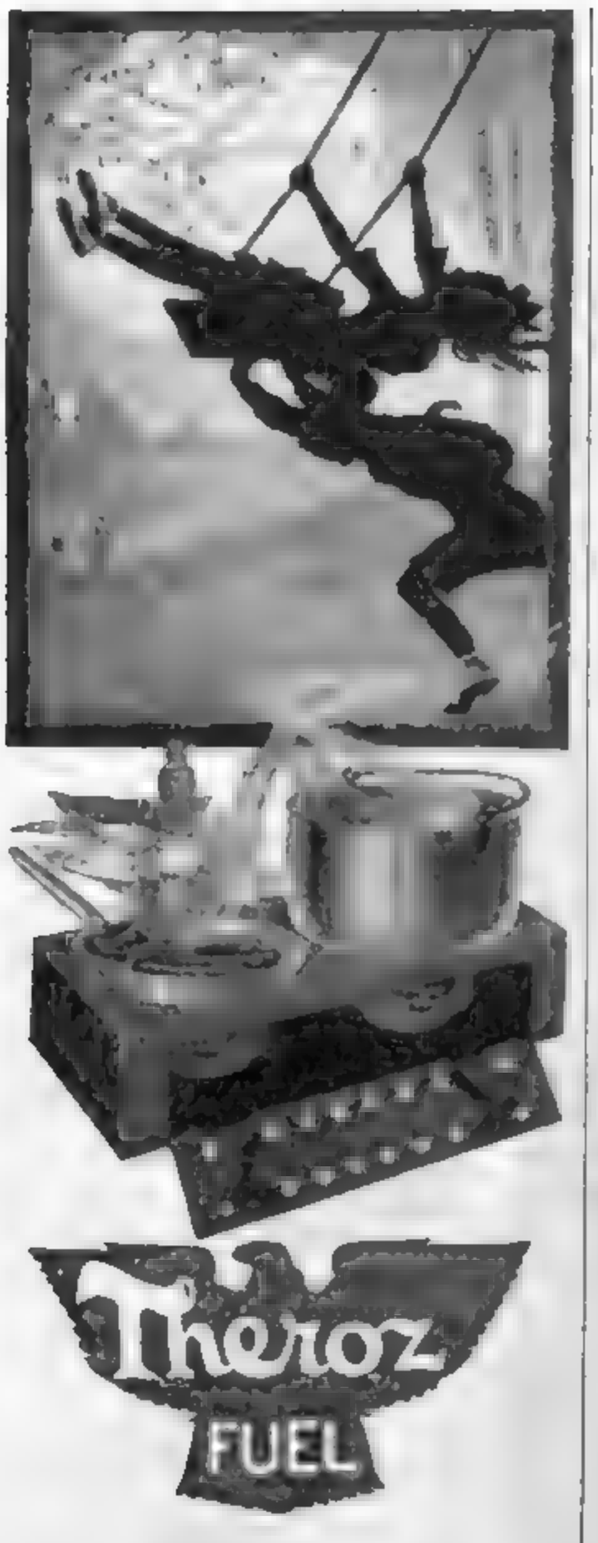
The quality of Leland-built Lincoln Liberty motors has been attested by tributes and in ways which could not be misunderstood; and, too, the Lincoln Motor Co. was able to render assistance of immeasurable value to those less favorably schooled.

Assembling and harmonizing an organization expeditiously, for doing things in a big way and doing them right, is, like everything else—no matter how difficult it may seem—a plain, simple matter of "knowing-how."

This is simplified when the executive and his chief assistants in things mechanical can go into the shops and with their own hands perform practically every task and operation, from the groundwork to the finished product.

Such is the skill and genius, such is the organization that is producing the new Leland-built car—the car destined to chart the future course of fine car making—the car destined to prove another "crowning achievement"—the car destined once more to demonstrate Leland determination and Leland ability to surpass.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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The handy Fuel for
AUGUST
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POSTWAR CONDITIONS IN WORLD FINANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

Britisher has had to pay nearly £5000 more for his $100,000 worth of goods here, on top of prevalent high prices, than he would if exchange were normal. There was a point in the present situation when sterling was as low as $3.19, a discount of 34 per cent, so that for goods for which the American merchant wished to realize $100,000 the British buyer would have to pay 100,000 divided by 3.19 or £31,348; that is £10,772 above a normal price.

The point of all this is, of course, that a situation has developed whereby European purchasers from America have to pay these excessive additions to prices here because of the adverse international economic situation, not because of any substantial increase in values represented by these added prices. Naturally this tends to make foreign nations reduce their purchases in this country as soon as humanly possible, and to increase exports to us so as to restore trade equilibrium.

That is the only level-headed business course. England has shown a sturdy determination to increase her exports to us, both of goods and of gold, and since the low figure of $3.19 for sterling was touched the value of the English pound in the American foreign-exchange market has impressively recovered, going at one time several cents above $4. This rise has reflected both an improvement in the value of English money in England itself through the improvement of her fiscal and monetary situation and also a growth in her exports to the United States of goods, service and other invisible items of trade, as well as some substantial gold payments to this country. It has also indicated an improvement in the speculative sentiment regarding England in this country, for foreign exchange, like other marketable values, is subject to speculative operations.

A Blessing in Disguise

I have dwelt thus long on this detail of foreign exchange in the world's financial problem because it illustrates vividly the general truth that present-day abnormal business conditions contain in themselves efficient correctives to bring about a restoration to normality within the present established methods of doing business. It is not the abolition of foreign exchange that is called for; nor a so-called correction of the rates that is needed; nor the substitution of some other and novel method of doing international business, such as the proposed issue of an international currency designed to pass at par in all nations. It is not the exchanges that are at fault, it is underlying trade and monetary conditions; and when those conditions are corrected the exchanges will be corrected.

The correction of underlying conditions, in fact, will be hastened by these adverse exchange rates, since, as we have seen, depreciation of the foreign exchange forces foreign merchants to pay prices for goods in this country which over a long period would be prohibitive. They, of course, pass these prices along to their consumers, and this impels foreign peoples to restore their own productivity, both to supply their own wants and to furnish exportable surpluses to pay their foreign bills. This represents the true operation of natural economic forces and is more effective and fundamentally beneficial than any artificial measures could be.

Suppose, for instance, that by some financial legerdemain the differential in economic and trade conditions as between different nations could be obviated and the above-described depreciation of the money of one country in the markets of another country prevented. Under such conditions the foreign exchanges would not add their pressure upon the peoples of Europe to hasten to increase their productivity and their exports to this country in liquidation of the balances now standing against them, and to reduce their imports from us so as to keep their debts from swelling further. Thus the world would be deprived of one of its natural economic correctives to maladjusted trade conditions. Instead of natural business readjustment we should see ultimate trade demoralization, produced by the process of the underproductive countries draining the productive nations, until the debtor nations' credit was exhausted or until increasing scarcities drove prices to such levels that trade could not go on. The social effect of this result as to prices is obvious when we consider the discontent that present prices have caused; while the burden of debt represented in the loss of credit would mean bankruptcy for some countries.

Of course it is chimerical to suppose that economic inequalities between nations can be wiped out by mere financial arrangements, though there are those who propose an international currency which they earnestly believe would accomplish this end. They assume that if this currency were guaranteed by all nations it would circulate freely at face value in payment of international commercial debts.

But it is plainly to be seen that the course of events could not be made materially different by this device from that just described, unless, indeed, by being made worse; for while it lasted the international currency would tend to hasten and aggravate the course of demoralization. It would first deprive international trade of its great stabilizer, foreign exchange, and it would also add a positive burden in itself to the world's economic troubles, for it would simply repeat on a world-wide basis the unhappy experiences of individual nations that have inflated their currencies by ill-advised paper-money issues. If during the life of the currency each country participating in the plan sent to the other countries precisely the same value of goods as it bought from them, the international currency would remain equably distributed among them, flowing at uniform depth everywhere and so would benefit no one. But this precision in the exchange of goods is impossible. Some countries, particularly under conditions existing to-day, must buy more than they sell; and it goes without question they would settle these adverse balances of indebtedness with the paper money, for they have no gold available; nor if they had, would they pay with a better medium when they could use a worse.

A freely circulating international currency would thus make it possible for a time for the weaker and underproductive nations to retain their own products for home consumption and to get what additional supples they needed from stronger countries by paying their bills with this paper money instead of with an equivalent of commodities. As the supply of the currency thus became greater in the stronger countries the demand for it would become less and it would suffer depreciation, just as any paper money in excess of fundamental economic requirements always suffers depreciation.

The Return to Old Methods

As the international currency depreciated in value, and as the requirements of the weaker and underproductive nations, for American goods, for instance, continued, it would be necessary for those weaker nations to offer an increasing amount of the depreciated currency, in order to attract our goods to their markets, until the point was reached that the international currency would be so depreciated it would no longer avail to attract our goods. At the same time, due to the drainage of goods out of the United States, prices would have been driven to socially dangerous levels here.

That is to say, the weak nations would have gotten our goods and driven prices up, and we would be left with the preponderant share of international currency, in a sadly depreciated condition, on our hands. In other words, it would merely be another way for the United States and other strong nations with favorable balances of indebtedness to assume the burden of international insolvency. For though it is true that those who propose this currency provide for a guaranty by all nations in which it would circulate, that guaranty could not be made good without the gold, the commodities or the credit to redeem the pledge with.

I have discussed in the foregoing pages a few of the special plans, measures, and methods to cure the world's financial ills that have been brought forward, not so much because I am interested in criticizing them specifically as I am in laying emphasis on the need for a restoration of usual ways of doing business rather than the setting up of unusual conditions.

The more that the present state of world finance has been studied the more evident has it become that it is not special business or financial methods that are required or desirable. If any special effort is needed it is special effort to restore the normal and natural manner of trade between man and man and nation and nation.

It is true that there are particular exigencies of the times that require the application of our best financial thought and attention, but what we do should be based on seasoned experience, not on novel experiments; it should make use of our established institutions of proved worth, for the problem is too big and serious to permit of experiment and innovation.

The main outlines of the problem are clearly definable. With four years of destructive, instead of constructive and productive activity, the world, particularly in Europe, has suffered serious reductions in industrial equipment and active agricultural areas, either through absolute destruction of plants and fields in the sections devastated by military operations or through depreciation due to general economic conditions. At the same time reserve stocks of goods have been consumed. These conditions are acute in Europe.

The Migrations of Gold

To make good these impairments in her business and industrial organization Europe must have from other parts of the world for a number of years unusually large supplies of raw materials. They are essential to restore her soil, to repair her factories, and to give employment to her plants and her man power in turning out finished products. She needs raw materials both for home consumption and for reëxport in payment of her debts by means of the increment of value given to them by her workers.

These raw materials must come largely from the United States—steel, copper, coal, wheat and many others required to restart Europe's industrial life.

That is one phase of the problem; another phase equally important is the condition of the world's currencies. Before the war the standard money of the commercial world almost universally was gold; as a result of the war gold has disappeared from circulation. As already pointed out, the necessity of the purchase by the belligerents of vast volumes of supplies outside their own borders, without countervailing exports, enforced the sending of enormous quanitites of Europe's gold into the United States and certain other countries. The shift which this brought about in the relative gold stocks in the more important countries of the world is shown by the following figures:

	ESTIMATED MONETARY STOCKS OF GOLD (IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS)	
	1913	1918
France	1200	664
Great Britain	830	596
Italy	266	234
Russia	1012	412
Austria-Hungary	296	53
Germany	916	720
Denmark	41	52
Netherlands	61	278
Norway	26	39
Spain	93	439
Sweden	28	77
Switzerland	33	81
Argentina	293	322
Japan	142	391
United States	1905	3165

At the same time that this reduction in the gold base for their money and credit structures was going on, the warring nations, unable to finance war requirements solely out of currently produced wealth through taxation or popular loans, resorted to inflation. Government credits and paper currency became enormously expanded and gold redemption was generally abandoned.

The volumes of gold which flooded the financial structure of the United States and neutral countries became the basis for a great expansion of currency there also, though they remain on a gold basis. Furthermore, in such nations as the United States, where the use of banking facilities for commercial purpose had been highly developed, the war period also brought about a great expansion in the volume of bank credit.

(Continued on Page 87)

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OV children's rompers—stockings—underwear knees—collar and cuff bands—places where the dirt is *ground in*, the *Millrace Principle* shows its wonderful efficiency.

No previous rubbing is necessary. Put them in the aluminum cylinder; pour in the water; add the soap—all in the regular way.

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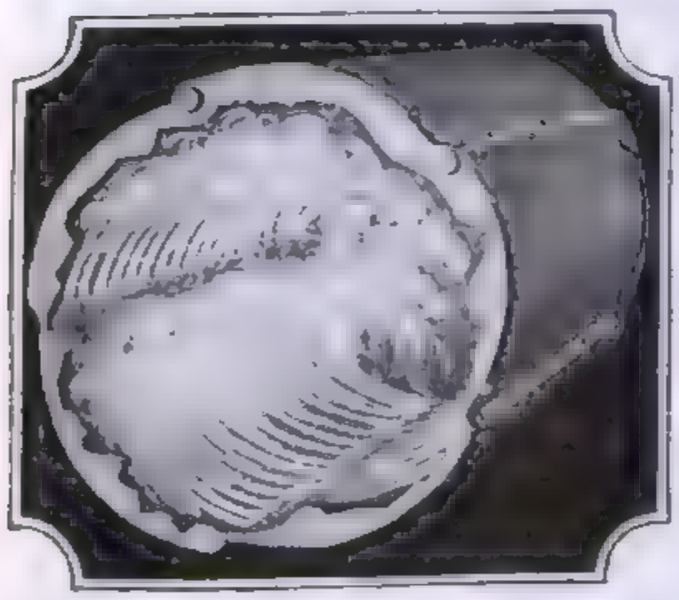

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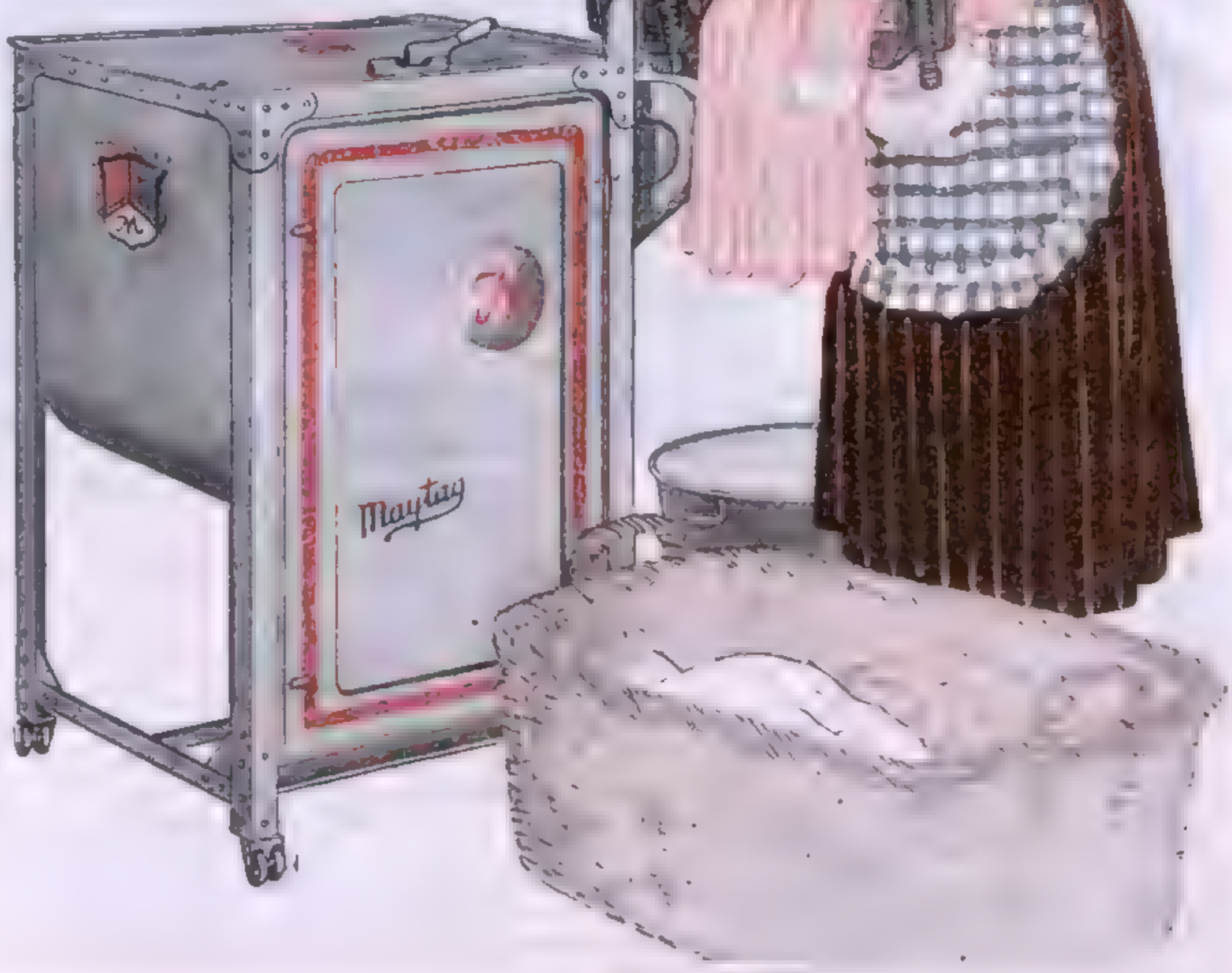

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Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 84)

To review the situation as thus far sketched, we see that there is a great need for America's raw products in Europe. We see that Europe at present neither has the productivity to develop exportable surpluses sufficient to balance her purchases from us in their present volume, nor has she the gold to pay the balance. We see also that her inflated, nongold-standard currencies are depreciated, adding to the burden of adverse exchange rates against her in the United States.

With the violent maladjustment in the world's trade, credit and monetary systems shown by the foregoing facts, it is quite natural that many should seek new methods, new cures for the state of affairs. It is no wonder that, to some, things seem to have got so far out of gear that it amounts to the breakdown of the old order, requiring a new financial order. It is no wonder, either, that some should see, in the apparent failure of the old ways and means to continue to function normally under the stress of the times, an indication that those methods have become outworn, that it would be folly to reëstablish them, and that the great opportunity is at hand to reason out and apply more scientific and adequate plans.

But I do not believe that our faith in the old order need be shaken. What is there in the world these past few years that has functioned just as humanity would like it to? I do not believe that our monetary and commercial institutions have proved themselves any more fallible or defective in design or operation than other human institutions. Therefore I do not feel that a correction of present conditions is to be worked out through new mechanisms of exchange, new methods of commerce, new conceptions of money or new theories of economics.

We have all learned to see and to act more broadly, to visualize more widely our own individual part and responsibility not only in respect to the nation but also in respect to the world during these war years; but I do not believe that this clearer vision shows the need of new ways. It rather emphasizes the value and force of the old ways, showing how imperative it is that we reestablish as soon as possible normal social, business and monetary conditions.

Restore the Gold Standard

For instance, I do not believe there can be any serious questions as to the desirability of as prompt a return as possible to a world-wide gold standard, so as to reestablish as far as possible the monetary conditions we were used to before the war, with money standards reasonably uniform throughout the commercial world and reasonably stable over periods of time.

It will be profitable briefly to consider here, in contradistinction to the untried theories we have been reviewing, a few definite facts in regard to gold, revealing in concrete terms the practical way, as experience has demonstrated, it has served as a great and efficient instrumentality of business. Gold tended to coördinate business conditions in the various countries in respect to each other. A country with a relatively high level of prices was a good market to sell in but a poor one to buy from. Therefore it tended to import more goods than it exported, and in settlement of adverse balances of indebtedness sent gold to the seller countries. Countries where price levels were comparatively low, by the reverse process, tended to gain gold. Thus the currency and credit systems of different countries were interrelated and sought equilibrium with each other. The commercial world was a unified market, throughout which a merchant could trade on a workable basis and with reasonable certainty that he was engaged in business rather than in gambling, for the foreign exchanges reflecting stable international conditions fluctuated within reasonable limits of par.

The desirability of restoring a world-wide gold standard is clear; the question is, How can it be accomplished? A necessary step for the restoration of a world-wide gold standard is a redistribution of the world's gold supply, for it is purely academic to talk about restoring a world-wide gold standard with most of the world's free gold piled up in the United States and virtually impounded there by economic conditions, unless released through normal trade conditions. If the nations of Europe are to have a gold standard they must have a gold base. The gold standard cannot be merely enacted; it must be actually established by means of a recovery of the metal. The only way in which those nations can recover the gold is to increase their production to such a point that they can export to us more than they import from us—in other words, build up favorable balances of indebtedness against us so that we shall pay in gold.

But having said this we arrive at what appears to be a circle: Europe must have more gold to restore her gold standard; to get more gold she must build up favorable balances of indebtedness against the United States and other countries which have excessive gold stocks; to build up favorable balances of indebtedness she must increase her productivity so as to create exportable surpluses; to increase her productivity she must have raw materials to rehabilitate her plants and to restart her manufactures; to get raw materials she must have gold—which seems to bring us back to the starting point and leaves us pursuing the problem round a circle.

Shall We Break the Circle?

But there is a fallacy in reiterating the assertion "Europe must have more gold" as though there were no alternative. There is an alternative, though it admittedly presents a difficult and at times discouraging problem. The alternative is that, since it is impossible for Europe to get more gold as a starting point for her economic recovery, she must have sufficient credit to tide her over until her increased production begins to make itself felt. This brings us to the consideration of the credit situation in the United States. The problem can be stated in the question, Can and will America supply the credit to break the circle outlined above?

I do not hold, as some seem to, that unless American credit does break the circle Europe will become bankrupt and civilization will succumb to Bolshevism. I have enough faith in the tenacity of human nature, in the courage of mankind and in the pride of nations to believe that, whether the United States helps or not, Europe will ultimately recover her social and economic stability. There are signs of it already to challenge our admiration. But I do feel that without our help the process will be longer and harder and more distressing in many of the least favorably situated parts of Europe than need be. Europe's recovery undoubtedly will be quicker and more efficient, and will involve less strain on humanity, less retardation to the progress of civilization, with the full cooperation of the United States and the aid of our credit resources to finance the purchase of necessaries and raw materials during the period of reconstruction.

But saying that does not solve the problem. The credit situation in the United States, despite all our vast resources, despite our escape from the ravages of war, despite our avoidance of paper-money inflation, is a serious public problem and a difficult one.

How is our credit to be applied to Europe's needs? Not, it is generally agreed, through further government loans to Europe; neither through any generalized plan whereby the supposed great reservoirs of American capital can be opened, without competitive business discrimination, to whoever asks for it in the name of Europe's need.

The only practical way in which American credit can be applied to Europe's needs is through the sale of European securities in the investment markets of the United States, either directly or else through the operations of American international-banking corporations or investment trusts issuing debentures based on European securities. Through the operation of well-established investment laws, principles and practice, each investment can be analyzed, its merits determined and its proper interest charges established, both in relation to the risk involved and the supply of capital in this country available for such investment.

Credit for Europe cannot be supplied by eleemosynary methods or by haphazard business practices. There are more ways than one for America to assume burdens that do not belong to her. Repudiation of the world's war debts and international-currency plans are not the only ways. Unwise investment in European securities, by leaving a mass of bad investments on the hands of the American people, would lead to the same end, and would do Europe no fundamental good.

The result of this sound business process will be, of course, to bring Europe's credit needs face to face with the fact that at present there undoubtedly is a stringency of free funds in America for investment purposes. One reason is that the large investor, both corporate and individual, can afford to invest only in fully tax-exempt state or municipal securities because of existing rates of Federal income tax. An untaxed return of five per cent is more profitable than domestic or foreign investments subject to Federal taxes. Another reason is that the small investor, who would ordinarily be another great source of funds, influenced by the wave of extravagance which swept over the entire civilized world since the armistice, has not been saving commensurately with his present scale of income. In addition to this condition is the fact that the American people have not been educated up to sufficient knowledge of foreign values to feel confidence in foreign investments, especially when the competition for the limited supplies of domestic capital makes it impossible for American companies themselves to secure the funds they need.

Much has been made of the fact that there is available machinery, such as the Edge Act, which provides for an extension of our banking system into foreign financing so as to apply American funds to the problem of providing credit for Europe's continued purchases in this country. But the existence of machinery alone is not enough; there must first of all be the supply and the willingness of capital.

Bearing on the willingness of capital is the attitude of our own Government toward Europe. Quite properly it is the policy of this country to keep away from government control and to promote private initiative. Also I believe the Government is absolutely right in its determination to make no further direct loans to Europe. At the same time the problem of extending commercial credits to Europe is so great and of so deep a public significance to the American people that the attitude of the Government of the United States should be definitely established in this connection.

Further Credits to Europe

There is also required for the intelligent handling of credits for Europe on a large scale more thorough and intimate information as to the security Europe has to offer. Small or new nations of unproved stability present a degree of political risk beyond what can reasonably be assumed by ordinary business enterprise. Very few Americans at present have sufficient information with respect to these smaller countries to undertake credit arrangements with them directly. The best course is for Americans to enter into carefully guarded coöperative arrangements with financial institutions in the more stable political units of Europe, which are closer to the problems of credit judgment involved.

In all of this there are no special measures or financial novelties involved or required; it merely calls for a more intense application on a wider scale than usual of well-established principles of business. Before the war it was customary for England, Holland and other countries to invest extensively in American enterprises. In other words, they extended credit to us to develop our resources. We were then a debtor nation. We are now a creditor nation, because those investments of Europe here have been largely reduced through the return to us of part of our securities by Europe in settlement of her debts here, and the balance is more than offset by the government and private credits extended to Europe during the war period.

It seems clear, both for the sake of humanity in Europe and for the maintenance of our own foreign trade, that further credits should be granted. The problem of America's granting this credit, as we have thus far analyzed it, seems to require for its solution that the investment in European securities on the part of our large investors be made possible through a reconstruction of our own excess-profits and income taxes; that the large body of small investors be educated in respect to European investment to establish their confidence therein; that we obtain from our own Government a definite statement of policy; and that we make up for our own lack of detailed information in regard to

(Concluded on Page 89)

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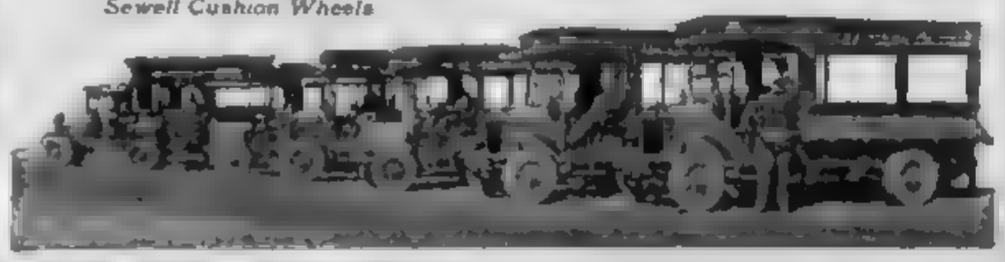

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(Concluded from Page 87)

European conditions bearing on credit by entering into coöperative arrangements with the stronger European nations, either governmentally or through private financial organizations which are in a position to pass proper credit judgment on the more unsettled areas of Europe.

These foregoing items are important matters of detail, but the big fundamental principle on which we must build our whole thought and action on the problem is that whatever funds are obtained in America must be obtained without adding to the inflation in our own country.

The United States can extend further credits to foreign nations only through the curtailment of its own expenditures and the increase of its own productivity if inflation is to be avoided. To create increased purchasing power by the creation of additional credits, without at least a corresponding increase in the amount of commodities available for export, would be of no advantage either to ourselves or to foreign nations. Increased purchasing power through further expansion of credit would merely increase the cost of living here and abroad and aggravate existing social unrest. It is therefore necessary that any foreign credits to be granted must be based upon additions to our own capital and not upon additions to our credit structure.

In other words, the capital for European credits must come out of the savings of the American people—that is, they must produce more and consume less, leaving on the one hand greater surpluses of goods to reserve stocks and to export without driving the cost of living higher; and on the other hand leaving unexpended surplus earnings for investment in securities to finance the sending of these surpluses of raw materials to Europe.

This is the financial gospel of work and save. As I said at the outset, the problem is not one merely for the ministers of finance, for the bankers, the business men and the economists of the world to solve, but one in which everyone must play a greater or smaller part. Every man, woman and child, whether he realize it or not, is, in fact, playing a part to help or hinder.

Everyone who has felt the burden of the high cost of living has become thereby a participant in the world's financial problem. Those who sought to meet their own phase of the problem, as expressed in their mounting family expenses, by adopting stricter personal economy, thereby aided in the solution of the world's problem.

Everyone who, beguiled by higher wages, increased business profits or unwonted speculative winnings, dissipated his surplus in reckless buying, extravagances and excessive consumption of goods, thereby hindered the solution of the world's post-war problem.

In all of this I have tried to make clear my belief that it is not special methods that are required, but merely the intense practice for a few years of well-recognized principles of sound national economic life.

We must have production adequate to meet legitimate demands. We must keep consumption within bounds by moderation, but not by miserliness. We must maintain our financial structure on such lines that credit shall truly reflect the commercial needs of the period. The true function of credit is to serve merely as a medium of exchange to facilitate the production, transportation and sale of the physical materials of industry and commerce in such volume as is required to serve the needs and comfort of the people.

These principles call for nothing but level-headed business—whether it be in the management of large foreign-investment operations; whether in the conduct of manufactures, stores or banks; or whether in the conduct of one's own domestic economy and family budget. In this, and this only, is the ultimate solution of the world's economic problem to be found.

Japonesque

I SAW her sandals on gray temple steps—
The little rosy sandals she flung down—
And thought them cherry petals drifted there,
Until I saw her frown.
And when she knelt beside the lotus pool
I thought an iris blossom, silver-fair,
Was mirrored in its depths of amber-brown.
I said, "The river wind is in the willows";
I said, "The nightingale has come again";
And knew, too late, I'd heard her little fingers
Upon her samisen.

Out of the pearl-and-jade of plums a-blossom,
Under the scarlet torii's flame of prayer,
She led and mocked and dared and lured and beckoned—
A geisha girl with poppies in her hair—
Her feet they wove the sacura-odori—
Threaded the ancient, stately cherry dance,
Her eyes they laughed and dreamed and teased and flouted,
A thousand Aprils blossomed in her glance—
But lovely, piqued, displeased, she turned and left me,
This geisha with her crimson fan and comb—
For I hadn't even seen that she was April—
My heart had only cried, "It's spring—at home!"

—Dorothy Paul.

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DEUCE HIGH

(Continued from Page 25)

He Realized Suddenly That Had the Jungle Called Through the Lips of Any Other Man Mary Lassaigne Would Have Answered as Trustingly, as Gladly

whose only mysteries were sordid and man made. But he had to see Mary through.

He had browbeaten her into acquiescence with Trainor's plan—not without some pale deceptions on Trainor's part which were designed to soothe Mary's stiff pride—and his peculiar code of duty compelled him to wait until she was safely installed in a school. Then he would be free.

He drew a long breath, unaware that the springtime air was dangerously fragrant of blossom time and mating time—and threw back his head and beat himself on the breast, laughing. When people stared at him he ducked his head and hurried away to his own room across the park.

Prentiss did not hold the world in ignorant disdain as did Mary. He regarded it more with a certain condescending indulgence, writing it down as a stupid and pitiable, but on the whole rather good-humored, place.

IX

MRS. MOONEY had gone out. Mary Lassaigne stood in front of a long mirror. Her brown hair was combed smoothly back, puffed softly over her ears and pinned in a soft knot at her neck. Her skin had lost some of the roughened brown which the tropic sun had baked into it, and was smoother with a subdued tawny glow about it. Her teeth were restored and straightened.

Trainor did not argue and scold as Archie Prentiss did. Trainor merely said, "Come along," cheerfully, and though she hated most of the things they desired her to do and spent lonely tearless nights staring angrily into the dark and beating her pillow in impotent resentment, Mary went where Trainor wanted her to go and spoke politely to people because he wished her to, and eliminated a certain masculine informality from her conversation when Trainor tactfully suggested to her that ladies did not use words like "damn."

And now, though she would not admit it to herself, Mary was beginning faintly to like being a lady. The slumbering feminine within her was awakening, a dazed instinct, long drugged, feeble, half afraid. She hid this from the others with a stubbornness half savage, but when she was alone she looked often into the glass, and the vision she beheld there pleased her more every day.

Her dress of old blue set off the gold of her skin and the glow in her eyes. It was a straight simple gown with strange Chinese embroideries and a clacking enameled chain for a girdle. It suited the poised slenderness of her body. Soft gray sandals and silk stockings finished the picture.

With her arms over her head Mary turned slowly before the mirror in a sort of languorous dance. The still creeping of the mystic river was in the sway of it, and the passionate breath of great brooding blossoms, and the staccato of quarreling birds. And beneath all these lay the yearning of the jungle—the savage, aching spell which Prentiss himself had felt, which deadens like ether and makes glad like wine and tortures like pain. Faster and faster Mary Lassaigne whirled. Then suddenly her arms fell and her face convulsed. Into the jungle motif had crept the memory of a grave with solemn trees brooding above it. A sob, as sharp as the bark of a beast, tore past her lips. She flung herself across the bed. Along with the other gifts of her sex Mary was obtaining the new boon of tears.

Her eyes were still swollen when Trainor came in later with Mrs. Mooney. There was a stranger with them, a tall thin man called Paget. Paget's eyes were gentle and his voice a bit tired, with something in it which Mary thought was loneliness. The girl did not shrink into sulky silence with Paget as she usually did with strangers.

"You're rather disappointing, Miss Lassaigne," Paget told her. "Puss led me to expect some sort of gypsy person who would talk to me in Greek meters—and I find a very nice-looking young lady who looks as though she might enjoy going to a ball game."

Mary's lip curled faintly and for an instant she bore a startling resemblance to Lassaigne.

"You should have come last week," she said saucily. "I was quite savage then. I believe I even ate with my fingers!"

Trainor laughed loudly. "By George, I don't blame the child!" he declared. "We have pranced round like a lot of lion tamers trying to teach tricks to a blue-eyed kitten. We've rather overdone the intensive-culture business, but if we've been a bit crude, Mary, you'll have to forgive us and remember you are your father's daughter."

Trainor's continual references to Frank Lassaigne, whose intimate friend he insisted that he was, troubled Mary vaguely. The wariness bred of years of defensive self-reliance had not been palsied by the anæsthesia of civilization. She still read men, not by their words, as defended women do, but by their eyes and the things they left unsaid. And she marked in Trainor's claims as a family friend a certain glibness and a certain veiled vagueness. She knew that Lassaigne had owned few friends, and though he had spoken of others he had never named to her a huge and laughing person named Trainor. But she kept her own counsel, wondering faintly if Paget would prove to be another unsuspected admirer of her father. But he said nothing about it.

"We've found the school for you," Trainor told her. "It's an old-fashioned place kept by two little widows, and the girls actually learn something that's worth while. It's quite reasonable, too; I think we can afford it."

Very early in the arrangement Trainor had encountered the stiff rebounding of Mary's pride. Since then he had conveyed by clumsy hints the impression that immense sums were due Lassaigne from the Government, and that the collection of them was merely a matter of time and patience. And here again Mary's uncanny intuition had enlightened her. She had read defeat in the eyes of Prentiss on his return from Washington; she was beginning to suspect that there was little to hope for from the department. But here also she kept silence.

She was beginning to realize her own ignorance, and with the realization came a certain subduing humility and a lessening of her sureness in herself. She was learning to accept things as they appeared, without argument or analysis.

"We'll drive out there," suggested Mrs. Mooney. "Put on a sun hat, Mary; the blue one. It's like August in the street."

At the curb where Trainor's big car stood Mary's eye was caught by a quick-moving figure crossing the street. It was Prentiss, dressed in the shabby adventurous-looking clothes he usually wore, his hat jerked low over his eyes, and in every alert movement the impelling wiry spring of the life that was in him, the pulse of a spirit controlled and full of purpose and moving always on a single track. Mary knew that Prentiss was coming to see her, and by his face she knew that he was bringing news. And she knew suddenly that she wanted to stay at home and quarrel with Prentiss and listen to his ingenuous, brusque lectures upon manners or dress more than she wanted to ride in Trainor's luxurious car.

It was as if something homesick and stifled in her heart stirred and cried with a loud cry. The street became suddenly a fevered river, and the city round whispered with the wooings of banana leaves swishing amorously in the dusk. And of all the crowd there was only Prentiss, slim and boyish, with freckles shining on his nose, and herself, whom the wild secret places still claimed.

And then Prentiss saw her, and swiftly civilization laid its cool hand upon her again. She bowed a proper bow as she had been taught, and the car whirled away, leaving Prentiss standing blankly in the middle of the street.

"Hello," remarked Trainor. "Wasn't that Archibald? I thought he was on the way to Bermuda."

Mary sat up. Bermuda! She had been born in Bermuda. She remembered now childish tales which Frank Lassaigne had told her in a tent of nights—of sea like blue glass, and of white, white walls and of greens so tense that they sang in the air a song of eternal summer, and of bird wings flashing in the sun.

Archie Prentiss was going to Bermuda! And she—how she hated this red-brick building whose gate they were entering! How she hated it! This would be worse than the convent. Her expurgated vocabulary failed of competency as she viewed it!

X

THE proper maid at Miss Hudson's school took Prentiss' hat and directed him into a small parlor, painfully clean and perfect in yellow and white. Prentiss felt keenly uncomfortable. His feet were somehow become absurdly big and dusty. His hat looked like a vagabond and disreputable thing. The chairs, cushioned in yellow satin, were obviously never intended to be sat in by a male person in corduroy trousers.

He stood miserably on one foot, surveying a colorful print above the pristine white mantel and wondering where the jackass artist got the idea that *Ulmus plumosa* bore pinnate leaves like that. Then Mary Lassaigne came in, looking younger, smaller, whiter and more frightened than Prentiss could have believed possible.

"Oh—hello," said Prentiss awkwardly. "Didn't know whether they'd let you come down or not. Thought maybe you'd be studying or something."

Mary sat down on one of the yellow chairs. "It's drawing this period," she said simply. "I'm not taking it—so I'm free."

"I see," said Prentiss.

He had a hundred things to say to her. He had to tell her good-by. Old Byers, of the big seed company, was sending him to Bermuda. It was an important commission with a bit of adventuring in it. He had been lucky to pick it up. It meant beginning absolutely on his own when he had been resigned to five years or so of tagging humbly after an older field man, an eager bearer of paraphernalia.

He had come to tell Mary all this because, of all the people he knew, Mary was the only one who would understand. Mary had breathed the fragrance of dizzying beds of teeming bloom. Mary knew the things which hidden streams tinkled over mosses, rank and poisonously green. Mary knew the cry of passing birds, night-belated and enraged. Mary knew that there were days of different hues—lilac-colored mystic days, days of passionate crimson glowing, yellow languorous days! And now, when he was bursting with feelings like these, he could not talk.

The yellow room was like a merciless light turned upon him. He felt as though he were framed, glass covered, gilt bordered. He looked at Mary with misery in his eyes. Mary was different too, quenched somehow, like a flame carried tamely in the fingers!

"I—I came to tell you good-by," said Prentiss dully. "I'm leaving to-night."

Mary rose. "Good-by," she said.

She held out her hand. Prentiss took it mechanically. He was trying to make himself realize that the hand was the same

(Continued on Page 95)

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"Here is a Good Shoe"

A Selz standard learned in 50 years of shoe-making

Good shoes—all leather, fine workmanship, fair prices.

This is a house which in all its fifty years has never knowingly made a poor shoe.

Its founder, Morris Selz, set standards that often have been difficult to maintain when, in the trade, compromise was general. But never has the name Selz been associated with any but good shoes.

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If ever a shoe that is faulty gets out into distribution, we recall it.

Once, a long time ago, some shoes went to our dealers that after a while showed faulty thread—thread that rotted easily. We recalled them all.

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To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

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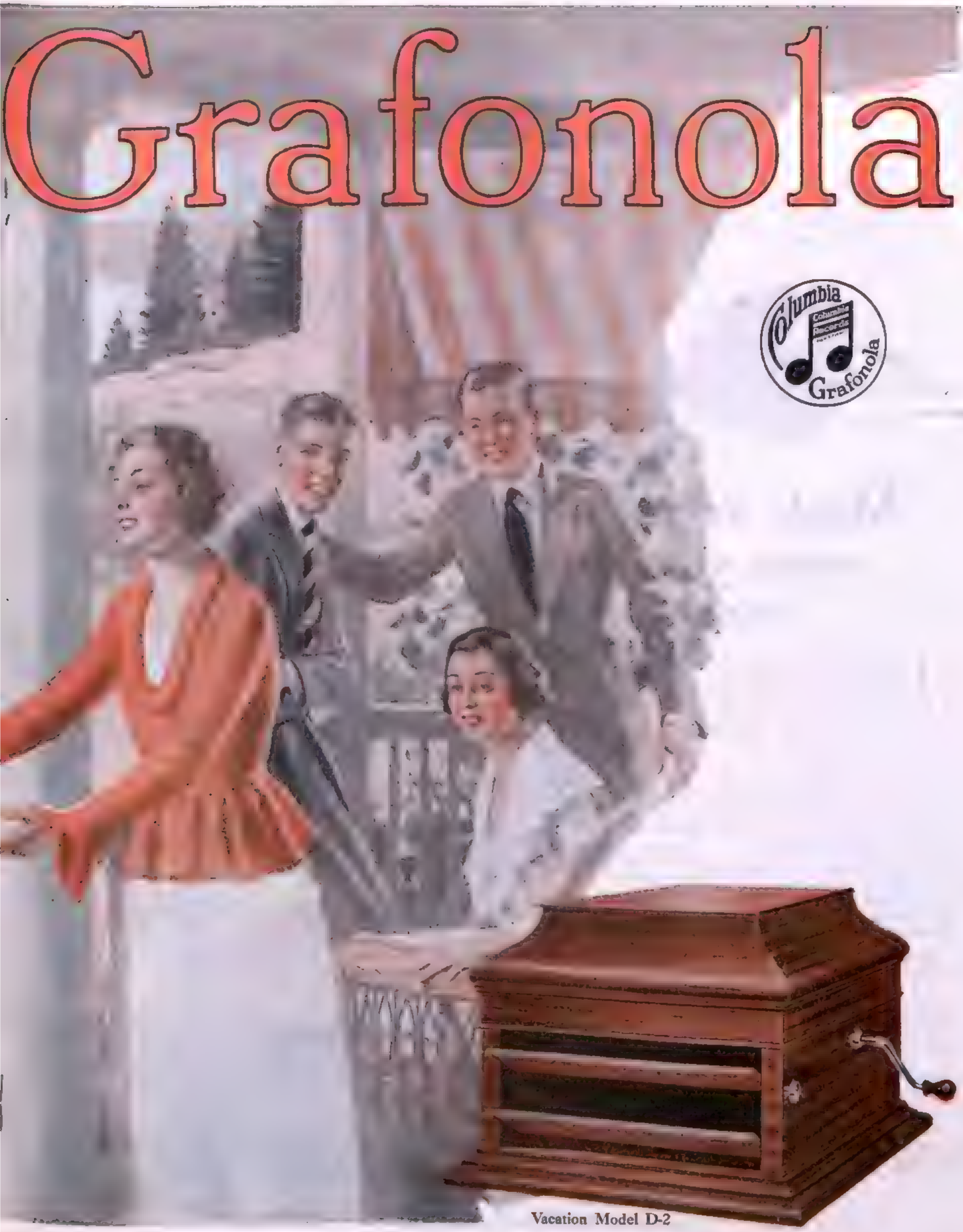
Vacation Model D-2

Hold a cake of Jergens Violet Soap to the light—look through it! Its crystal transparence tells you how pure it is.

Made to refresh you when you need that moment's rest

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the great industrial leaders used to pride themselves on never taking a vacation. Ten years ago they came to realize that they could accomplish more by taking an occasional day's outing.

Today the men who produce most, plan their rest as carefully as they plan their work. They have found that a few minutes of relaxation, snatched at frequent intervals, is worth hours of recreation after exhaustion.

Theodore Roosevelt in the midst of a tremendous day could snatch five minutes' sleep at will. Steinmetz, the great inventor, gets the needed moment of relaxation by puffing a cigar.

There are a thousand ways of getting this instantaneous relief from tension.

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Jergens Violet Soap is especially made to refresh, as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient so cooling, so refreshing, that physicians often recommend this ingredient for its effect on the skin. The mere enjoyment of washing with it intensifies the soothing value. The instant it touches the water the fresh fragrance of living violets is released from its crystal depths. Its pure color, like clear emeralds, suggests refreshment. In the hardest water it lathers up rich and thick. The very qualities that give it its refreshing value make it particularly delightful for general use.

You can get Jergens Violet wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents—learn to double the refreshment of washing

For 6 cents we will mail you a small cake which will give you a new idea of how refreshing the simple act of washing your face and hands can be. The Andrew Jergens Co., 655 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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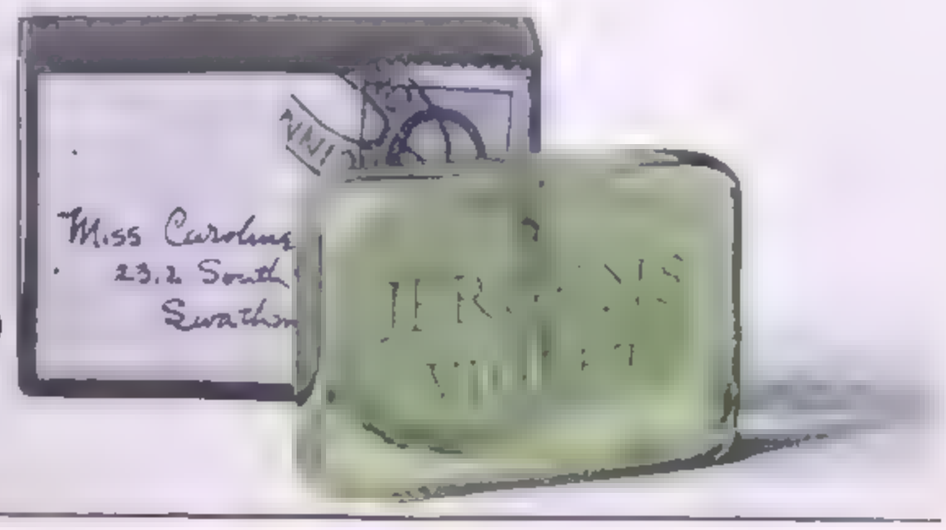
Photograph by N. Y. Times

Throughout hours of flight the airplane must be continually driven at maximum speed. That is why its life is measured in months while the automobile's life is measured in years.

Photograph by Hartsook

Few singers can equal Geraldine Farrar in her capacity for sheer hard work. During a long, trying day of film making she gets a few moments of needed relaxation every now and then by sitting down and playing on her piano.



JERGENS VIOLET SOAP
TRANSPARENT

(Continued from Page 90)

which had bent a dogged oar on that wild still race down the river, that those fingers had fired a pistol at him, had dug the grave of Frank Lassaigne. But those things were too far away from this meticulous atmosphere of yellow and white. Mary's hand was soft now, and manicured, and a bit cold.

"I've got a job, you know—Bermuda," he continued; "with the Byers people. They want some imported bulbs—new ones. People are tired of poor old *Lilium auratum*. I'll be gone six months."

"Six months?" repeated Mary.

She had on some sort of youngish dress of limp black stuff, with a childish collar of white crape. Prentiss did not know that Mrs. Mooney, having learned of Mary's recent bereavement, had plunged her into sartorial mourning, arguing wisely that mourning was a protection to a girl so dangerously unsophisticated as Mary. He only knew that she looked altered and a bit wistful, and that all the bristling independence had gone out of her.

He wanted to say a great many things and to say them glibly, things that troubled him, things that he would have said to the brown, lithe, untamed Mary who had fled with him from Jesus Alvaso. But he shifted to the other foot and grinned feebly.

"Six months won't be long enough. You can't get well located in a field in six months. I've got to go pretty far in—back from the coast towns. I've got to provision and learn the country and build some sort of a shack—you have to cure bulbs, you know."

Mary stood with parted lips, and something living had come into her eyes.

"The rains!" she half whispered. "You'll see the rains!"

"Can't help it." Prentiss dismissed that factor casually. "I'll get the dormant season to work in."

But Mary had not heard. "I love them," she murmured dreamily. "The water shuts you in like a silver tent. And the trees talk all night! I love the rains!"

Prentiss stood dumb. Something hurt him intolerably. He had a feeling as though he had trapped a bird and prisoned it and now beheld its piteous longing for the wild, winging sky. Mary Lassaigne had shaken off the still black apathy that had held her spirit as the little black dress covered her body. She was a forest thing again, chafing at walls as he himself had chafed, longing for solitudes as he had longed—and he had mured her in a yellow-satin jail, and for her soul's breath had given her an absurd pastel cartoon of a pinnate *Ulmus plumosa* to look at!

He felt again the surge of the strange troubling impulse—the uneasy desire which burned and weakened him like a secret sin. He shrugged it down in boyish contempt for any heart paranoia toward women, but when it was gone he felt cold and weary and purposeless.

He told Mary good-by so dully that her eyes flashed at him for an instant with some of their ancient resenting. Then he went away. He did not look back as he went out the gate, for his spirit was seeing visions beyond the stony streets—visions of a white tent set among listening long-fingered trees!

XI

"SHE'S coming on, I tell you!" declared Puss Trainor, leaning back and lighting a cigarette. "I've got you fellows beat. I've won your money."

Forbes tightened his thin mouth. "I can't see that you've proved your point, however," he argued; "the girl came from good people. She already had an education of a sort."

"Most any girl has an education of some sort, my friend," insisted Trainor. "Mary does know Milton. But she never made the acquaintance of tooth paste. She thought a nail file was a budding knife, and geography was as vague in her mind as Hebrew. You don't find them more unenlightened than that, Forbes, often."

"So—you're going through with it?"

Trainor dropped his feet suddenly on the floor. "Are you crawfishing, Forbes?" he asked bluntly.

Forbes cleared his throat. "It's not a question of the money," he declared. "You understand that of course But I've got a proposition that will take me out of the country for some time. Years perhaps. And a man naturally feels bound by a contract—even an absurd agreement like this! Of course you're bound to realize the absurdity of it yourself, now, Trainor!"

Trainor leaned back judicially. "No," he said, "I confess I don't see any absurdity in it. Neither does Paget; nor Archie. It's an unusual arrangement, I grant that. I'm rather enjoying it myself. But—if you'd prefer to be out of it, Forbes—we don't want to hold anybody against his will. You can pull your money out; I'll write you a check now."

"It isn't the money," insisted Forbes. "Keep the money for the girl if she needs it."

"She doesn't need it."

"It's that matrimonial joker that I'd like to evade," continued Forbes. "No man wants to marry a woman on the turn of a card, I don't anyway! I don't want to marry anybody. I want to make money, and I can't do it if you hold me to this jackass scheme!"

"I'm writing your check now, Forbes," said Trainor quietly. "I'm calling it off as far as you're concerned. Archie and Paget won't kick. I know them."

When Forbes had gone out Trainor pursed his fat lips complacently. Like Prentiss, he had glimpsed the fearless gleaming spirit of Mary Lassaigne. And like Prentiss, Trainor had not been able to vision that burnished winging thing which lived in Mary's eyes yoked with the calculating soul of Forbes!

XII

ARCHIE PRENTISS walked very quickly through the gloom of the tree-tunneled drive at Miss Hudson's.

Dusk—that insidious fragrant alchemy which a spring day works as, departing reluctantly, it flings a naïve destroying smile back into the cool darkness—made the grim bulk of Miss Hudson's melt into the shadowy trees about it with a softened outline. But to Prentiss the silhouette of it was sinister. It bore the shape of many things which in the last amazing hour he had learned to hate.

Chiefest of these things was money. It was money that reared walls of stone and laid streets of stone and made laws which were like stone in that they burdened the little people and were easily destroyed if one struck a blow bold enough. Prentiss found himself hating all money, but principally Trainor's money. It was Trainor's money that separated Mary Lassaigne from him as ruthlessly as though she were sealed in an urn of gold. And out of the astounding battle which the last hour had witnessed in the heart of Archie Prentiss—which was the mystic heart of a poet and the straightforward heart of a lad—a single conviction had emerged, burned naked as truth!

He loved Mary Lassaigne!

He knew now why she had been to him as a flaming rock set in a river of lies, as a trumpet calling in still dim aisles, aquiver! She was the woman! That was God again. She was his woman, and no man's money should clothe her in a gown of black or set her within silken walls. She was his woman and she was not to be wooed by rule or won by a gambler's luck!

Having arrived at these decisions Prentiss had come straight to Mary in that deliberate single-track fashion of his. He had come to take her to Bermuda, where there would be a white tent set among green listening trees.

He had no very coherent idea how he was going to accomplish this. Prentiss did not trouble often about the how of things. Given the wherefore, he left the how to chance and impulse. And the dynamo of youth which was in him, which drove him through situations with a machinelike inexorableness, he counted on in this.

He strode up the drive and into the portico of Miss Hudson's. And though the maid who answered the bell was even more sternly prim than the one of the afternoon, something dogged and audacious in his face impelled her to ascertain if Miss Lassaigne could be interviewed at this unlawful hour. Ordinarily she would have ushered him out without ceremony.

It was not Mary who came, however, but a house proctor in black; an ageless, superbly cold individual in shell spectacles, who looked Prentiss over with eyes that named him a "person" in tones almost audible. But again Prentiss' boyish eyebrows prevailed against conventions. The proctor grew a bit nervous when he explained that it was necessary for Miss Lassaigne to leave the school immediately. She summoned a marvelously poised secretary, who referred him to a very superior dean. In the end they allowed him to see Mary for five minutes, which was enough for Prentiss.

Mary came down, embarrassed, with an air of having dressed in haste, and also with a glint of curiosity in her eyes. Prentiss closed the door of the yellow-and-white room abruptly.

"I'm going to take you to Bermuda," he told her briefly. "Can you get out of this place in an hour?"

Mary's eyes flashed with a gleam as innocent, as utterly sexless as those of a trusting child.

"Shall I bring any clothes?" she asked, all the jungle craft she had known creeping like a glad brown shadow over her face.

Prentiss prodded a bundle he bore. "I've got you a dress—here," he said.

It was a khaki dress, without pockets in which poisonous things might hide. He had bought it during that hour, and with it a corduroy coat and slicker. Byers had advanced him money enough so that he had paid Trainor back the thousand he had borrowed and had enough left for an outfit.

No word of love. No argument. No questioning. It was as if wild had called to wild in the primitive, wordless, ancient tongue. Mary would be ready. Walls could not hold her. Bars could not bind her.

Prentiss went away down the tree-tunneled drive, walking confidently, but deliberately, as youth walks when it feels the spheres under its feet. He was not thinking of Trainor, nor of the money Trainor had spent, nor of the worn paper in his pocket which he had signed in all good faith.

He was a bit mad, with a glad spring madness, and this persisted until he was back in his stripped room beyond the park, where his ruck sack and his bed roll and his precious bundle of tools lay strapped and buckled and sealed after his precise fashion. It was like a drug, this madness, numbing his brain, narcotically, in every cell save that live pulsing center which linked him with Lassaigne and the solitary brotherhood of the far-luring fields.

But back in the room, where the open windows let the city in, raucous, stale on the air, the anæsthesia wore away and certain stern cells dominated by conscience stirred reproachfully.

Like iced water on fevered flesh the cold truth doused his ardent dream. He realized suddenly that had the jungle called through the lips of any other man Mary Lassaigne would have answered as trustingly, as gladly. And this strange and sweet thing in his heart told him that he did not want Mary Lassaigne like that. He did not want her with that sexless eagerness in her eyes, with that adventuring urge which made her look past him and through him as though he were a friendly window through which she beheld the untamed land she longed for. He did not want this apathetic, unawakened Mary enough to steal her—and that was the thing he planned. Theft from Trainor, theft from Paget, and Forbes—for Prentiss did not know yet that Forbes had withdrawn from the agreement. Worse than that, it meant the shattering of his four-square, stern code of honor.

The madness deserted him, and in its place came misery of the inward-burning sort, which tortures sensitive souls such as his. But strongest of all at the core of his misery lay the heart of his madness—this amazing, dizzying, unbelievable thing which had happened to him—this love which cried out for Mary and shrank baffled before the unstirred calm obedience with which she answered.

He sat for a long time with his elbows digging into his knees and all his sandy hair ruffled into confusion. Then he rose up suddenly and flung all his baggage together swiftly. He summoned a taxi, threw everything into it, and directed the driver to take his belongings to the docks. Then he strode off across the city, his cap jerked over his forehead

He had time to walk. He needed to walk, to battle the appalling ache of the loneliness that was in him.

His mind was made up. Without love he could not take Mary away from Miss Hudson's, without the love which he had searched for in her eager eyes and had not found there For love a man may destroy the faith of his friend and perchance be forgiven. But Mary did not love him. Mary loved the solitary life of the jungle, rivers to be tamed and secrets to be wrested from the hidden furtive places. But the womanhood in her was dormant as the green beginnings of bloom that sleep in the heart of a brown lily bulb.

And Prentiss, who was very young and hence inclined to a solemn breed of martyred philosophy, did not carry his botanical simile further, and realize that there are suns and rains which woo the slumbrous bloom forth from the brown husk that prisons it.

He walked to Miss Hudson's gate, sternly as though he clanked in shining armor. He found Mary sitting on a carriage block, looking small and young and much like a runaway boy.

"Nobody saw me!" she exulted. "I walked down the back stairs and through the infirmary, and into the kitchen very calmly. Then I unlocked the back door—and ran! Every time the watchman comes near I get behind the wall. I hear him now—run!"

She snatched Prentiss' arm and they scurried silently to the shelter of a hedge at the next corner. There Prentiss stood and looked at her, at the brown beauty of her, tempered as a blade, at her childish, half-awakened face above the soft collar of her little dress; and something in his throat swelled chokingly and made the things he had to say very hard indeed. He wanted to hold Mary close—breathlessly close. He wanted to tell her of the green tent he should set under the listening trees. He wanted to see love waken in her eyes.

But instead he looked at her solemnly and said: "You've got to go back, Mary!"

"What?" There was angry incredulity in her tone.

"You've got to go back. I can't take you away. I was crazy, I guess, when I told you. You've got to go through with it—for your father—for yourself. He went through with things." How lamely it pattered, this argument of his! Mary stared at him—amazed, furious! "I ought not to have asked you. But I wanted you —"

"And now"—Mary's words crackled with the old bitter resenting—"you don't want me!"

Prentiss stammered. "It's not that," he declared uneasily and very awkwardly, because many passionate things which must not be said crowded to his tongue, and because Mary was so near—and so dear! "You know it isn't that! It's just—it's not fair to Trainor. It's not fair to you. You've got to study, Mary. You've got to have an education."

"Why have I?" demanded Mary, in her direct, disconcerting way.

"Because lack of education is a desperate handicap." Prentiss was arguing more with himself than with her. "You go back, Mary—and be patient. It's only a year, anyway."

"I can't go back," said Mary sullenly. "I locked the door behind me."

"Then I'll take you to Mrs. Mooney's." Prentiss was inexorable. "She can take you back and fix things up in the morning. I'll have to hurry. The boat leaves in an hour."

Had not a great pompous limousine moved by in leisurely silence at that moment it might have been that this tale would have ended here. Had the machine swung its white revealing light along the hedge an instant earlier, Prentiss would not have seen the contemptuous flash in Mary's eyes, and, seeing, misinterpreted it with masculine obtuseness. Or had the light flowed over her quivering face a breath later he would have beheld the two tremulous betraying tears that followed after.

And in this latter case it is doubtful if Prentiss would have boarded the boat, doggedly, for Bermuda, at one o'clock—alone and lonely and utterly, desolately miserable!

XIII

ANDREW PAGET found Freddie Forsyth on a splashing June day when the streets were sluices, washed with hot rain, and every doorway and little sheltered place was crowded with bored storm-pent shoppers.

Paget had stepped into an exclusive jeweler's shop—one of those still, awesome, velvet-smothered places full of hush and expensive wares, to get out of the rain. He had chosen the place because the overtaken crowd avoided it, and once inside he made a pretense at examining the half dozen insidiously disposed scarfpins displayed on an intriguing drape of amethyst velvet.

"How do you do?" inquired a voice from the shadow. There were no plebeian counters or show cases in this place.

Paget jumped. Before him stood Freddie, in the quiet black of a saleswoman,

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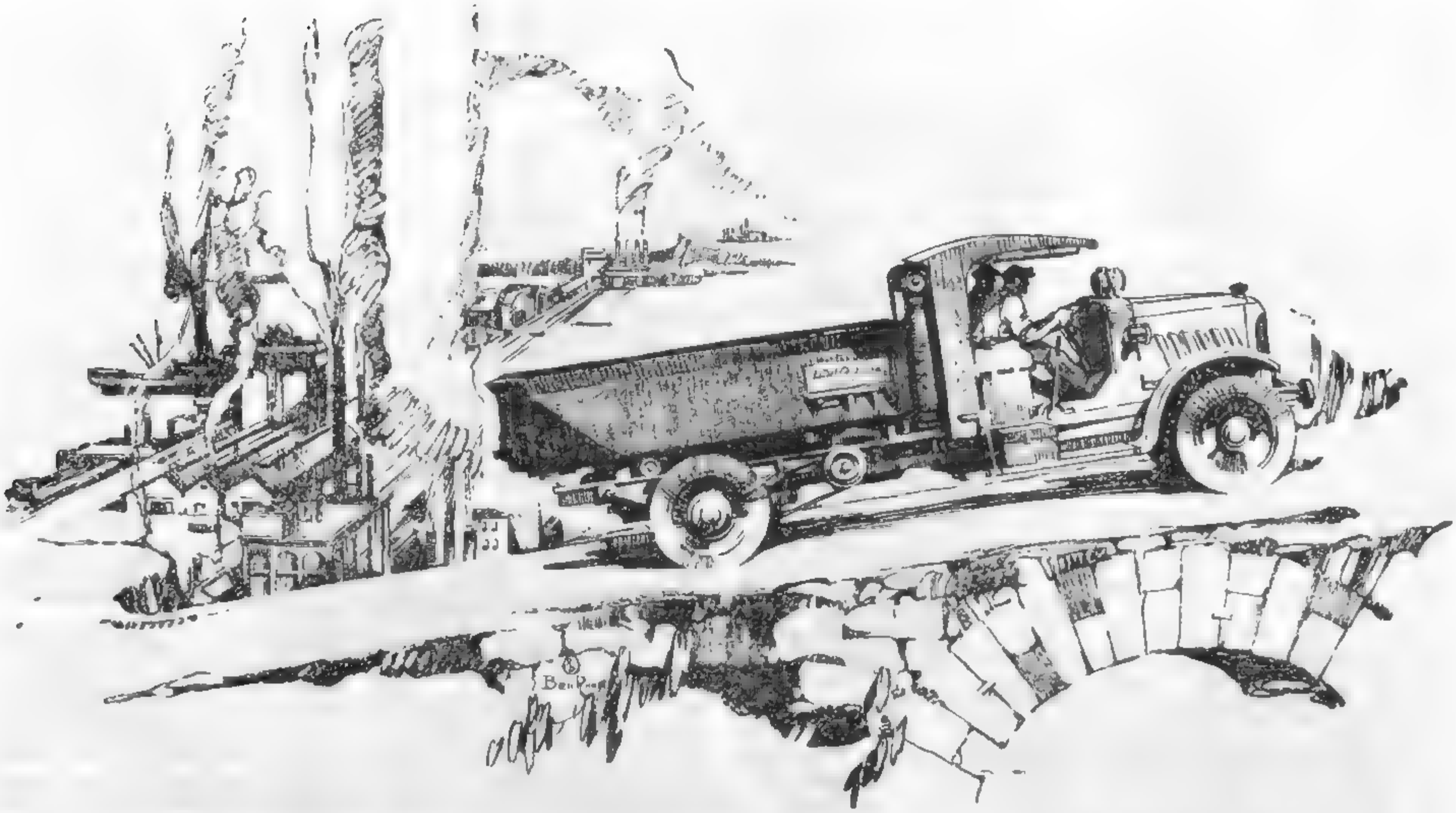

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A magneto costs more to install initially, but the first cost is the total cost. Ever afterward it pays dividends.

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Magneto Ignition

IS ADAPTABLE

(Continued from Page 95)

with her blond swirl of hair pinned primly over her ears, and in her eyes a bit of laughter, elusive and faintly mocking, but which, nevertheless, held a betraying gladness.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Paget. "I've passed this absurd place a dozen times a day—and you ——"

"I am a confidential employee—under heavy bond," explained Freddie with a bright attempt at casualness. "Would you mind? The scarfpin, please—thank you."

Paget opened an awkward palm, where the forgotten bit of gold and topaz lay tightly clenched. "Shoplifting, actually!" He laughed. "Here—take the idiotic thing. And come out of this mortuary another—out into the clean rain. If you knew how I've tramped this town! How I've stood at every corner; stared at every blonde until she looked round for a policeman! I've even put personals in the agony column!"

"I know," said Freddie indulgently. "I saw them."

"And let me suffer!" accused Paget. "Where's your hat? I haven't any umbrella—but we can buy one round the corner."

"I can't go now, Andy," argued Freddie; "I can't even talk to you here. The detective is watching us now. He'll walk this way presently."

"Tell me then where ——"

"I'm off at five," informed Freddie naïvely.

Those who truly go a-Maying may find bloom anywhere. In the bricks of sordid streets, where black wharves lie asleep with slimy feet dipped in the bay, in crowded railway stations or long gray roads deep in dust—amazing little flowers grow when there are eyes to see. Andrew Paget and Freddie Forsyth, climbing three flights in a stone-front-pasteboard-back apartment building, lifted their faces and breathed, not the smells of floor polish, escaping gas, first-floor roast and fourth-floor spaghetti, but rather a fragrance of clover fields in moonlight and roses asleep and the purple, passionate coolness of violets in bunches as big as your head.

"You can come in if you like," invited Freddie at the head of the stairs. "I have to cook supper. Chops—and romaine salad—and cheese."

Paget hung his dripping raincoat on the back of a chair—not of golden oak, but of a flagrant mahogany, of the brilliant, dust-betraying breed.

"I'll make the dressing," he offered.

"It's already made," returned Freddie, having disposed of the umbrella in the bathtub and thrust her arms into a pink chambray apron. "It's the sort that comes in a bottle—the kind that goes with this flat."

But Paget was undismayed. Over his lean and languid face came a look which went back to the unpainted farmhouse in Maine and a creaking ice-incrusted pump. His clothes, ordinarily marvelously tailored, even took on a shabby comfortable appearance that accorded with the imitation fumed oak in the dining room and the scoured but dubious linoleum in the kitchen.

These domestic, dish-drying, tea-brewing episodes are easy to write. Given a kitchen where propinquity is induced by sheer lack of dimension, and any sort of little table set for two and lighted, and even the janitor could construct a romance tending to the inevitable conclusion. Freddie Forsyth, serving chops and remembering that one of the three china plates had a crack, felt the inevitableness into which the situation was drifting, and unconsciously she began to struggle against it.

She knew that the pink apron was becoming and that the flush from the fire made her cheeks glow. She knew that she looked bewitching pouring tea—what woman does not?—and she knew also with desperate sureness that she did not want Andy Paget to fall in love with her because of it. That mysterious, unerring instrument, half barometer, half periscope, with which the female creature sounds the atmosphere for curious currents, told Freddie that Paget was falling—falling hard. So, hastily, she erected a sort of scaffold made of evasions and deadly commonplaces and casualness and every baffling, maddening timber her feminine tools could hew; and with this she propped up Paget's descent so cleverly that he felt no jar and no particular sensation except that the dreamy languor of falling was suddenly terminated.

For Freddie, who was inherently and mercilessly honest, knew what a fraud she was. She knew that she did not like to cook chops in a greasy skillet, however brightly she might pretend; that imitation-linen napkins gave her shivers; and that the thought of washing all the plates and tilting them on a loathly drain board sent a cold nausea plunging into the pit of her stomach. She hated it all with the same intensity with which her sybarite soul longed for the softness of silk and the luxury of amber and gold and white fur, and the joy of coffee and thick, thick cream in bed of late mornings. And something true and good within her, something that went back to her Irish mother and Shannon Water, cried out against letting Paget fall in love with a quality and an environment which were false.

"I'm a lie!" she told herself as they washed the dishes in the tiny kitchen where the danger due to lack of dimension she diluted with a cool sweetness of manner as insipid and obvious as lemonade. "I'm a silly French pastry served upon an ironstone plate—starvation for a hungry man masquerading as food! It's all miserable—miserable!" For Freddie, stealing a glance at Paget's lazy, rather bewildered face where a smile lurked with that hint of reserve about it, realized how very much she wanted Paget to fall in love with her.

And when he had said good-by, quite cheerfully as any casual friend might have done, she crept into her airless bedroom aching in every fiber. She did not cry. Freddie was not of the type of blonde that can weep becomingly. But she sat up very late, slashing at her gold mane of hair with a savage brush, her eyes like golden flames, until she heard her father's key in the lock. Then she climbed into bed for fear the rebellion in her heart should spill off her tongue and hurt him. He was doing the best he could of course—poor, lovable, unlucky dad!

XIV

LOVE is a vagrant blossom opening at times upon strange boughs. Before she had been three months at Miss Hudson's school, fat Puss Trainor had fallen in love with Mary Lassaigne. Not a fatherly sort of love befitting his years and his increasing third dimension, nor the brotherly camaraderie which he was accustomed to feel for all young and friendless things.

This love of Trainor's for Mary was a troubling, devastating affair. He viewed it with the same dazed incredulity with which he would have realized that he was dying of a new and amazing malady; and with some of the prickling uneasiness of the man who picks up another's purse. It drove him to merciless inward castigation, a languid, solemn moodiness not induced by the intolerable heat, and chill sweatings. Pagan that he was, the amiable and impulsive fat man had never done what he called a yellow trick. And he felt that falling in love with Mary, catalogued as she was by a signed agreement, was a yellow trick. And yet though every vein of him fought the passion he could not overcome it.

Not that Trainor was not justified in falling in love with Mary. Left alone at Miss Hudson's by the departure of the other students for the summer, Mary studied privately with two elderly resident teachers, and her shy and rather reticent nature had expanded. The bitterly brilliant cynicism she had acquired from Frank Lassaigne was softened to a keen, canny cleverness. She no longer regarded all comers with suspicion, but there was a reserve about her—something withheld and strong—that gave her a sustained self-sufficiency such as copper alloy gives to gold.

And like a deep still crimson flower she had bloomed. She was no longer a sulky wind-swung bud; she was awake and fragrant, quivering with life in a still, hushed fashion. She reminded Trainor of candlelight on folds of velvet, color of a jack rose. And for Trainor she held the same lukewarm dutiful regard that she had known when first he browbeat her paternally into having her teeth crowned.

This was one of the things that comforted Trainor—this knowledge that Mary was innocently ignorant concerning his feelings. He realized it with relief, as a man who lays marauding hands upon a virginal temple is relieved when his trespassing fingers leave no stain upon the marble. He did not know that Mary hoarded a memory that was as precious and insignificant as a child's pink pebble, but which like a voodoo charm had changed her from an untamed furtive child into a maid with a maiden's dreams—the memory of

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Archie Prentiss fidgeting in a yellow-satin room and telling her he had bought her a dress—a khaki dress without pockets!

Trainor saw Mary every day. August was a sultry month, oppressive to a man of his avoirdupois. But he would not forsake the city. Forbes was in Alaska. Paget appeared but seldom. With Prentiss in Bermuda, Trainor felt the responsibility of Mary along with this other new and tumultuous feeling. With the convenient Mrs. Mooney he drove to Miss Hudson's every afternoon and took Mary for a long ride, discipline being relaxed through the summer and various liberties permitted.

And one evening when the day had been intolerable and the twilight was enervating as the steam from an oven he drove his small open car up the shaded drive of Miss Hudson's, alone. Mary knew how to take care of herself. Trainor saw no need for a chaperon. Was he not her legal guardian? And then, the little car was cooler.

"Let's run out the road some place and find somebody who has left the hose running and turned on a battery of fans and got something frozen in the ice box," he suggested.

Mary had a new dress—yellow. It suited her tawny primrose face and her slumbering hair. "I'll put on a hat," she said.

"Don't do it," objected Trainor. "Let your hair blow. If it blows off I'll buy you some more."

They drove for miles in a thirty-mile-an-hour parade of other motorists, seeking coolness. Then they turned off into a narrow turnpike lying between fields which were real fields, having no subdivision signboards in them or imitation-marble gateposts topped with wrought-iron lamps.

"I want to show you a place I know," said Trainor, shifting gears and slowing to a conversational speed. "I was born down on this road about seven miles—on a farm. It was a little dirt road then—dandelions growing between the wheel ruts and tumblebugs waddling home at sundown."

All this should have warned Mary had she been worldly wise. For to only one woman does a man, not given to boasting, confide the history of his beginnings, especially if those beginnings have been humble. But Mary, regarding Trainor without particular discernment, saw nothing save flushed good nature in his face, and attributed the mild thrill of emotion in his voice to the memories of the place.

"I was born in Bermuda," she said.

And Bermuda calling up other recollections she lapsed into stillness again. The little car climbed a short dusty hill with a show of power and then slipped noiselessly down into a chilly hollow where the road was walled with stone and the rushes crowded close and the throaty boom of frogs was hushed suddenly as they passed.

"Cat-tails!" mused Trainor. "Used to soak 'em in lard and make torches of 'em."

"Torches!" remembered Mary tragically, silently. "Lighted boats creeping up a sullen river! The canebrake whispering like a mob lurking. Scarlet flowers crushed on wet mosses. Black soil upturned and beaded with heat. A grave!"

"I always thought I'd buy the old place back," said Trainor. "That's the orchard yonder. Pippin tree over the fence."

"He wanted me!" went on Mary's inward chant, forgetting Trainor and his musings. "He wanted me at first!"

"Let's stop—do you mind?" asked Trainor, slowing up as they came opposite a little shabby farmhouse set among crab-apple trees beaded with golden fruit. "Lord, it hasn't changed a bit! Same little window in the gable where I used to haul up a kitten in a bucket. Same old lilac bush—looks the same, anyway."

Why was it that these little houses looked always like prisoning places to Mary—woman prisons, hedged round with walls, tamed with custom of every thrill, bound with little laws as tough and tiresome as leather, governing Friday baking and Saturday dusting? Other girls at Miss Hudson's rhapsodized over stucco bungalows and little apartments with adorable kitchenettes, but Mary gasped in them and fairly trembled like a bird prisoned.

She followed Trainor out of the car without enthusiasm. The little gray bird of a woman who came to meet them seemed to her a marvelous and saintly creature in that she could endure the placidity of clover fields and a little yard hemmed in with a white fence in such quiet content.

The woman bustled about and brought them cold buttermilk and cookies, and talked brightly to Trainor—whom it appeared that she knew—of her boy.

"That was Archie Prentiss' mother," explained Trainor when they were back on the roaring turnpike.

Mary held her breath. That little woman, prim and bright eyed as a dove, the mother of an eager, horizon-winging creature like Prentiss? It was like learning that a solitary seeking killdeer had been mothered in a guinea fowl's nest!

"You can look at her and see where Archie gets that four-square conscience of his," went on Trainor; "but it's impossible to understand where the kid gets a lot of the other things he's got. I've always been interested in Archie—ever since Dawson, his stepfather, bought my farm. I watched him when he was a raw freshman Ag, spouting botanical names. I believe in Archie. He's square. He'll probably die a dismal deluded death in some melancholy out-of-the-way place, but they'll find him face up with everything accounted for in that little book of his."

The influence of that twilight drive lay upon Mary Lassaigne for many days. She found herself thinking a great deal, weighing people, their emotions and motives. And because she saw a great deal of Trainor she thought of him most, and her thoughts troubled her.

As a friendly, bluff, domineering guardian Trainor had been wonderful, and Mary had accorded him a lucent, daughterly sort of affection. But she felt intuitively that Trainor was changing. The mantle of his affection for her dead father was wearing thin in spots. He no longer looked at her with indulgent eyes or gave her a cheerful grin in greeting. His eyes were uneasy, full of a misery which Mary did not understand, but which she felt vaguely and which put her stiffly on the defensive. She began to feel lonely when she was with him, as though some beloved friend had departed, leaving in his place a furtive stranger whom she did not want to touch her. She did not realize that the thing was inevitable—that it was inevitable that she should become a woman—and that Trainor, cherishing a heart of youth under the hindering of unwieldy flesh, should become a lover!

She knew only that she shrank from the heat of his fingers and that she was glad when other people were with them. One sultry night when the air was full of a threat of thunder, Trainor circumvented the relaxed rules of the school and took her to a little basement place where there were long icy innocuous drinks in adorable thin glasses, and no hot, nauseating smell of cooking; and here Mary met Andrew Paget and Freddie Forsyth.

Instantly Mary liked the blond Freddie. The girls at Miss Hudson's were all of an exotic variety, pink of finger nails, hiding rouge puffs in their clothes, speaking a languid amazing language. Mary maintained a canny silence among them, watched them shrewdly, and gained a certain popularity from the fact that her story was romantic. But she had made no friends. Freddie was different. Her hands were white, but they did not have the bleached useless look the hands of those other girls wore. Mary liked the way Paget looked at Freddie. It made her throat ache with a strange loneliness, though she was very certain that she did not want any man to look at her like that—Trainor least of all.

She saw that Trainor was looking curiously at Paget. She did not know that in his mind he was scratching Andrew Paget's name from a paper many months old, and that there was for him a certain joy in the elimination.

They ate together and then Trainor insisted on taking Freddie home. There was a restless wind moving, and a mutter of thunder.

"It's going to pour in five minutes," he argued. "I'm driving the little boat but we can all squeeze in."

Four of them crowded on the low racing seat, they dashed through scurrying streets full of whirling papers, hurrying people who held their hats with both hands, shopkeepers dragging goods off the sidewalks, and flying taxis. The storm broke just as they reached the curb in front of the Forsyths' Harlem flat building and they gained the doorway one leap ahead of a driving wave of rain. But there Mary lingered, holding wistful palms to the drip.

"The rains!" she was saying softly, with a nostalgic ache in her voice which silenced the others, waiting on the stairs. "The rains! I love them! I love them! See how it shuts you in—like a silver tent! In the jungle the trees talk; and little singing things hush and listen. Oh"—she flung out her hands and the movement was like the abandon of prayer—"I hate these stone walls. I hate them! I hate them!"

And to Andrew Paget, following Freddie silently up the stairs later, there came back a whimsy speech of Prentiss'. "If she has been a milkmaid, she'll keep a milking stool hidden somewhere, and creep away and cry over it!"

Paget wondered. Were they so unchangable after all—these women? Acting! Acting! Mask and tinsel! Smile fixed on a scarlet lip! Pierrette gown hiding an aching heart! Did each of them play a part? Was Freddie acting, pretending a quiet philosophy and content, and creeping away in secret to weep over some milking stool?

With the poignant sorrow of Mary Lassaigne's homesick cry in his ears he looked at Freddie under the glare of the droplight in the parlor. And for an instant Freddie's guard was down. There was no bravery in her eyes, no calm stillness about her mouth. There was a look there of the homesick mother who had sighed for Shannon Water, the look of a small golden creature who is very tired and a little anxious for fear she is going to cry.

And seeing this, all the lazy languor went out of Andrew Paget's lean face.

"My dear!" he said, as though the one word were a thousand words. "Oh—my dear!"

He held her then, very close and simply, as he might have held a child, sitting in a big chair and rocking a little, with Freddie's face close against his shoulder and her arm about his neck. A breeze, cooled by the shower, came in and waved the dusty curtains. The city, rain-washed, was still. Paget could hear the beating of his own heart. After a little Freddie stirred and sat up, her eyes veiled and shy, her face warm with a glow of rose.

"Andy," she began hesitantly, drawing away.

"Kiss me," he commanded, holding her fast.

Freddie's confession died unborn. She had meant to be brave and frank, to lay bare her little parasite soul, shamelessly. She had intended to own all her yearnings for the fleshpots, to betray her feet which burned for the luxury of expensive rugs and the paths of idleness, and her hands which loathed dishwater and plebeian skillet handles. But somehow in the glad delirium of that kiss her stammerings were unheeded. And then when the things Paget was saying became a bit more coherent she was glad with swift gladness that she had not spoken. And also she was curiously ashamed and amazed at her own worldliness.

For Paget was telling her that he had lost most of his money—he was asking her if she could be happy—and be a poor man's wife. A poor man's wife! Imitation mahogany and delicatessen sausages—forever and ever! Salad dressing bought in a bottle, homemade hats and silk stockings with sewed-up Jacob's ladders in them!

"I love you!" Paget was saying.

He was so dear, so dear! She had never before seen that little-boy look in his eyes, a lonesome look that made her fingers stray unconsciously into his hair with a mothering touch. There was a button loose on his shirt too.

"I love you, Andy," was Freddie's answer.

Chops and dumb-waiters forever!

Andy explained after a little. Something about bonds and after-the-war fluctuations. There was enough left for a little house—out somewhere. And he had a position—he was working—Andy, who had never done a day's work in all his forty years! The salary was pretty fair. They could have a maid and a little car. Freddie listened in a joyful daze. Golden oak forever! Yet she was glad, deliciously, calmly glad!

Was she her mother's daughter, after all? Did she revert in primitive atavism to some distant, stone-floored Irish cottage, to a strong-armed red-blooded, laughing race of women? Or was it acting? Love acting? Mask and tinsel? Smile painted on a scarlet lip? Pierrette, pinning an apron over a tinseled frock, hiding an aching heart from the eyes of love? Freddie Forsyth did not know. Her heart, a simple organ of healthy reaction, did not waver. Her eyes were brave.

"I want a blue teapot, Andy," she said; "and a bird in a willow cage; and a grandfather's clock!"

Spirit of pioneer woman, leaving behind the hearth that warmed and the soil that had nurtured her! Forgetting gold and amber and the luxury of lazy toes tucked into white fur. Would Freddie look back? Creep away some day to weep over a dusty milking stool? Likely enough. Yet the prospect troubled the ardent Paget not at all.

In the adventuring of the world the Cross goes ahead of the flag. But it is love which is bravest of all, blazing the path by which the world follows on!

XV

TRAINOR, driving Mary Lassaigne home through the storm-washed streets, felt that he had reached the limit of his endurance. He loved Mary. Like a fire it consumed him, until the desire was torment. The pagan in him was dominant. Mary belonged to him. By rights she was his. Forbes was gone. Paget was disposed of. Only Archie Prentiss was left. Trainor, letting his unwonted emotions loose, told himself that Archie might never come back. The jungle was a savage and jealous mistress, and sooner or later she claimed her lovers as she had claimed Lassaigne.

Ignoring the uncertainty of his return, Trainor complacently eliminated Archie Prentiss as a negligible quantity. Archie's was an essentially celibate nature, isolated and imolated by dim dreams and ideals. Trainor felt that in all honor the field was his. He wanted Mary. The pain of that want was the biggest thing in his existence. And he thought that he could make her love him. Hers was a dormant nature—unawakened, ignorant.

He looked at her, sitting pale and quiet and somehow pitifully small with her hair blowing back in the cool air and her hands over her knee, and felt already the thrill of possession. He had only to break down that thin wall of reserve she kept about her, that intangible glassy completeness which he had never been able to penetrate. Since her passionate outcry at Freddie Forsyth's door she had not spoken, and Trainor, sensing her detachment and some vague essence of loneliness which lay behind that nostalgic cry, longed to comfort her with the only comfort his material soul comprehended.

He longed to buy her a ring—not a diamond, but some jewel richly colored, dusky, glowing, a slumbrous ruby or a topaz with flame at the heart of it. He wanted to hang soft rich garments upon her and set her at the head of a luxurious table, to build a house for her with windows looking out rosily upon joy, and doors opening into glad delights.

And stopping the car suddenly he told her all these things. He called her "little girl" with a burring caress in his voice. He took her arm and kissed the slender coolness of it while Mary sat motionless, looking straight ahead of her in silence.

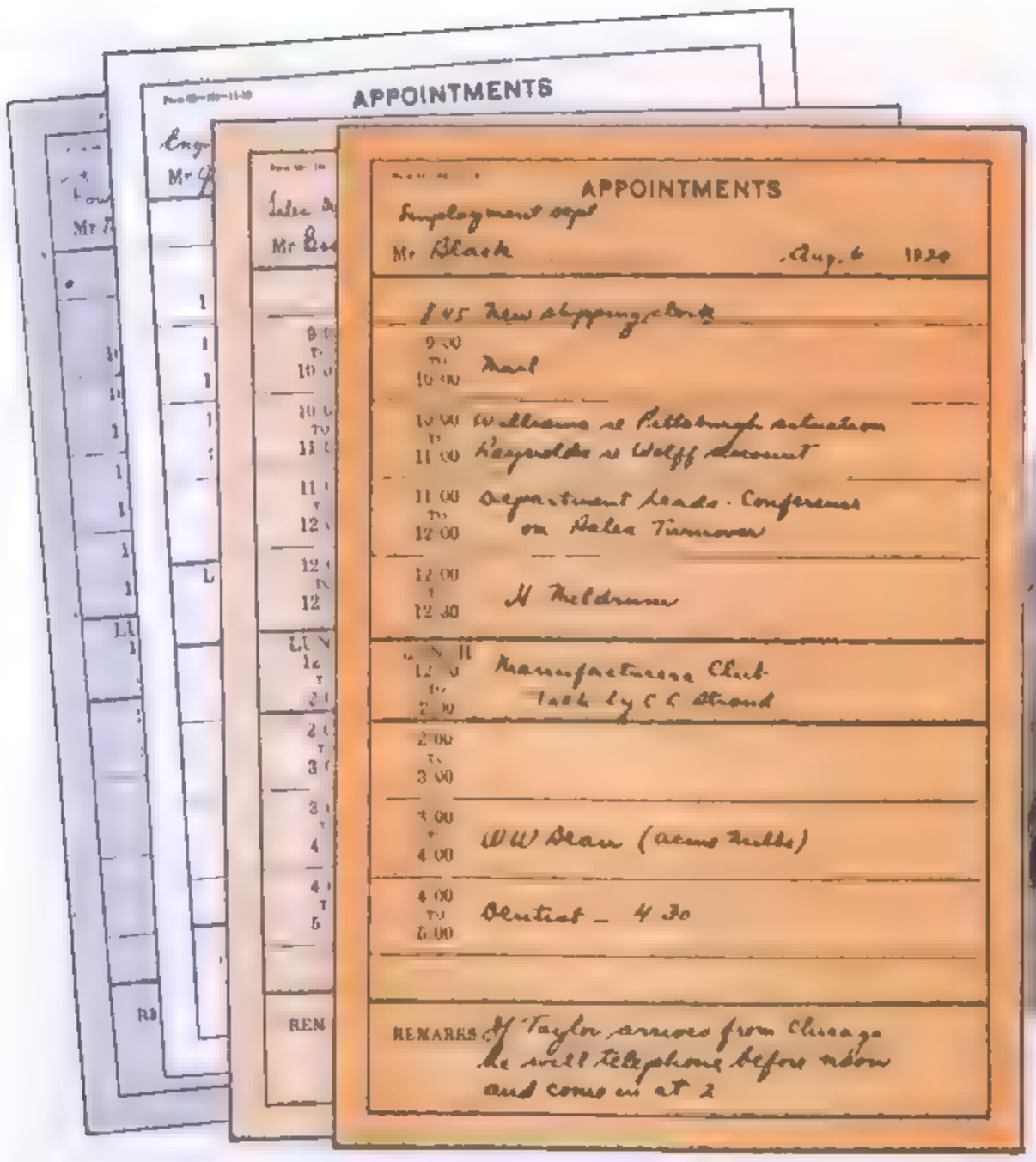
And then because the heart of him was of good gold in spite of the buffoon body with which he had been cursed, Trainor put both arms about her and turned her chin up sharply and kissed her neck with a kiss that was like a sword through his own soul, and which woke the girl as suddenly as though a flame had been thrust in her face, and made her spring up and hold her chin in two defensive palms and cry out blindly, "No! No!"

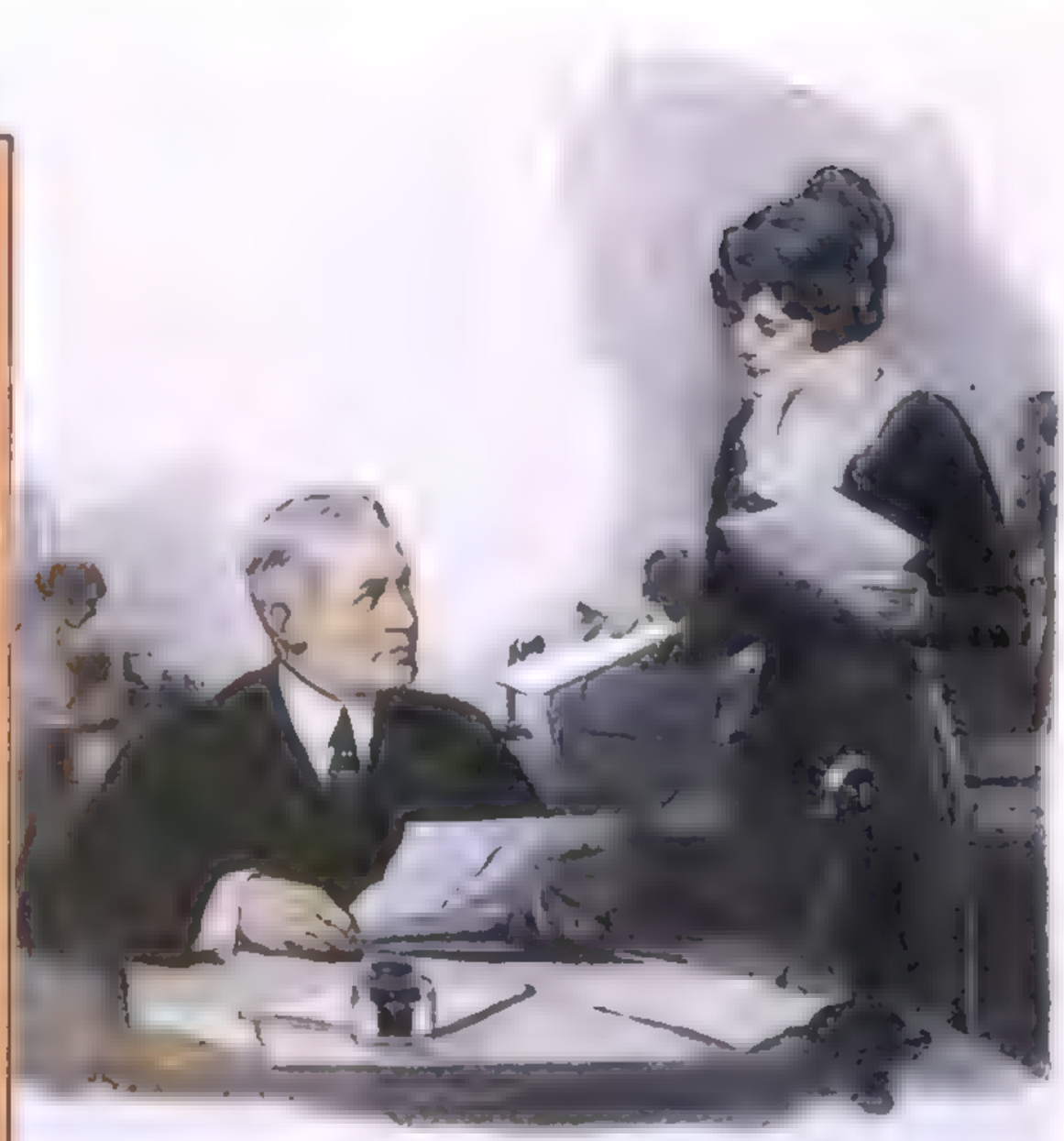
And then Trainor knew the heaviness of truth. He knew that he had lost; that it was no use; that the wellspring which he had opened with a blundering hand went leaping off down the mountain away from his hand, leaving him parched, hurrying perhaps to quench some other man's thirst. He had wakened the woman soul of Mary Lassaigne, and she looked at him and flinched as though he were a nightmare.

He did not move or speak when Mary climbed out of the car and went running up the drive to Miss Hudson's. He watched her dress flicking in the shadows, watched her until the lighted rectangle of the door received her. Then he started his engine numbly, and threw the gear into high.

He liked the feeling of power under his hands as the cylinders responded to his prodding toe. Trainor liked power. It was his chief vanity, his indulgence of his craving for power, doing the thing he had set out to do, beating down obstacles, riding over enemies in dominant philosophic fashion. He had felt himself a sort of huge and benevolent chariot, with wheels of gold, trundling triumphantly through every sort of situation. He felt sore and hurt, but he

(Continued on Page 102)


APPOINTMENTS
APPOINTMENTS
Employment dept
Mr Black Aug. 6 1929
9:00 to 10:00 Mail
10:00 to 11:00 Williams re Pittsburgh extension
Reynolds re Wolff Account
11:00 to 12:00 Department heads - Conference on Sales Tomorrow
12:00 to 12:30 H Heldrum
12:30 to 2:00 Manufacturers Club Talk by C C Shand
2:00 to 3:00
3:00 to 4:00 WW Dean (Acme Mills)
4:00 to 5:00 Dentist - 4 30
REMARKS Mr Taylor arrives from Chicago he will telephone before noon and come in at 2



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At the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer's, ask for advice and for the six Goodyear lessons on tire care; and stock your car with tire savers—these provide the means to greater tire mileage.

TIRE SAVERS

(Continued from Page 98)

would not admit to himself that he had failed.

"Scared her—poor little kid!" he said to himself as he turned the car uptown. "Forgot what a wild little thing she is. She'll get over it. Let her alone. Go slow! Lord, what eyes she's got—what eyes!"

In her own room Mary Lassaigne slammed the door breathlessly, locked it, and sliding to the floor crouched against it, pushing the panels with all her strength as though to fight away something that struggled to enter.

But the thing she dreaded could not be barred out because it was already within, burning like a torch in her cheeks, flaring strangely in her blood, burning her with strange shame—her own spiritual and physical consciousness of being a woman.

A man loved her—Trainor, the fatherly one, whom she had obeyed meekly as though she had been his daughter. He had kissed her throat, and the kiss scorched like the mark of a brand. It was horrible—this thing which had happened to her; and yet there was a sweetness about it that left her tremulous and quivering, and a hurt that wrung her in every fiber.

She had not wanted to hurt Trainor. She would have liked to have kissed him back—very quietly—on the top of his head perhaps.

But not a kiss like that! Oh, never, never like that! She held her face tight in her hands. No man should kiss her again—ever! She had been a fool—a silly little trusting fool! Her father's old friend! She had never entirely believed that, and now she was certain that it was a lie! Whose lie? Trainor's—or Archie Prentiss'? What did it all mean? There would never be any money from Washington. She knew that very well. The rolls of gold she had brought with her and hoarded cautiously would not pay Trainor back for all the things she had had from him.

Yet she had to pay him back. With the mark of that kiss upon her flesh she had to throw off as much as she could of the weight of obligation. And Archie Prentiss was gone. He had wanted her—at first.

She sat up suddenly, aflame from head to foot. He had wanted her—like that! She had seen his eyes—boyish and ardent under their crooked brows. And now she knew! She knew! With a pain that was like nothing on earth she realized why Archie had come for her—why he had disdained her, reading the lack in her face!

She huddled in a woeful heap, cold and shaken and miserable. Somehow she wanted Prentiss—wanted his hands upon her roughly, wanted to quarrel with him, to see his eyebrows bristle. She wanted to know again that strange quaking terror she had felt when the hot pistol fell from her fingers and she thought she had killed him. She felt alone with such loneliness as she had never known before, even when the jungle closed round her and her dead lay swollen at her feet.

The world she had walked upon so casually had cracked like a crust under her feet, and through the fissures showed the gashed rocks of reality and the licking fires of passion and the mists of pain. She was an ignorant, innocent child no longer. She was a woman, fallen heir to all the feminine legacy of anguish in one crushing heap.

She pressed her cheek against the cold wood of the door and thought of the mother whom she had never seen. Had her mother been a little gray bird of a woman, perhaps, loving white-painted houses and picket fences and crab apples like golden rain upon the grass? Had she hated the steaming, brooding jungle as much as Mary herself loved it? Had she followed Frank Lassaigne meekly but with reluctant dread into the molding, muring, treacherous canebrakes? Had the fear, which lurks like a stinging fang in every shadow, turned her cold o' nights?

Mary remembered talking of her mother to Frank when she came back from the convent, and discussing heaven learnedly—the heaven of the sisters' prayers and the Book of Revelation. And Frank had laughed then and declared that the Bible was a poor sort of book. She had been an independent, self-sufficient child, too proud to question. But now her self-sufficiency was gone and she longed for her mother and strained her arms after aching emptiness.

And then she remembered the black tin box and brought it out of her trunk. The key was rusty and would not turn, so she broke the lock with a shoehorn. Inside were old letters, flecked with salty particles of rust, pictures of old-fashioned folks whose identity she could not even guess, a key and a dried flower and a ragged lace-paper valentine, the same sort of historic loot that hides in all old locked boxes. Under it was a flat packet rolled in a square of oiled silk and fastened with rubber bands. This held more letters, clean fresh-looking letters which obviously had not been handled carelessly, though their dates were eighteen years old.

The envelopes were all of a pale violet and addressed in green ink, and the messages inside were dated from a sanitarium for pulmonary diseases in Northern Wisconsin. Mary read one page and then folded the sheet reverently and a bit breathlessly, and laid the whole pack back in the box. Even with the dimming of the years, even though the woman who had written those lines and the man who had read and kept them sacred were dead, she could not read them, could not lay curious eyes upon the revealing of a love so holy, and an agony of separation so great!

Her mother, dying slowly in a Northern health resort, had written those letters to her father, when Mary herself was less than two years old. And now their daughter quivered with taut breath and closed eyes and clenched her fingers at the ecstasy of a love that lay like golden light upon every wavering line, a love so deep and so wonderful that it had lived on as the voice of a great bell lives on after the stroke of it has ceased.

She rose up listlessly and closed the box. It had begun to rain again. She could hear the drip of it on the tamed, orderly trees outside her window, and suddenly she felt that she could not endure it. She slammed the window shut and put her fingers in her ears, but even then she heard rushing water and the voice of a river—a creeping mystic river which had never seen the sun nor felt the ripple of the clean sea wind.

Out of the emotional chaos in which she had groped, gasping, one truth had struggled doggedly: she could not stay at Miss Hudson's any more. She could not wear clothes bought with Trainor's money nor live a sheltered-parasite life under his protection. She would pay back what money she had. After that she could work. Freddie Forsyth worked.

She packed a few of her plainest things in a small trunk. She would leave the others. Somebody would do something with them. The rolls of Brazilian gold, wrapped in a heavy canvas wrapper, came out of their hiding place. She packed them carefully in a tin candy box, sealed the box in heavy paper with great cautious blobs of wax, addressed it to Trainor together with a short note, scrawled and childish.

The package and the note were delivered at Trainor's apartment the next afternoon shortly after the fat altruist had been removed to a sanitarium, having suffered an early morning stroke of the malady he dreaded. A careful manservant put the mail in a desk, locked it, put three of Trainor's cigars in his pocket and rambled off to a ball game.

Late in the afternoon when there was frantic telephoning from Miss Hudson's school no one answered. Mrs. Mooney, having been summoned by the two worried resident teachers, learned that Mary had smuggled her trunk out very early in the morning. Mrs. Mooney went in search of Trainor, found nobody, and shrewdly suspecting that Trainor and Mary had gone away together, went home in supreme content to watch the society columns.

Archie Prentiss came back from Bermuda late in November.

Trainor was dead. The haunts of the lean and lazy Andrew Paget knew him no more. Somebody told Prentiss that Paget had married a shop girl and floated into some obscure suburb.

And Mary Lassaigne had disappeared.

XVI

IT WAS raining. One of those dreary winter rains which come down with the stubborn insistency of a disagreeable woman doing her Christian duty. There were no sidewalks at the end of the very new street, and the very new houses were guarded by rippling moats of muddy water bridged by treacherous lengths of plank.

The two people who approached the last of these happy little homes—so new that its festive green window boxes were still full of vagrant shavings and bits of plaster—were obliged to leap stiltedly from one tiny mound of comparative dryness to the next and negotiate the last forty feet by balancing on the edge of the concrete curb. "Some day," said the man—a tall lean man whose eyes had once been cynical but now held an amazing content—"they'll give us some paving out here—when they quit issuing bonds to build useless roads for speed maniacs and pay some attention to the proletariat commuter."

"And a light on this corner," added the girl. "I step into this hole almost every night. And at the present price of shoes ——"

She was a slender girl whose slenderness held the confident poise of boyish strength, and a face in which a faint trace of sullenness had been chastened into a mute and patient look of waiting.

They went up the steps of the cottage, scrubbing their feet diligently upon the new doormat. There was the flash of a light within, a cheerful call, and a blond person in a pink chambray apron flew to open the door. A fragrance, mingled of varnish, brass polish, hot furnace pipes and pot roast, drifted out.

The slender brown girl shook her coat, hung it carefully upon a hanger, brushed the moisture off her cheap little black hat, and turning a polite back upon the connubial greetings of the two others, went up the stairs. Her room was low ceiled, virginally white and slightly cramped of dimension, even though the bed was a narrow one. There was a window at one end, with a corner obliterated by the descent of the roof, and against this window the girl leaned for a moment in the darkness, looking out into the soaked and chilly night.

All round the lights from the windows of other little new houses stretched revealing fingers through the drip, lighting brief yellow paths upon the surface eddies of rippling water. To the girl's eyes, hopefully seeking, the whirl and wash outside took on for an instant the likeness of a dark river creeping through shadow with the lights of mystic torches reflected in its resenting breast. She could almost hear the swishing amours of banana leaves whispering in the rains!

Then she turned away quickly and snapped on a light. Before a little mirror she touched her brown hair and examined her teeth. And because memories came unbidden at the sight of that changed vision in the mirror, she flung her arms wide in a curious abandoned gesture, and hid her eyes with the back of her hand with a rush of nostalgic loneliness.

A sound of laughter drifted up from below, and the clink of crockery. Downstairs Andrew Paget was wheeling in the tea wagon. And Freddie his wife was contemplating the domestic feat from the pantry door, and holding her breath with housewifely apprehension lest the soup should slop over. They did it that way every night, winning for themselves huge joy from little homely tasks—while above Mary Lassaigne listened and bit her knuckles to keep from crying out with desolate misery at her own solitude in a world where there was so much of happiness.

They had been so good to her. In her wild flight from Miss Hudson's school she had gone to Freddie, because Freddie was the only person she knew who she had thought would understand. And Freddie had understood. Freddie had taken her in, had counseled and protected her; and later Mary had been given an apartment in the honeymooning little house with its festive little window boxes. They had been wonderful to her, and she had struggled with the heavy homesickness and loneliness which shut her out, struggled generously and valiantly so that no shadow of it should dim the happiness of Paget and Freddie.

And she had succeeded so well that at that moment Freddie was whispering to Andy, over the placing of the forks: "I believe she's getting over it, Andy. I heard her singing this morning when she cleaned up the bathroom for me. And they've given her a raise already at Wilmot's."

Freddie attributed every mood of Mary's to the sudden death of Puss Trainor and to the fact that the girl still wore black for her father. Freddie did not know that Mary's soul strayed constantly away from the monotonously peaceful life in the little house, away from the shop where she sold neckwear and hosiery, to a far island where there were white walls against a sky like sapphire, where the greens were like something singing in the sun, and the rains came and shut one in like a silver tent—strayed into dim secret places where an adventuring lad with stern eyebrows beetling over boyish eyes in which lay the crusading glow of those who lead afar, burrowed in black reeking earth and tied tin labels to black grubby roots because people were tired of plain old *Lilium auratum!*

Mary came downstairs then, buttoning a blue apron, twin sister to the pink, over her black gown, which was beginning to show the shine of wear. It was Saturday night and Paget was grumbling because it was too wet for Sunday golf and Freddie was arguing that they ought to go to church—it was a pity to be such heathen just because they were so happy to stay at home—when Mary, who had volunteered to wash the dishes, as she did nightly, made a hesitant request.

"I'd like to drive to-morrow if it isn't too muddy," she said. "There's a place—I know exactly where it is. You go out the Albany road ——"

"It won't be too muddy," declared Paget. "That's where all the money in the world goes—into concrete roads for motorists to violate the laws on! If it doesn't pour to-morrow we'll put a new tube in the flivver and find this place of yours, Mary."

"I just saw it once," explained Mary. "There were crab apples there then—loads of them on the grass. And we had buttermilk—and cookies."

Paget laughed. "And Puss told you that he was born in the house," he added cheerfully, "and that he used to haul a pup up in the front window in a bucket!"

"It was a kitten," demurred Mary, a shine coming into her eyes.

"Maybe it was a kitten," acquiesced Paget. "I've seen your place. Everybody who ever knew Puss has seen it. Everybody has heard the story of his humble start in life—making torches out of cattails soaked in lard! Poor old Puss—he lived happy, and I hope he died happy!"

Mary's face quivered. She thought of the note she had written, that last night. Had he received it—in time? And—had he died happy? She recalled his face as she had cried out in revulsion and leaped out of the little car. He had loved her—dear deluded friend! The thought sickened her and she went back to her dishwater, glad of the monotony of service which brought a trifle of forgetfulness!

XVII

INTO the hands of the very young is given the joy of possessing the tragedies of the world. To youth only is the glory of martyrdom, the exalted heights of resignation, the depths of melancholy. With age the relative values of these things are lost. Measured against a sky serrated with dim peaks of memory the gashed savagery of these lower crests is obscured. Youth, standing very near, sees every slashing crevice, every forbidding cliff. But age sees only a blended picture, lighted about with the abounding light of the justice of God!

A pig—even a rather gross red pig, heavily maternal, coarsely greedy—could scarcely be called a tragedy, yet to the loathing eyes of Archie Prentiss balancing a bucket of bran and milk on the edge of the trough the pig personified much that was abominable in his world.

The Department of Agriculture, for instance, offering him a job now—a six years' job in the interior of Indo-China, demanding that he accept it at once, when he had hunted for nine days without success for a trace of Mary. Gluttonous of the glory of the plant bureau—clamoring for service—service—grudging even a scrap to a field worker! Pigs!

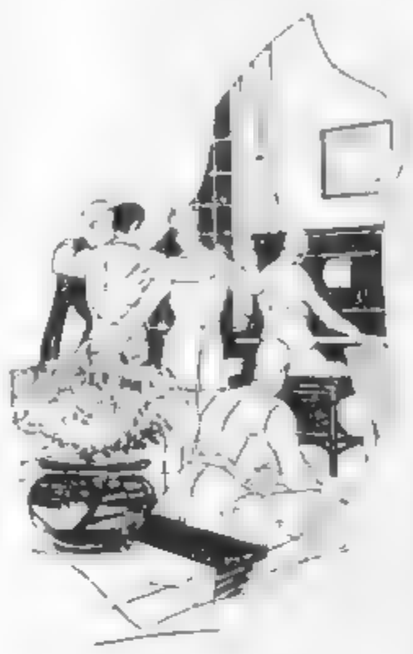
And the Byers seed people—feet in the trough! Ignoring all the discoveries he had made—the wonderful *Iberis*, delicate as bird laughter, poised on a magic stem as a dream might be poised; and a tamarix like a green wind astir—a new hybrid that no one had ever offered before; to seize greedily upon a great, gross *Hemerocallis*, a lily as flamboyant and obvious as turkey red! To pay him a bonus for finding it, even—because people would buy it!

Pigs! He kicked viciously at the empty bucket, flung a scorning look at the oblivious and contented old pig and stalked away. The chill of a long rain had softened a little in one of those brief smiling attempts at sunniness which a November day sometimes accomplishes and grows proud as June over. The leafless trees shone in a slanting silvery light, deluding their boughs into a fleeting wonder as to whether or not it might be spring. The frosty grass, sunk in the rotting ground, had greened a little from the rain and the smell of it was in the air. So, too, was the

(Concluded on Page 104)

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul-BRAN-sen)



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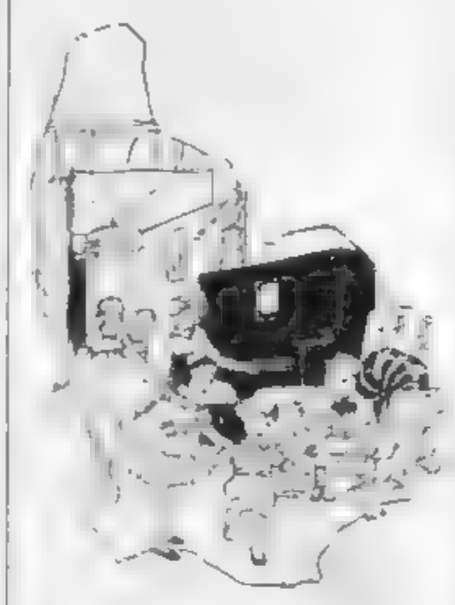

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Use a simple music roll—one with few perforations. Play the *same roll* on every instrument you test. Play it at the same speed each time. Pedal with *only one* foot. Pedal as *slowly* as you can without retarding the music. **Count the pedal strokes in 60 seconds.**

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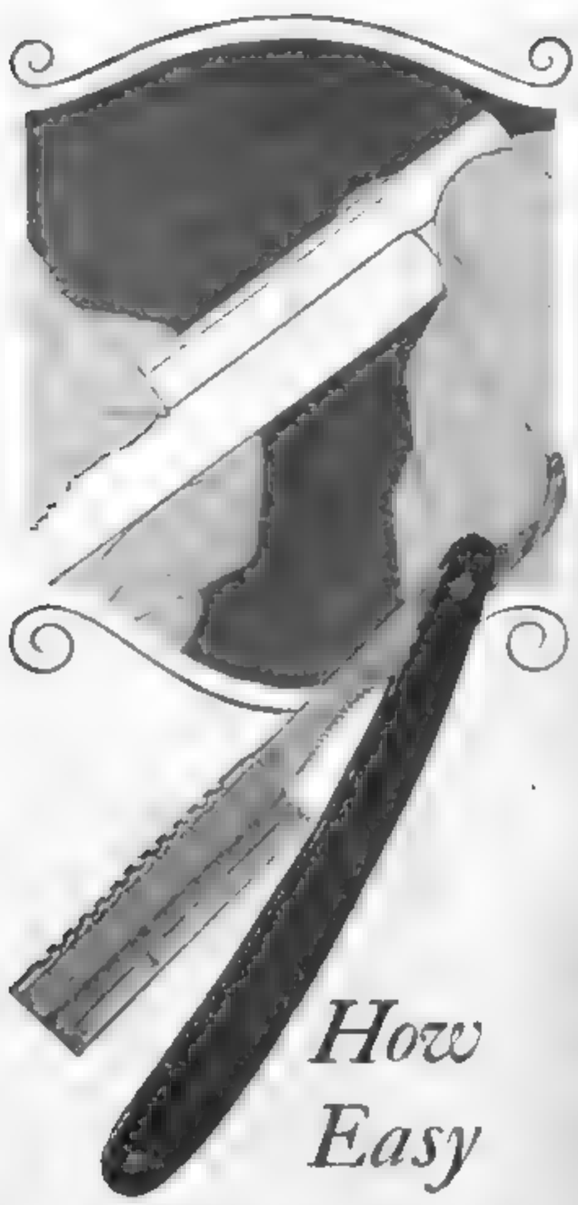

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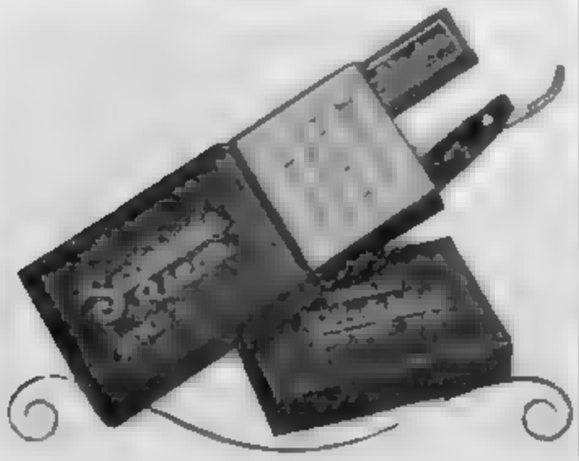

(Concluded from Page 102)

eternal odor of autumn, a fragrance made of smoke, and dead leaves and cabbage stalks moldering to death, and hay safe in warm barns.

Prentiss walked rapidly across a muddy stubble field and swung down into the marshy hollow where cat-tail'ed bogs stood up like bouquets out of a yellow lake. The hollow was chilly, but the boom of frogs was vanished. The last green tenant had burrowed himself a moisty catacomb fathoms deep in the warm mud. But Prentiss heard another faintly chugging sound—a grunty, sputtering sort of bark, spasmodic and irritated.

"Flivver stuck in the mud," he mused as he rounded the brink of the swimming marsh.

And then he looked across a cat-tailed pond fifteen feet in diameter and saw Mary!

She was leaning on the rail fence beside the road looking down into the water where the rushes crackled. She had a cat-tail stalk in her hand and she was drawing idle circles with it on the surface of the water and watching the ripples as they crept away to shatter on the sedgy bank. Prentiss saw that she wore a cheap black-serge suit and that her face was tired and much thinner. She was tamed—tamed like a flame held in the fingers—tamed like a flame blown out! He hated the tameness of her for an instant, hated the world which had tamed her! And then he made some sort of inarticulate cry, and Mary looked up and saw him.

Prentiss did not realize till long after that he had walked through water eighteen inches deep—not till he discovered that his trousers were wet to the knees. He only knew that the aching cry in his heart had seen its answer in the face of Mary Lassaigne. And he went to her by the shortest way, and wasted no precious moments in the going. He leaped the rail fence, which was generously built low, and held out his arms. And Mary walked into them, very straight and still, her eyes like torches lighted.

"Oh," whispered Mary, "I thought you were in Bermuda!"

"Been back two weeks," said Prentiss. "Hunted everywhere for you. Mary—dear—I've been so damned lonesome——"

He kissed her then. Most big moments are like that—like benign goddesses with their brows touched by the Olympian mists and their feet resting upon the prosy clay of our common world!

He was glad he had a job! A big job! Six years—canes! They knew canes—he and Mary!

"ABOUT that bet," Prentiss said to Paget that night. "It's on my conscience. Poor old Trainor is dead of course—but who the dickens won?"

"I suppose Trainor won," remarked Paget, scratching a match on the bottom of his chair with the nonchalance of a privileged character. "He bet that he would make a lady out of Mary—and you'll have to admit that he did it."

"And I bet that he couldn't change her a bit at heart—and he couldn't!" insisted Archie. "I'm going to marry her tomorrow, Paget—and take her back to the jungle—back to a solitude and an isolation that would kill most women! But—have you heard her laugh before—like that, Paget?"

"No," said Paget quietly; "I don't believe I ever heard her laugh—like that."

"I said it," went on Prentiss with the insolence of youth. "You can't change 'em. They're the oldest mystery in the world. But God knows what we'd do without 'em!"

"God knows!" said Paget, catching a glimpse of a pink apron through the pantry door, where Freddie and Mary were making sandwiches.

"I went through Trainor's papers," he said after a little. "The money involved in the wager I turned over to a home for friendless girls. I thought Puss would like that best. But there was something else." He rose up and brought out of a little desk a flat packet and opening it disclosed some rolls of money wrapped in parchment. It was the money Mary had sent to Trainor the night before he died. "Mary sent this to Puss. She had an idea of paying back what he had spent on her, I think. I've never said anything about it. I knew how proud she was—and she seemed to be glad to be rid of the sense of obligation. What do you want to do with it? It's Mary's money, of course."

Prentiss turned the fateful rolls in his palm—the money which had come too late; the money he had fought Jesus Alvaso to win back again, and which had paid already the debt of Mary's pride.

"You take it, Paget," he said. "There's six or seven hundred dollars here. Take it and set up a stone somewhere—an everlasting granite stone. And dedicate it to the memory of Frank Lassaigne.

"Everything works out for the best, I suppose." Archie mused after a little. "Yet—I'm queer, I suppose, Paget—but I wish I could have finished this deal as old Puss planned it. I wish I could have won Mary the way I won the chance to find her."

Paget laughed. The boy had a queer kink in him.

"If that's what's worrying you," he said lazily, "we'll cut for the chance to marry Mary—provided that if I win you'll agree to relieve me of an unpleasant matrimonial complication."

He brought out a deck of cards—a deck which had a look of having been long ready for just this moment.

They cut solemnly.

"Ace," said Paget.

"Deuce," laughed Prentiss, all his gilt freckles twinkling.

Coincidence? Coincidence, my friend, was long ago barred from literature. After Prentiss and Mary Lassaigne had started for the far Pacific—started with rapt faces and in their young eyes a far, adventuring look which saw beyond the steel rails splitting a continent and the great ships leaping over the breast of an ocean and the ways of strange rivers and hidden treacherous paths, a savage land, mystic, luring, breathing out a perfume which may never die in a man's nostrils so potent is the magic of it—Mrs. Freddie Forsyth Paget picked up the fateful deck of cards where her careless husband had laid it.

"What an absurd deck!" she exclaimed. "All aces and deuces!"

And Paget's answer was enigmatic. "Conscience, my dear," he said, "is a terrible master. But the conscience of youth is one of the seven deadly tragedies."

"I wonder if they'll be happy," mused Freddie. "Horrible—to live like that, in a tent—and the insects—and the mud——"

"Happy?" repeated Paget. "Of course they'll be happy. Aren't we happy?"

Golden oak forever! There was no reserve, no shadow of turning in the face of Freddie Forsyth! No memory of amber and gold and white fur! Only gladness.

"Certainly we're happy!" she declared.

Consequently this story proves nothing—absolutely nothing!

(THE END)

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Transportation by water of granite monoliths for the Hindu temples of Southern India

THEN—the thing that symbolized POWER was drudgery—dull, monotonous drudgery that took its toll in human bodies and stood in the way of human progress. ¶ NOW—the world takes as a matter of course, the thing of iron and steel whose power is almost immeasurable, whose possibilities are almost incalculable, and whose efficiency is best symbolized today by the device that is recognized everywhere as the Continental Red Seal.

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THE WONDERS OF WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 19)

"And there's another angle to it," he told me, "from the congressman's side, that's most important of all. Nine times out of ten when they want something for themselves enough to write or come down to Washington people want it pretty bad."

"I can see that."

"And nine times out of ten it's the only time they do think of their congressman enough to remember his name."

"Well, what of it?" I asked him.

"Well, he knows that, naturally, if he isn't a fool," said my man. "And he knows it's to his advantage, other things being equal, to give them what they want if he can—that is, if he wants to build up a body of friends and supporters among his constituents. That's only human nature."

"That's right," I admitted.

"If he's conscientious your congressman will go no further than he thinks he should, but even then he's likely to make mistakes, especially with folks pleading and arguing out their own cases with all the fire and energy of men that want something and want it bad. And I guess we can figure roughly that the mistakes he does make are not likely to be in more than one direction."

"I can see that," I said.

The Money Power

"THEY'RE the conscientious ones. Others—the ones that ain't too careful—they'll fetch and carry for their people; they've got their ears so close to the ground twelve months in the year, listening to what their voters want, that they start growing roots on them. That's just human nature too, ain't it? All motives—good and bad—work the same way in this thing with all kinds of congressmen."

I nodded.

"No," he went on, "speech-making and debating and considering public questions make a pretty small fraction of a congressman's daily business. I have to laugh at the old idea I used to have of a congressman's main work and power when I first came down here. And the idea which most people seem to have of them—standing round debating or sitting listening to debates on public questions. It's funny the ideas people have and keep. And yet we ought to know better—just from reading history, what little I have—what the main business and the main power of Congress and bodies like Congress always have been from the beginning."

"What are they? What do you mean?" I asked him.

"The money power. The purse strings."

"Business, you mean?"

"Business, yes!" he said. "Business backward!"

"Business backward?" I said after him.

"Yes. Upside down. Like everything else is, I told you, down here in this town of the ultimate consumers."

"Where everything works backward?"

"Yes."

"Go on," I told him. "What is this main power of Congress?"

"If you go back," he said, "to the time that congresses or parliments were just starting—fighting the old kings of England—what was the chief power they had and used to get control of things?"

"The money power, I suppose," I said, "now you remind me of it."

"Yes. The power of appropriating. And they've hung onto it and built it up through thick and thin ever since."

"Even the Germans," I stuck in, "thought they had it—in the old days before the war."

He smiled, and stopped for a minute.

"Now you take my son-in-law," he went on then. "He's a perfectly normal man—no different from you or me. What does he want to do if he's ambitious in his work—if he's worth his salt and wants to do some real work in Congress?"

"What would he?" I asked.

"He'll want to get on a committee, won't he? That's where the real work of Congress is done."

"Where they are when they're busy instead of loafing on the floor of the House, is that it?" I said, going back to what he had been saying before.

"Yes," he told me. "And what are the big, powerful committees year after year?"

"It would be hard to choose," I guessed, "I should think. There are so many of them."

"They're the ones with the money power, ain't they, where the big, important places lie for the really powerful men in Congress?"

"I suppose they are," I answered, recalling some of them.

"The whole thing is organized up to those committees and their chairmanships, from the standpoint of a man who wants to make good in Congress—make a career for himself."

"Well, that's business," I said, "isn't it, handling money and the power it gives?"

"It's business, yes," he said again. "Business backward. The business of appropriation, of consuming."

"Of consuming?" I repeated after him once more.

"They don't get their money power because it's known that they're never going to give out any money, do they?"

"Well, no. I imagine not."

"They've got their power because they've got money to give out—and they're going to give it, sooner or later. Otherwise, why would they have any power at all—who'd have any interest in them?"

"I suppose there would not be anybody," I had to admit.

"It's their appropriation power—the power of giving something away—that makes them. It's exactly the same idea as with the plain congressman. There's not an hour in the day when he wouldn't have people hanging about his neck for something they want from the Government—some constituents, if they can get at him. And here in the committees and their appropriations it's just the same. Only here it's states and sections and labor and big business and departments and political parties—and now kings and queens and bleeding nations of the world—all hanging on their necks and crying, 'For heaven's sake give us a half-billion-dollar appropriation or we perish.'

"From the time a congressman gets in there, a green man in Congress, till he gets up to the head of a big appropriating committee it's all framed on this line for him; from morning till night, from one end of the session to the other, the more he gives the better fellow he is; and the more judiciously he lays out his government gifts and appropriations the better it is for him personally—the more chance he'll have to succeed as a congressman.

"I'm not talking about crookedness or villainy or dirty politics," he said. "I'm talking just the reverse. You've said something about business—there's a lot of talk about it now—about business in Washington. About the Government's being business. That's right. That's just what it is. Business backward. Upside down."

"Just what do you mean by that—this upside-down business you keep talking about?" I asked him.

"I mean when ordinary human motives work backward—just the opposite of the way they do with you and me. When self-interest all lies the other way. When the only way a man can show himself personally a profit is by distributing—by consuming instead of producing."

"Explain," I said to him, "that too."

"The way I figure it out," he went on after a while, "is this: Every man who does anything day after day for a living has got to show himself a profit. You and I—raised the way we've been in the old school—have always been accustomed to rely on a producer's profit."

"A producer's profit?" I said after him.

"By that I mean," he explained, looking off, "a profit from making something for yourself or hiring somebody else to make it for you."

I nodded.

"So you can either keep it or sell it to your own profit. But these fellows down here in the Government naturally can't show themselves a producer's profit."

"In this town of the ultimate consumers," I said, smiling.

"No. So, naturally, they show themselves the only profit they can."

"What kind of profit is that?"

"A consumer's profit I call it—the one these new thinkers all over now seem to be planning to reorganize the world for."

"A consumer's profit?" I said to him. "How do you make one of those?"

"Just as naturally as you do the other. When it's to your advantage to devote your attention to consuming instead of producing. I'm not talking rascality or politics or original sin of any kind. I'm just considering now the way that ordinary human nature works. You take a government clerk, for instance, here in Washington—the average man, not the extraordinary one."

"Yes."

"You know how he feels, don't you?"

"No."

"Well, you ought to. You've been in his frame of mind often enough."

Consumer's Profit

"I?" I said to him. "Been in the frame of mind of a government clerk? When have I?"

"When you were a boy in grammar school. I never see those clerks there bending over their desks inside those stone office buildings, I never see them tramping out at recess or noon or evening—or whatever their stops are—but I can see more and more clearly how their minds work—in the average ones. Hundreds of them are window gazers, clock astronomers, just like the average schoolboy. Why wouldn't they be?"

"Why wouldn't they?" I repeated.

"If they were working for you or me, producing, they'd know that they'd either show us a profit or get out. Here they know they won't get out unless a miracle happens—or they murder somebody. They're sure of their board and clothing without worrying, just like the schoolboy. Isn't that right?"

"I imagine so."

"On the other hand, they know that's all they will get, that beyond this there's no real reward for them for producing, that they'll never have the natural, normal business incentive of getting or hoping to get a share of what they produce—the thing which makes real production. So what do they do, after a certain time? What have they got to do—the rank and file—by the laws of human nature?"

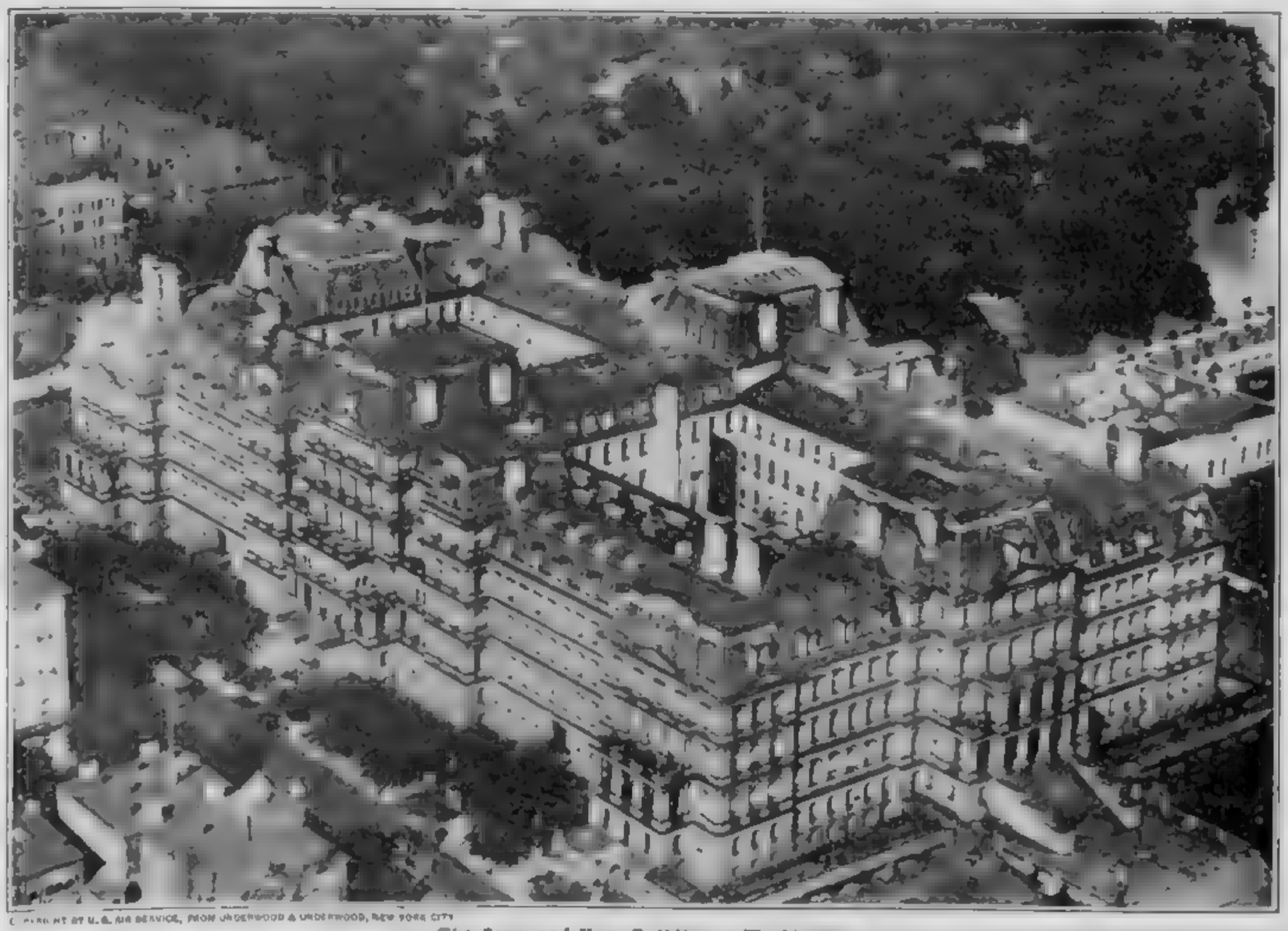
"What have they?"

"They've got to show themselves a consumer's profit."

"Yeah," I said, looking and waiting. "And now what is that?"

"It's producing the least you can for your money. Not purposely, you understand, with most of them, any more than with a child. If there is something in it for yourself you'll go ahead and produce—do something. If you are fixed—nailed down to the rigid amount you're going to have—you'll work out finally—or the

(Continued on Page 110)



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The Army and Navy Building at Washington

Nearly 45,000 Owners

Its Savings in Fuel, Oil and Tires Are Notable

Know Essex Economy

And Its Endurance Affords Freedom From Repair Costs

These are days when men are taking a rigid account of car expense.

Wasteful types are passing. Factors of economy heretofore little considered are now of first importance.

As in the case of the Essex, owners have found its greatest saving is not merely in oil, fuel and tires, conspicuous as these are.

They know its endurance and consequent freedom from repair and service charges constitute their chief exemption from expense.

That is why such durability as Essex, proved in setting the world's 50-hour record of 3037 miles, is an issue of lively reality to all.

Its 45,000 owners know what it means. They have the testimony of their own experience to confirm it.

Why Wasteful Types Must Yield

Men now reckon car costs in a more exact way. They know there are many expenses other than those of fuel and tires. Here is a letter typical of hundreds:

"I used to figure car economy by just tire, fuel and oil mileage. I owned a light car and it did pretty well on those points. But when I escaped frequent outlays for repairs or replacements, I considered myself lucky. Since I got my Essex I have learned repair expense is not a question of luck. During the ten months I have owned it, I have not spent a nickel for repairs. And when my friends who own Essex cars tell of approximately the same experience, I conclude that this freedom from expense should be credited where it belongs—to the economy of the car. Incidentally, my Essex costs less for fuel, oil and tires than any of six cars I have owned."

Owned 30 Cars— Prefers Essex

Another writes: "In the past ten years I have owned over 30 automobiles, ranging in price from $1500 to $10,000. My Essex Sedan does everything and more than any of them. The riding qualities are absolutely perfect; the motor is a little wonder on both acceleration and speed. In 3000 miles of country driving in a little over four weeks, there is not a single rattle in the body, and it certainly is a great satisfaction to know that one is able to go every minute, with nothing going wrong.

"I believe no one could buy a better automobile regardless of price. I never believed it possible to secure all the comfort and satisfaction that I have in this car."

Light Car Economy Big Car Performance

And a woman says: "You must accept my appreciation of the beautiful Essex Sedan. My means are not unlimited, but I do love distinction in whatever I possess. For me the Essex supplied the sort of car luxury I had longed for, but which was too costly an indulgence before the Essex was put out. It has been most economical to run. I feel the utmost pride in it. It holds its own in good looks and quality even when parked with the expensive cars of some of my friends. It never gives the least trouble, and my family cherish an affection for it quite as loyal as its behavior has been."

It is What 45,000 Find

These letters are typical. Others are more exceptional. For instance, tire service as high as 29,500 miles and fuel mileage up to 24 miles per gallon are reported. They, of course, are not average cases. Yet they fairly indicate the unusual economy of Essex in all these items.

And Essex noted performance abilities are exclusive, because the Essex motor, which made possible all it has done, is patented, and none but Essex can use it.

Other cars its weight and size cost as much as Essex. But none has ever equalled what it has done.

What a Famous Author Said About Smokers

Bulwer Lytton wrote: "The man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan."

That was written when most smokers were pipe-smokers. It's quite as true today as when he wrote it.

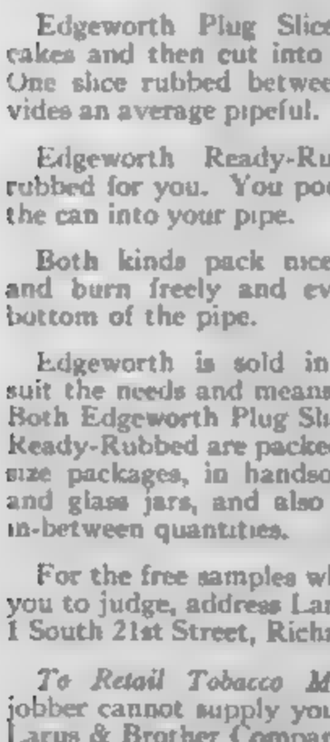
Consider your own circle of friends and acquaintances. How many of the men of sound judgment are pipe-smokers? Would you go to a non-smoker or to a pipe-smoker for a little financial help to tide you through an emergency?

You would prefer to hie you to a man who smokes a pipe—if you know men.

We don't mean for a minute to assert that men have wisdom or men are kindly merely because they are pipe-smokers. But it's notable how many of the wise and how many of the kindly you find puffing away at their pipes when you hurry to them for honest advice or for generous help.

That concentrated thought which results in sound judgment, that contented, generous mood which makes you feel kindly disposed toward others—both certainly are stimulated by those amiable feelings roused in a man by a pipeful of the right tobacco.

Notice how it irritates a man to have to smoke a tobacco not just the right kind for him.



The smoking tobacco perfectly suiting a man's individual taste is not always found easily.

If you haven't yet found the tobacco which entirely suits you, we invite you to try Edgeworth.

Edgeworth doesn't completely suit all men, but many men hunting for just the right tobacco stop looking around any more after once coming upon Edgeworth.

Possibly you also would like it.

Simply set down upon a postcard your name and address, also that of the dealer you will call upon for supplies in case Edgeworth pleases you, and we will despatch to you without charge generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes and then cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands provides an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the can into your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 107)

average man will in the long run—the best trade for yourself under the conditions. You'll show yourself the only profit you can—a consumer's profit. You'll give as little work as you can for your wages—make less than you consume if possible."

"If that's what you call a consumer's profit—planning to give less in production than you get out," I said—"it isn't confined to government jobs nowadays."

"No," he said.

"Labor in general," I said, "seems to be working in that direction, especially when it's unionized."

"I sometimes feel lately," he said, thinking, "that they're not so different from those fellows down there. That it's forced on them, to some extent anyhow."

"Forced on them?" I said. "How?"

"Because we employers and their leaders between us won't let them work out, or ain't able to work out for them, some plan of producers' profit, by which every man could be working for himself, the way he ought to, instead of being put into a position—all hands—of having to make a consumers' profit for themselves by giving their employer the least possible production he will stand for, based on the output of the least-capable workman in the bunch."

Put Yourself in His Place

"There's something in that, probably," I said to him.

"It's the chief business problem, in my opinion," he answered me, "in the world to-day. But here in Washington, as far as anything, any possible rearrangement is in sight, you won't see any change in your time or mine; not in government clerks certainly. But at that," he went on, "we can flatter ourselves it might be a good deal worse than it is."

"How?"

"They might get enthusiastic or ambitious over their work of consuming, of spending our money. You'll see that now in some places in the Government if you watch—especially in the departments where the great big money is spent."

"Where is that?" I asked him.

"In the place you were talking about when we started—the part of the Government where eighty-five per cent of the money is going now."

"In the various branches of war expenditures, you mean?"

"Yes. You take the ambitious fellows in those War and Navy departments," he went on. "Put yourself in their places—the way you did with the government clerks. That's the only way, I find, to figure out how a man will act—put yourself in the place he finds himself in."

"Yes."

"Well, then, take yourself—suppose you were a captain in the Army or a commander in the Navy."

"Don't ask too much," I told him. "Don't overstrain my imagination."

"You come through your military or naval academy with your living expenses, your board and clothes, guaranteed for life. As far as money's concerned, you've got no incentive in your future life. As a matter of fact, you know nothing about money—you've had no practical experience in the money line. Since you were a young boy that side of your brain never developed, because you never had to use it—and what you don't use, they say, never develops. So as far as that end goes, you're just a young boy."

"I wouldn't doubt it," I said.

"But on the other hand, if you're worth your salt you've got to have something to live for—to show yourself some front in life. So if you ain't working for what you can make and lay by ——"

"Your producer's profit," I broke in.

"Yes. If you haven't got that ahead of you you'll have something else—some other enthusiasm to live for."

"Yes?"

"What would it be, naturally, that you'd want first of all, if you were in the military? What would you be after first of all? An army or a navy wouldn't you?—the best and biggest that money would buy and Congress give—that would lick anything on God's footstool within twenty-four hours after the eagle started screaming. That would be your first idea, I believe, if you were a good, hard-working, ambitious military officer. And you'd be right too, speaking generally—if you grant your premises. Your business is to protect or get ready to protect this country in case of war. And it's like saving a man's life. What's money compared to that? And what's a billion or two ——"

"Between the War and Navy departments and Congress," I broke in.

"Precisely," he said. "And the more ambitious and more enthusiastic and more excited the military establishments are over their work the more of your money they're going to dump into war—if they can get it. And when it's invested in war it's gone, consumed, if anything is—you know that—as far as any use for any production is concerned.

"And it's just the same all over—in all Washington—not only in the War and Navy departments but in all of them, with the men like these, the men who get enthusiastic over government work and get out of the usual rut and get strong for building up what they're interested in. It's that way—it has to be—just as I told you in the first place when I started telling you about the factory whistles. Washington's a town of ultimate consumers. Their aim is just the opposite from ours. It's got to be. Their aim is consuming. Ours is producing—or ought to be. And in both cases it's perfectly natural. They are just ourselves upside down—moving backward."

He stopped for a little while, looking off, before he turned and looked at me.

"Do you drive your own car?" he asked me then, "or do you hire a driver?"

"I drive my own," I told him.

"Well, now suppose," he said, "that you started out in the morning and found, when you thought you were in high, that you were in reverse; and the more you gave her the gas the faster she went backward."

"That's a fine thought," I said.

"Well, that's the Government, that's Washington, as I figure it out, compared to us. Everything works exactly backward. They've got human nature geared in reverse. You take yourself and myself, and the folks who preceded us and broke in this continent; we were bred and reared—we had to be—on the one old-fashioned, ugly recipe for life. 'Root hog or die,' we used to call it when I was a boy. They've got a fancy name for it now, like most things; they call it 'the survival of the fittest,' which isn't always so exact in my mind, except in a general way, as our old motto, which was nothing more or less, I take it, than 'produce or starve.' It wasn't so pretty a motto to talk about or preach sermons from or make political promises with or hang up on the parlor wall as some, but it had one great advantage—it was aimed, in my opinion, in the right direction. It did produce. It was ugly and it worked out some ugly, unjust things too. But one thing you could always say about it—when it was working right it harnessed up human nature so it produced. When ordinary human nature was hitched up in that way all the best in it, and the worst in it too, pulled in one direction—it pulled toward production."

Hitched Up Tail First

"I don't admire some of the things that happened under it," he went on. "It was crude and raw and undeveloped—and still is. But personally I always believed, and believe now, that it was working in the right direction; and that when we got it finally perfected we could show any man a profit for producing anything from a steam engine to a picture or a poem or a psalm tune; and that we'd all go along our way—wherever we were headed for—happier and more contented because we were producing something of our own and getting some personal recognition for doing so and feeling that we personally were doing something for ourselves and the world at the same time. That's my idea and general feeling and philosophy of life."

"While here," I prompted him when he stopped, "in Washington ——"

"In Washington, or any other governmental thing," he answered, "there's just one main trouble, with all their talking and all their promising and all their criticism—a lot of it perfectly justified—of the way we work on the present idea, and that is they've never yet been able to hitch up human nature head forward into the shafts. All of it—the best of it, as well as the worst of it—works backward always. You consume instead of produce. You've got to. That's the way you're harnessed up. The old horse is hitched backward into the shafts. If you do go ahead a little by main strength and awkwardness you go backing up, at a snail's pace; whereas if you give your horse his head, let him take his natural course the way you've got him harnessed, you find yourself going at a trot, neck forward, into the ditch.

"I've watched them—I've heard this thing—Washington, government ownership, socialism, whatever you choose to call it—talked in one form or another for the past fifty years. I've had a lot of the time a lot of sympathy with some of the things they were trying to do. I never believed in it, I didn't think it would work out, ever; but I never got the real inside—the real idea of the thing—till I went down there to Washington this winter and saw it work and got the clew to it."

"Your factory whistles?" I said.

"And what they mean."

"About the ultimate consumers of the billions," I said, "whose main business in life is to show themselves your consumer's profit?"

"Yes," he said, going quiet again.

The Brass Generals

"Did you get any other clew," I asked him then, "while you were down there?"

"Well, yes, I did," he said, kind of waking up after a minute.

"What one was that?" I asked him.

"It was on the thing you started talking about in the beginning—about the main place where all the billions out of the government treasury go now."

"What clew was that?" I asked him again.

"Brass generals," he told me.

And I sat and waited for him.

"When you look round in Washington, anywhere," he went on then, "what do you see? What's the most conspicuous single feature of the place? Brass generals, I call it," he answered himself, "on their brass hobbyhorses, looking at you over the shrubbery at the end of every street. Every road you look down in Washington ends in a general."

"Well, what of it?" I asked him.

"Well," he answered, "people and cities are pretty apt to put up their memorials to their heroes—the ones they approve of and admire."

"I suppose they are," I told him.

"And you don't see many statues to fellows like you and me, dressed in sack suits, ending up a boulevard."

"So that's your clew, eh?" I said.

"Yes. It shows the state of mind of Washington. It's the standing advertisement of the same thing you discovered yourself on the financial end—in the bulk of the government expenditures. What would anybody think, naturally," he went on—"if he should think about it at all—would be the main financial business in Washington and its main expenses—taking care of peace or war?"

"Peace, I would have, when I came down here," I said; "before I found out otherwise."

"Yes," he told me, "you and I came to the same conclusion—which we didn't either of us expect—by different routes. But when you once get the clew to the machinery down here and how it works, it's clear enough how it all happens. For anybody knows how war lends itself to the consumption of money and resources. In fact that's what war is mainly—consumption, in one form or another. And, managed by Washington, as it's bound to be, the biggest business of consumption in the world is put over without restriction into the hands of management which is bound by every rule of human nature to show itself a consumer's profit all round, in every possible direction. And the thing isn't confined to Washington any longer now. Washington spreads itself and its way of doing business all over the map of the United States. Every interest, every locality has to have its own share in the consumption of government money, with the biggest possible slice for the party in power. So we get the real wonders there—the height of the wonderful, you might say.

"Finally you get the whole country organized along the lines of Washington—every ounce of human nature in the country pulling backward. Every hero we've got and every human hog—however they differ otherwise—are out now for one and the same object financially—a world's record for the greatest consumption of money in the shortest time. And in this last war they certainly got it."

"Yes," I said; "and are getting it still."

(Continued on Page 113)

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(Continued from Page 110)

"There! You've brought in another wonder there," he said then. "You'd think offhand—or wouldn't you—that after war's done everybody concerned would want to be quit of it?"

"I would, yes," I said.

"Well, you know well enough they don't. Your brass generals looking down the boulevards show you that too."

"How?"

"How many Presidents did this country elect from 1865 to 1904—more than a generation after the Civil War—who were not Civil War officers?"

"How many did they?"

"One. And naturally enough, too, and not to anybody's discredit. Gratitude for having your life saved is not exactly an unbecoming trait or an unnatural one for either a man or a nation. At the same time it doesn't indicate any great intention of closing up a war—making being an officer in a war almost a requisite for being a candidate for the Presidency, as they did in those days. A general isn't exactly the person you would choose to close up a war, and the whole thing shows pretty clearly the state of mind following a war—not only in Washington but in the country at large."

I waited for him to sort his memories and go on.

An Overdose of Washington

"The fact of the matter is," he continued finally, "it's all plain enough when you stop to look at it. They talk about the country getting control of Washington and its business methods now. In wartimes it's Washington that takes control of the country and its business and starts it going upside down, along its own methods of operation. It's got to be. You can't get round it."

"It puts in your 'cost-plus schemes," I told him, "and all those automatic devices for turning on the financial faucet and leaving it running overnight. You're certainly right about that. It's got the business and labor organizations of the country both standing on their heads—looking for something for nothing, for these consumer's profits you talk about."

"Yes," he said, "you hit it there. Something for nothing—that's the gist of the thing. Something for nothing never was so very unpopular for the men or nations who thought they were making it."

"Not so you'd notice it," I said.

"So it's plain enough what happens after a war. The dreadful cost to life and limb we can all dispense with. But the dreadful cost to the United States Treasury isn't so unpopular with those who are getting the benefit of it as it might be. You can't expect our friends with shipbuilding contracts or employment at shipbuilding with big wages under the Shipping Board of the Navy Department or the War Department to get out and holler for somebody to shut off all the unnecessary war expenditures at once, can you?"

"No."

"No more than you did the Northern manufacturers or the veterans of the Civil War to fight against the increase of tariff schedules or of pensions in their time. No," he said, "there are plenty willing to prolong the financial horrors of war. They're quite a strong party politically, too, take them all together. And they're not averse to having the country operated upside down on a Washington war basis as long as they personally happen to be on top. That's good sound working human nature too. But there is one hopeful thing," he went on, "about what's coming after this war, compared to what came after the Civil War."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Our finances are so much worse off now here and everywhere else that it will be better, in a way, anyhow."

"Better?" I said after him.

"Yes," he answered me. "We won't have so long a suspense anyhow. We can't go on indefinitely playing politics with our finances the way we did after the Civil War. We haven't got as much financial slack to play with. We've got to decide where we're going, one way or the other, before long."

I looked at him until he was ready to go on.

"You know probably," he said, "that after the Civil War was once over they had no such general strain on their finances as we have now."

"Not taking the world over now—no," I agreed.

"Nor here either. Not in our national income and finances. You'll hear people say it was as much of a financial strain on this country then as it is now. But I can't see that myself. In fact I know better. They never had a time, when that war was once finished, when their regular ordinary government income didn't show them a surplus instead of a great deficit, such as is and has been staring us in the face. And if you'll look it up and figure it out in plain arithmetic you'll see that while your population now is only three and a half times what it was then, your current expenditures for your national Government are running some twelve to fifteen times what they were after the Civil War—to take no account of general financial conditions, which are setting the world at large crazy now."

"I don't see, if all this is true," I came in, holding him up to what he'd said before, "that there is anything hopeful in it compared to the time following the Civil War."

"There is," he said, "in this way—we've got to do something and get it done; we can't go along indefinitely, playing politics with the growing income of a nation, which was bigger than its needs. We've come now—after this war—to a main, clear-cut issue, which we've got to decide."

"What's that?"

"The one issue which is being drawn over all the civilized world."

"What's that?" I asked again. "Whether the various governments are going to bust all the nations of the earth with their waste and extravagance?"

"It's gone further than that now," he told me.

I looked at him as he went on.

"It's whether government is going to run the earth, as it has been these last few years; or whether we're going to take hold ourselves for a change and run the government."

"That's right, I guess," I said.

"If you want my opinion," he said, going on after a minute, "it's clear enough what's happened to us in the last four or five years. We've had an overdose of Washington."

"I have, I know," I told him.

"Four or five years ago it wouldn't have needed a prophet to show the average American voter that Washington was no place to go to get your business done for you."

"I guess not; no."

"Everybody who stopped to think of it knew that the government machinery was mighty bad to handle business, and always had been, in the nature of the thing. But then this war came along."

"Yes."

"And Washington reached out and took charge of the country. Had to, in a way. And organized us all in its own image."

He stopped a minute.

Back to the Main Issue

"It makes me laugh," he went on, "sometimes, to hear them talking about reorganizing Washington on business lines. For the last four years Washington has been reorganizing business on its own lines. You know that. Upside down. As consumers."

"Upside down is right," I said, thinking over how many ways government competition and interference had affected my business and everybody else's.

"Yes. And backward," he went on. "It took the railroads and the shipping and the food and the building trades—knocked everything in business to pieces and put it together again on its own lines."

"Showing everybody in the country a consumer's profit," I said, recalling his expression.

"Yes. It couldn't be helped, I suppose, in a way. War always does that to an extent; and this war was so much bigger than any war before it that Washington got in everywhere—in all our industries. You could hardly name one business that it didn't either manage or influence."

"Or interfere with or mix up somehow," I chipped in.

"And all natural enough under the circumstances, too, you've got to remember. But that wasn't enough, taking charge of this country, after we'd once got wound up and enthusiastic over our work of making the biggest and most first-class war of history. Washington had worked out of the limit of the District of Columbia and spread itself all over the map of the United States, and now nothing would do but it must take over and organize and manage the business and the politics and marriage relations of the world—according to its own strongest advocates. We were out there, for a while, to reorganize the world in the image of Washington."

"At the expense of the American taxpayer."

"Well, we ought to do our share," he replied, "and I guess we are willing to, for the world at large. But when you got down to it you had to call a halt somewhere; there had to be some boundary where Washington stopped spreading itself and its way of thinking and doing business over the map of the world. So lately that idea's been rather subsiding. There's been a kind of tendency to withdraw Washington a little from Turkestan and the Himalayas and Saturn and Aldebaran and some of the outer edges of the Milky Way and come back home and look at our own business for a minute. The cold, sordid, vulgar fact was we had to, to keep our own creditors satisfied. We found it a kind of hopeless business in the end trying to show a consumer's profit to everybody from the American contractor to the uttermost heathen in a world all remade in the image of Washington. So now we've got back again to the main issue in most men's lives."

"What's that?"

"Giving a little thought to our own business. Taking inventory of what assets we've got left ourselves and incidentally trying to shove Washington back to the place on the map that she occupied before this war."

"You're right there," I said.

The Reign of the Spenders

"We'll do it, I believe, finally. But it isn't so easy as you might think for. It never has been after other wars, smaller than this. There's more difficulty in pushing back Washington and its influence out of your affairs when it's once in by a good deal than there is in letting it expand itself into them. After we've all had a taste of government money—of these consumer's profits—of the wild, free, independent spending of war, these something-for-nothing boys all over the world are too apt to get out over the traces. It's war, I suppose, largely, and the restlessness which follows war. It was the same thing in a way which started the American tramp in business as a national institution after the Civil War. There's always a plenty after a war who favor the free, nonproducing, something-for-nothing life.

"But it's not only the wild ones either, nor these new leaders of mankind we see now, who let their hair and their finger nails grow wild and call it freedom. These ain't the branch of the something-for-nothing boys that amount to much in this country, that represent our American danger; they represent more the whistle on the engine, the noise of the exhaust. The real working parts of that machine are made up of all sorts, from the king of finance in Wall Street and his investors, who've been in government profits and now want financial support for their railroads, to the king of labor and his crowd who want the Shipping Board's wages kept on in circulation. The real practical influences working to keep Washington on the map of the United States, operating our general business for us and distributing the taxpayer's money incidentally while doing it, are not theorists nor socialists. They're good, practical citizens, with good, practical political connections of their own. Their motto isn't so much 'Workingmen, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains,' as it is 'Friends, get busy; this is nothing but government money.' And we'll never, practically speaking, shove Washington back again into the District of Columbia—and get the business of the country back on its feet, in our own management again—as long as they can fight it off with every weapon they know of to use. These are not just mere theorists ——"

"They're a lot worse," I said.

"They're good, practical political workmen."

"Well, how are you a-going to do it?" I asked, looking over at him finally.

"What?"

"Put Washington back in its place on the map."

I saw him stop and grin.

"There's one way you won't do it," he said.

"What's that?"

(Concluded on Page 116)

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STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION SYSTEMS

The New Studebaker Light-Six

(Concluded from Page 113)

"You won't do it along the lines they've been working lately, that's one sure thing, with Congress. By sitting round and politely asking it to commit suicide."

"Suicide?"

"Yes."

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Did you have a chance," he asked me then, "to watch Washington in general and Congress in particular reforming itself by that budget bill that there was so much talk about?"

"Not especially."

"You saw it was lost?"

"Yes; I saw that."

"How the President vetoed it and the Senate went home without repassing it?"

"I guess neither side was very hungry to pass it," I said, "if the truth was known."

He grinned.

"That was a darned shame," I went on, "after all that work and that agitation all over the country for that reform, for everybody in Washington to slip away in the end and leave it just where it was."

"What did you expect?" he asked me.

"I expected a budget bill of some kind," I told him, "to reform those slipshod, crazy business methods down there in Washington. Just as everybody else did."

"Yes. Everybody else—outside of Washington, maybe."

"Didn't they expect a budget bill down there?"

"Not anybody who watched it at all close—that is, not a bill that was going to make any change of consequence right away."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked him.

"The most that anybody behind the bill—the promoters of the measure themselves—had any idea of getting this session through the bill they had was a start, an entering wedge which might amount to something finally."

"And they didn't get that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, just as I told you, Congress refused to commit suicide for them."

Dread of a Budget

"Just what are you trying to say," I held him up to tell me, "by that expression?"

"I mean according to their lights, the way it looks in Washington, where you're running upside down."

I looked at him.

"They were willing, Congress—and the executive side too, apparently—to go halfway always. You saw that?"

"Halfway?" I said after him.

"Each one was willing to reform the other. Congress certainly was. And that's what the promoters of the bill counted on to get the whole thing started going through."

"You mean that Congress was willing to reform the business methods of the various executive departments?"

"Yes. And the bill went through on that line, and that only—not taking up at all the reforms that would have to be made sometime inside of Congress itself, which were just as necessary as those on the other side, or more so."

"I see," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "And so did Congress see after a while. They saw that if they reformed the executive end of the Government's business, sooner or later that would involve reforming their own."

"Well, why not?" I asked him. "Why shouldn't it?"

"Didn't we just go over," he asked me, "how Congress is organized; how the whole ambition and career of a congressman leads up to being on the big committees, which dish out the appropriations for the Government?"

"Yes."

"If you had any rational system—if you brought the finances of the country into some unified management in Congress, some place where they could be considered and figured up as a whole, you'd tear the present thing all to pieces, wouldn't you, and make it all over again? Cut down those committees that sprawl all over the country's business now?"

"Well, what of it?"

"If you did, what would become of the committeemen, of the third or more of the members of the House and the Senate who have their one reason for being, and one satisfaction and distinction, in operating these big committees? What would you furnish them instead of this to live for? Do you expect them to smile and commit suicide—to legislate themselves out of existence because the newspapers are yelling and the boards of trade are resolving that they ought to do it so that we can have some sane, sensible methods of doing business in Washington?"

"So that's it, eh?" I said.

"That's it, yes. It's pretty good sound human nature too. A budget bill's a good thing; we've got to have one some day. But we won't have a budget in practical operation in Washington for some years yet. The plain fact is—that the country ought to know—that we can't stop now to wait for Washington to reform itself, for Congress to change its spots."

"Why not?"

"We haven't got time to," he told me. "That's the short of it. Not now. It's no time to stop and reorganize the fire department when there's a fire on."

"Well, what is there to do then?" I asked him.

Begin Reforming at Home

"If you ask me my real opinion," he told me, "I believe we've all been laboring under a slight misapprehension on this line in the past."

"In what way?"

"We've been seeing this thing—as we usually do when we are considering Washington—upside down from what it really is."

"How?"

"I mean that we've got to start in working on it at a different point from what we have expected to."

"Where?"

"We have been talking about reforming Washington's business methods."

"Yes."

"And in the meanwhile we've overlooked the fact that Washington's really been reforming ours the last three or four years."

"I guess that's right too," I admitted.

"So we'll start in at a different point. We'll start reforming ourselves back again first. After that it will be time enough to start reforming Washington proper."

"Well, where do you propose starting then?"

"In my opinion you've got to get back again to first principles. You've got to start at home."

"How?"

"You don't mind my expressing myself rough and plain and common, do you," he asked me.

"Not if you want to."

"Well, then, the first thing—for all of us—is to stop playing the hog."

"That's it, you think?"

"That's the main trouble," he said, "where it starts. When you come down to it, it's been all over since this war. We've been playing the hog—individually, collectively, by congressional districts, by bankers' associations, by boards of trade, by trade organizations, by labor unions and soldiers and sailors' relief corps. As long as the government money was being handed out and the other fellow was getting his, why shouldn't we get ours? That's been the spirit of the country since the war. And then we sit round passing resolutions and weeping and cursing Congress for not letting up on the government expenditures and our taxes."

"There's some truth in that," I said.

"As long as we're anxious to live on Washington and her appropriations—by sections or classes or industries—just so long Washington will smile and hand out what we ask for. After all, that's what it's built and operated and supported for—to represent us."

"Yes."

"And as long as we urge it to, it will keep right on organizing the country—on its own lines."

"As consumers of government money?"

"Yes. Handing out the billions. Consuming without producing an equivalent always was expensive business," he remarked, "especially when you do it by continents, as we have here lately."

"Yes."

"So if we stop and push back Washington into the District of Columbia again, where it belongs, that will be, in my opinion, the first step we've got to take. For, as I understand it, the big saving to the Government would come there. The expenses, they tell me, the savings that could be made in the Government's expenditures inside of the District of Columbia, are just small change to what could be made from the various distributions which the Government is paying out, as a kind of hangover from this war, outside the district."

Give Business a Chance

"Yes," I said, "that's certainly right." And I went over with him then the main financial problems before the country today—about the post-war expenditures and the coming problem in the refunding of the great government debt.

"If we could only cut off the unnecessary, uncalled-for big expenditures and distributions following this war; if we could only wind up the Government's war expenditures," I said, "you'd have the finances of this country on their feet in no time."

"That's what I figured," he told me. "And incidentally we'd have a chance to get the business of the country back on its own feet too."

"Instead of standing on its head, Washington style," I put in, grinning.

"Yes," he said, looking off. "Back producing again more than it consumes—of the stuff it really needs, for peace and not for war."

"And after that?" I asked.

"After that—after we got Washington out of organizing our business for us," he said, "we might come down here and start that other job of reorganizing here—as far as we can."

"Yes," I answered, "that's what everybody'd be glad to see, I guess."

"Everybody that's paying out taxes or has got common sense; anybody who knows enough to know you can't lift yourselves by your boot straps over the moon."

One Practical Handle

"But how are we going at all this, practically?" I asked him. "What have we got to take hold of down there in Washington?"

"There's one practical handle, I think, we might hope to get hold of."

"Not Congress?"

"No—except when you can put the fear of the Lord into your own individual congressman now and then."

"Not the national politicians?"

"There'll be two sets of those, apparently—one hollering for something-for-nothing boys and the other hollering for the rest of us, who have to pay for the deficit made by what they propose to hand out to them. But you can't rest real secure in what either side will do when they get into power. Politicians' promises ain't exactly things to tie ships to."

"Well, then, where shall we go to?"

"There's just one natural place to get results along this line—if you are going to get them."

"Where?"

"Where would it be? Where, after all, is the one place where you can get hold of—the one figure in Government which has the power of doing or having done for him the one job, which always has to be done, in any managing of finances? Get the whole thing—the problem as a whole—together sometime, as a whole, in one brain."

"The President," I guessed.

"The chief executive, yes."

"But they've claimed, all along," I objected, "that the President hasn't got law enough to do this right."

"He's got all the law he needs, in my opinion," said my man. "If he hasn't, he's something better still."

"What's that?"

"He's got a majority of the country back of him—the great mass of the American people, who are sick and disgusted with having their money wasted and their taxes increased and their expenses inflated and their business turned upside down and run backward by this infernal combination of war and Washington. If you came out now to a straight vote on the subject, you could probably get a three-quarters vote of the country for putting Washington and Washington methods back again into the District of Columbia, in my opinion," he said.

"In mine too."

"And more than that—when that first job was done—if the executive, the man at the head of the country, really wanted it, he could force through some real practical method of estimating and controlling our expenditures and outgo from the Federal Government. Instead of being organized by Washington ourselves we could go down in there and reorganize it finally—as far as it can be organized, considering what it is. But that all depends of course."

"Depends on what?"

"On one thing—it's just a question now of how much the ordinary common-sense voters of the country, the men in ordinary business clothes like you and me, are able to impress on the man they elect President that this has got to be done. That Washington's got to stop standing us on our heads and this country's got to get down to business, both privately and publicly, or there'll be trouble!"

"Which there certainly will be."

"If the American people in general," said my man, "could only be told, could only understand Washington the way it really works and what's got to be done, there wouldn't be any question about it—about Washington's getting out of our business and our getting down there and taking control of Washington. There wouldn't be any doubt of it if the country only realized the facts as they are."

"I wish I could holler them loud enough," I said, "so that every voter in the country could hear me."

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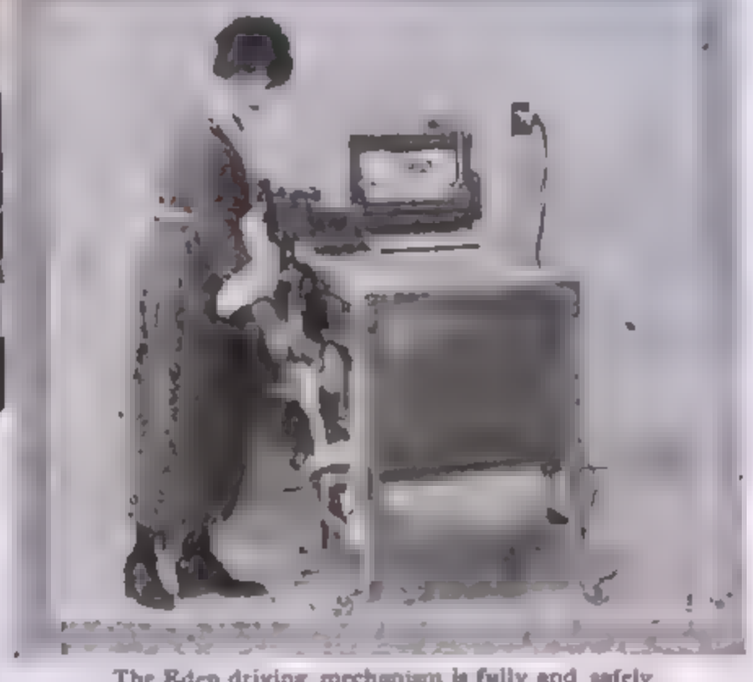

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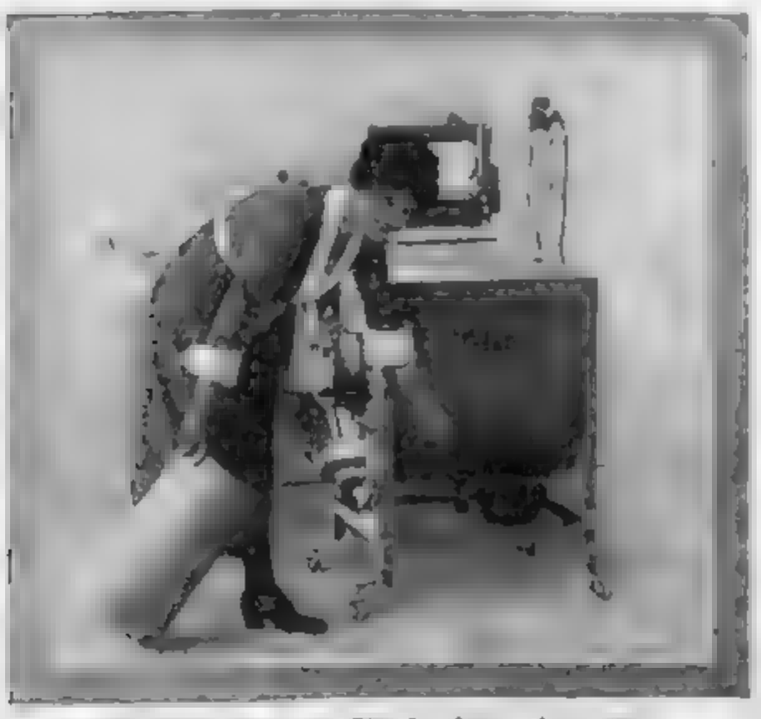

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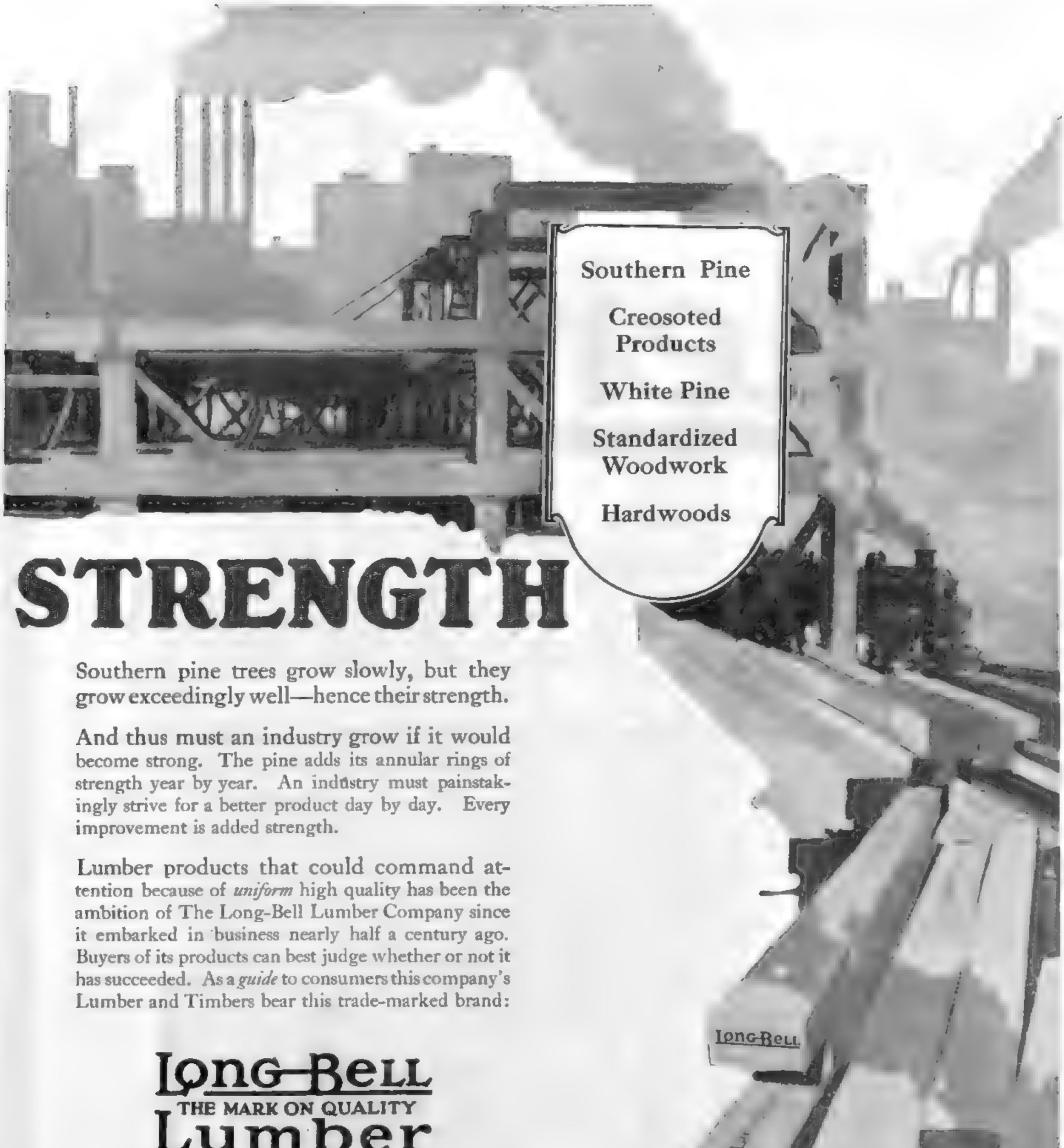

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Ear Marks

IN A WORLD full of people, all more or less human, there are no two entirely alike, and yet all are marked by physical peculiarities that set them apart in well-defined groups. One may be a skeptic concerning the meaning of cranial bumps, and yet profit by unfortunate dealings with a man too narrow between the eyes.

The shape of the head and the design of its front elevation do not afford infallible data by which to judge character, for some of the finest men in the known world have faces that would earn them a life term before the average jury, despite counsel and evidence. Yet certain general rules are verified in so many instances that one may accept them as readily as he accepts rules laid down for guidance in other matters.

There is the wide close-lipped mouth peculiar to catfish and orators, the dainty bud mouth conferred by Nature as a substitute for brains, the tight mouth denoting surpassing love of a nickel and the owner's opinions, the loose mouth that confesses lack of wit or a recent drink of patent medicine, the unfirm mouth that means lack of character or lack of teeth, and the foul mouth that invites the application of a club.

Chins are eloquent. The one that slopes back at a sharp angle to meet the Adam's apple may be Teutonic, and in that case means no more than a willingness to sink without trace. In the Anglo-Saxon chins of this type advertise the fact that one may step on the owner's toes without the necessity of dodging a left hook. The long chin squared at the end denotes firmness in the matter of accepting treaties as they are written and things of that sort. The sharp chin, usually feminine, indicates abnormal interest in the affairs of the neighbors.

Eyes that sit close together in a chummy sort of way may mean that the owner can't see far beyond the end of his nose, or they may warn the world to watch its purse. Eyes that shift about when under observation proclaim the coward or the sneak or the habitual liar, while eyes that scrutinize the third button of your waistcoat while their owner is conversing with you indicate that he is a mild crook or that there is a drop of egg on your waistcoat.

The high forehead affords evidence of storage capacity for brains, but does not always indicate that the premises are occupied. This characteristic is without value in the case of the bald man whose forehead goes over the top without meeting any resistance until the objective is reached at the nape of the neck.

The large and rugged nose denotes a domineering character; the sharp nose confesses relationship to the fox; the very flat nose informs us that it has been thrust once too often into the affairs of other people; the perfect nose that appears to have been cut from marble promises a job in the movies if backed by eyes closely resembling those of a cow.

Ears that lie close to the head may be accepted as proof that the wearer keeps his own secrets and has several that should be kept.

There was once a general belief that the ear without a lower lobe confessed the thief, but this theory was abandoned when people with normal ears began to gouge the Government for war supplies. The ear that is warped and twisted as though afflicted with cramp colic has at some period of its existence come into violent contact with a three-ounce glove. Large sail-like ears boldly snapping in the passing breeze are evidence of frankness and a minimum of regard for the personal opinion of the world concerning the owner.

However, it must be remembered that these interpretations are general and do not apply in particular cases unless they are complimentary. Discretion is the better part of phrenology.

Town and Country

WHY is a city? Can it be that enjoyment of crowds is an instinct inherited from a day when man did not walk on his hind legs and traveled in packs as a necessary precaution against the giant Carnivora that sought him for lunch? Men hate one another, conspire against one another, envy one another. Surely it is not love that herds them together in cities—not love of one another. Love of money perhaps—of luxury, excitement, ease.

Persons who have more money than is required for the purchase of necessities buy luxuries. Abundance of money brings an urgent demand for unnecessary commodities. The demand for luxuries brings factories for the production of luxuries, and the factories create a demand for labor. When the demand for luxuries is greater than usual the demand for laborers to produce luxuries becomes greater than usual. Unusual demand for laborers increases wages, and thus the manufacturers of unnecessary commodities draw into their employ men formerly engaged at a smaller wage in the production of necessities.

Thus we have cities, and thus we have a wail of distress from farmers.

The farm boy goes to town. Perhaps his sire goes also. Getting out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to milk and feed by the light of a smoky lantern and toiling until after sunset in order to get a living does not appeal to one who knows that he can move to town and earn—or at least get—one dollar an hour and work but eight hours in each twenty-four. The farm boy goes to town, and the acres he tilled grow rank with weeds.

One engaged in the business of manufacturing luxuries makes a greater profit than one engaged in the business of producing something to eat. American farms produce food enough for America and a great surplus for export. A surplus, whether of food or silk, means low prices.

The days of food surplus are drawing near an end. The farmer can no longer find laborers. He cannot till his fields alone. And this fat and luxury-loving country of ours, little as it may realize the fact, is about to make the acquaintance of an empty cupboard.

This condition does not spell disaster, but only an urge to adjustment. People will eat. There will be sale for bread when luxuries are a drug on the market. When the day comes that food is hard to find, American appetites will bid against one another for a square meal. Prices of farm products will soar; men in quest of greater profit will quit the luxury-making factories and renew their acquaintance with the plow handles, and food will again become plentiful.

Men work in towns because town wages are higher. When the farmer outbids the manufacturer he will get what labor he needs. He will pay the price, and those who eat will repay him and add a profit.

Back-to-the-farm talk will fall on deaf ears until the farms let money do their talking. When love of money draws men back to the farms, do not doubt that love of eats will assure the farmer a profit.

Justice

THE land is full of reformers and philanthropists who have espoused the cause of society's enemies and are embarked on a crusade to give jails and penitentiaries a refined and homelike atmosphere and brighten the lives of the guilty, but there are none to plead the cause of the innocent.

One who is accused of crime is not a criminal. In our theory of jurisprudence he is innocent until a jury has weighed the evidence against him and found him guilty. As an innocent man he is entitled to every courtesy and consideration granted innocent men who have not been accused of crime. If the mere fact that he has been accused makes him less worthy in our sight we have not come far since the day of witch burning.

The state concedes that he is innocent until proved guilty, but having evidence that makes his guilt seem probable insists that he shall be locked in jail or shall furnish a reasonable bond for his appearance in court to stand trial.

This arrangement is fair and necessary.

Let us suppose that his trial has come to an end, that the state has been unable to sustain its charge against him, and that the jury has found him innocent. When the state sets him at liberty or returns his bond has it done its full duty? Does it owe him nothing?

If one carries a club with which to spoil the countenance of an enemy and while thus armed comes upon a friend who is very like the enemy in appearance, and, being deceived by this resemblance, swings the club against the friend's ear, will he smile blandly when the friend regains consciousness, and say to him: "I thought you were my enemy. I was mistaken. You may go now"?

Will he do no more than that?

Citizens are the state. If the state, acting for each and all of its citizens, accuses one unjustly and thereby causes him loss of time and money—a loss for which it offers no compensation—has it not warped the meaning of justice and become in some measure a tyrant?

While shedding tears over the hard lot of the thief who was convicted and sent to jail because he wronged society, why not squeeze out one or two more for the man who was accused of theft, found innocent, and yet put to considerable expense to defend his honor and his liberty? If there should be punishment for the guilty who wrong society, should there not be recompense for the innocent whom society wrongs?

Addition by Subtraction

ONCE upon a time there was a man who had a large appetite and a waistline that preceded him and served as an advance guard. A wicked king had him locked in a room containing one small window, and by way of torture had a feast spread on a table just outside this opening. After a time the prisoner became very hungry and tried to climb through the window. His head and shoulders went through without difficulty, but the circumference of his equator was greater than the breadth of the window, and he did not progress beyond the north temperate zone. Day by day he hungered and struggled to get through the window, and day by day privation reduced his girth, until at length he was able to squeeze through and fall upon the victuals that had so long tantalized him.

The moral is that one in desperate straits may add by means of subtraction, and that a dollar will go farther when it travels in slower company.

Nearly all men are homesteaders. They wish to stay put. One grows accustomed to a certain country, a certain neighborhood, a certain house and certain friends. These become a horizon. One's little world becomes the universe, and the thought of emigrating is but little less distressing than the thought of suicide.

Desperate situations require desperate action, however, and one whose income is fixed and therefore halved by the fall of the dollar must swallow his pride or save his pride and forgo the pleasure of swallowing other and more substantial things. One who cannot enlarge his income can at least make it seem larger.

The wealthy can sell a few cars and fire a few servants; the well-to-do can move from ten rooms to four; the poor can get along with four cylinders instead of six and wear cotton shirts in place of silk.

In every town in which there is a shortage of houses there are vacant houses. They are vacant because they do not appeal to vanity. The person next door sits on the front porch in his undershirt, and there is no place to keep the car.

One bent on living down to his income need not search for palaces. In time of siege people are very grateful for mule steak and similar delicacies.

As with houses, so with food, clothing, amusements. If the purse will not fit a standard of living, the standard of living may be trimmed to fit the purse.

One who complains that the profiteers are about to get him and continues to play into their hands by living in his accustomed way regardless of the cost deserves little sympathy. He may at his pleasure trick the profiteers and get double action for his money. If his purse is flat the fault is his own. The money spent during one month to feed his pride would feed his family during many months. There is no salvation without sacrifice, and when one purposes sacrifice a foolish pride is the first article thrown overboard.

Persons who spent the whole of their incomes back in the days when a dollar was worth a dollar are not seriously affected by the rise in prices. They were perennially broke then; they are consistently broke now. What matters the purchasing power of a dollar if one is determined to be quit of it?

Persons who saved in the old days may save still if they will. All that is necessary is to pull pride out by the roots, disregard the opinions of the neighbors and continue fattening the account in the savings bank at the established rate. The sum left to be spent will not go so far as it once did, but it may be stretched. The fact that thousands of families live comfortably on twenty-five dollars a week proves that millions can if they will. If they are not willing to make the sacrifice in order to hasten the return of normal times they deserve the little hardships that now afflict them.

The encouraging thing about abnormal times is the fact that they are abnormal. One has reasonable hope that they cannot long endure.

The dollar that is spent is worth much less than its former value, but a dollar that is saved is worth exactly one hundred cents, prewar purchasing power, and earns the same old rate of interest.

One may live up to his income and the opinions of his friends and torment his soul by wondering what the world is coming to, or he may determine to grow lean and remain lean until the world recovers from its debauch, and prepare himself for residence on Easy Street when a dollar has regained its former vigor.

The feast is just outside the window, but neither wishing nor complaining will bring it nearer. One must reduce his girth and establish a nodding acquaintance with hardship if he would better his fortune. A dollar that is ashamed to look a silk shirt in the face appears at ease in the presence of madras.

"The true question is— not what we gain, but what we do!"

IN motor car building, as in all other human activity, it is the end attained that counts.

Tomorrow is the test of today. Peerless Motor Cars are made today for a thousand tomorrows. They are our representatives before the world, expressing our desires, our ideals, our principles.

We gain only as they serve. We succeed only as they endure.

THERE IS nothing startling or sensational about this philosophy of business; nor is it exceptionally idealistic. It is fundamentally, constructively practical.

Because of it, more people every year become owners of Peerless Cars. Because of it, Peerless owners feel a higher satisfaction and a deeper confidence in their cars.

Because of it, the Peerless Two-power-range Eight of today is, except for certain refinements, essentially the same car as the Peerless Two-power-range Eight of 1915. For the Peerless of five years ago was built for today, just as the Peerless of today is built for five years hence.

Touring Car $3230 Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920 Sedan $4140 Sedan-Limousine $4400
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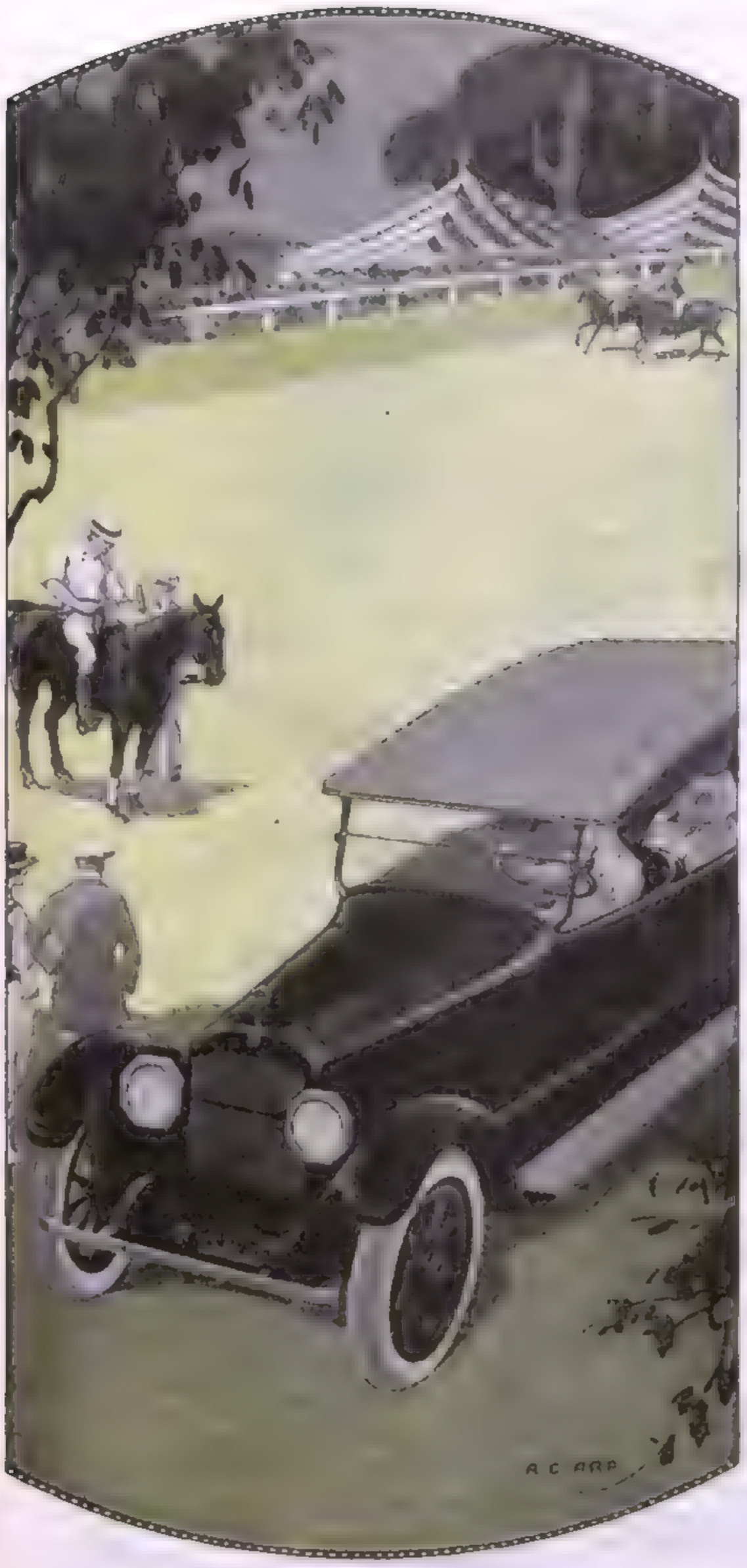
THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



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2 POWER RANGE EIGHT

"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE

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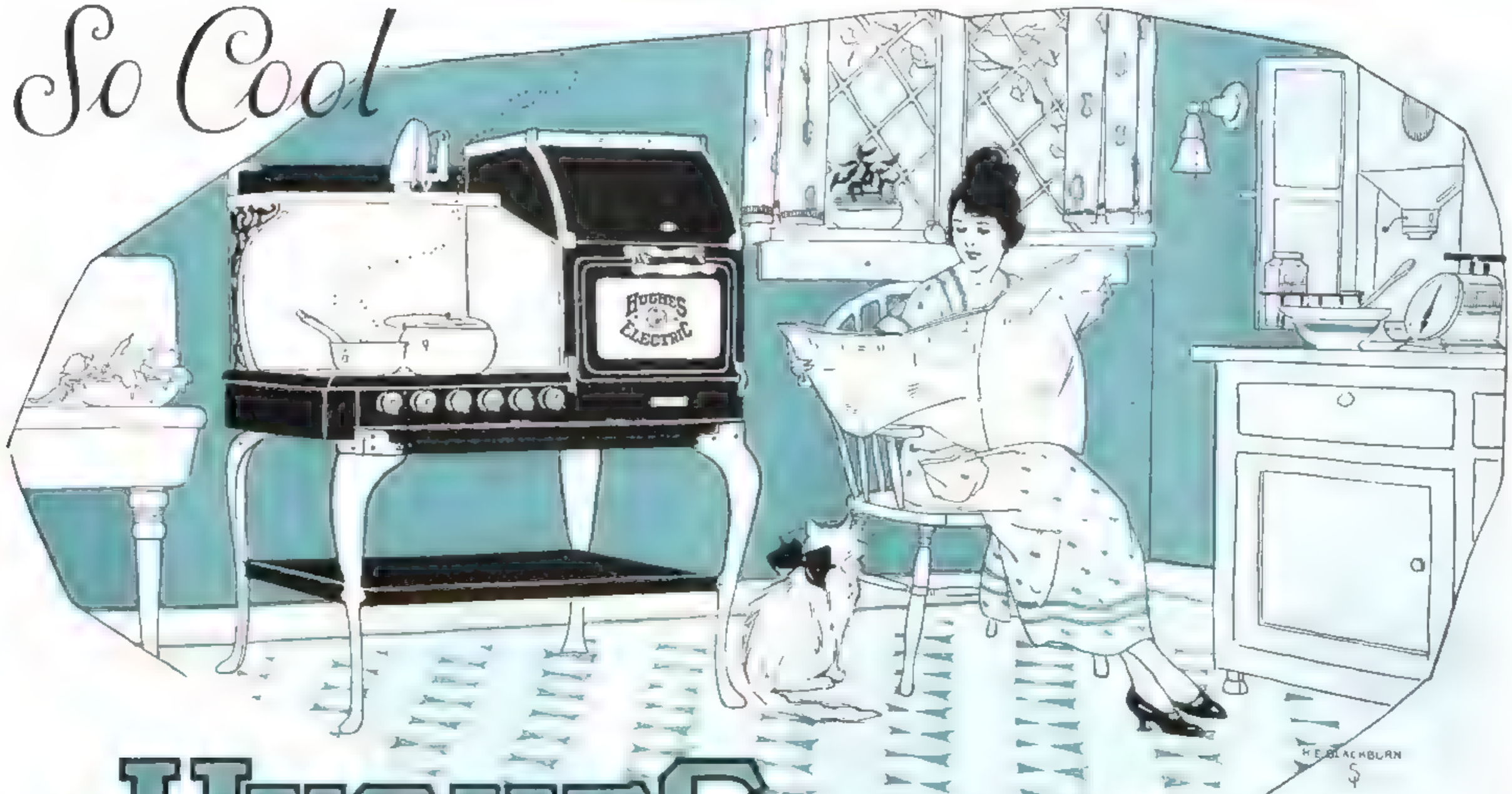

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Yes, a cool kitchen, even in August—as cool as any room in the house, because so much of the heat is used for *cooking*. The Hughes Electric heats the room scarcely at all, because—

— there is nothing burning—no combustion—no flame. You turn a button and the unit becomes cherry red; this glowing heater cooks by radiation, the radiant heat is absorbed by the food in the cooking vessels. It's the same in the oven, which is built like a fireless cooker

So much for *Coolness*, but that only begins the story of why you should enjoy a Hughes Electric Range, for this range is also—

— *efficient*, doing quickly and well everything that can be done on any type of range
— *economical* of your time and economical of food because roasts dry out less, bread keeps moist longer and it eliminates spoilage
— *convenient;* turn a button and you have cooking heat instantly; ditto and the heat is off
— *clean;* meaning—the range is clean, the cooking utensils are never smutted; the kitchen floor and walls are clean because there are no fuel, no ashes, no matches, no smoke; the air is not vitiated by combustion, there are no fumes
— *endorsed* by leading domestic Economists as the scientific way and by more than 50,000 practical housewives as the modern way to cook.

Let us send you a copy of "*How to Modernize*" and we suggest that you see your Lighting Company about the Hughes Electric Range.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.
CHICAGO

New York **Ontario, Calif.** **Atlanta**

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EDISON
News Notes

Franklin K. Lane, while Secretary of the Interior, said," Enough hydro-electric energy is running to waste here in the United States to equal the daily labor of 1,800,000,000 men."

A considerable part of all the savings of the people of the country is invested in public utilities held by thousands of investors, large and small, as well as in endowment funds of churches, colleges, schools, hospitals and in other trust funds.

There is not a country on the globe in which Hotpoint Appliances are not favorably known. Women in Greenland and Iceland use Hotpoint irons — a recent shipment went to Nairobi, in the interior of Africa.

It is important that your new home be equipped with adequate wall outlets, so that electric table appliances, vacuum cleaners and other labor-saving devices can be easily connected without disturbing the lighting arrangements.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following
SERVICE STATIONS

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St Louis, 1003 Pine St. — *Portland, 412½ Stark St.*
Seattle, Maritime Bldg. — *Chicago, 152 W. Lake St.*
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.
New York, 140-142 Sixth Ave.
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

A SENATOR'S STORY

(Concluded from Page 23)

I really felt when I was holding off the tough in the brewery that my practice in shooting woodpeckers in the schoolhouse did me a great deal of good and gave me a great deal of confidence in my ability to shoot.

As I said before, I never cared particularly about public office, and though I always did everything I could to advance my cause after I became a candidate, I was never anxious to be a candidate, and in every instance something happened that seemed to me to make it necessary to enter into the various political contests in which I have participated. I was nominated for prosecuting attorney, my first officeholding job, without any particular effort on my part and without any great desire to hold the office. The nomination was not considered very desirable, because it was in a district where my party was in the minority. Though I campaigned as hard as I knew how, I had no particular desire for the place.

I was nominated for Congress in the same way, in a district in which my party was in the minority. I came to the House of Representatives a bitter partisan. Since I have been in public life I have lost practically all my partisanship. I believed at first that the salvation of the country depended upon my party's success, but I soon learned when I got into the House that many of the apparently most successful men in public life were the most subservient to special interests. I found there was not much difference between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party in a great many respects. The machine held sway in both of them.

Kicking Over the Traces

I soon got in bad with my party leaders. I had not been there long until I rebelled against some of the unwritten regulations that governed party regularity. I had not been there long until my state adopted the primary system of nominations. Had this not been done I would not have served in the House more than two terms, but the very opposition of some of my own party leaders made me anxious to be returned, even though I did not like the life or the work. I soon found that in order to get patronage it was necessary to be good.

During eight years of service, when my party was in control, I was never allowed any patronage, even to the extent of a page. My service began before the House rules were liberalized. It was at a time when the speaker's rule was supreme. The greatest ambition of every member was to get good committee assignments. Committee assignments meant much more then than they do now. Members were supposed to serve for at least a term before they took any active part in legislative matters. Everyone was anxious for his own political life's sake to please the speaker. The speaker had it in his power, under any circumstances, to give prominence to any member or to start him on the downward path to sure defeat, so that new members particularly were expected as a matter of course to be absolutely subservient.

Being a convinced and intense partisan, I made no objection to this until it seemed to me demands were being made to control the conscientious convictions of men and to cause them to do things absolutely contrary to what they believed to be the best interests of the country. As I saw it, a man's freedom was entirely bound, and he placed his political life and political conscience in the hands of those who were in control—a very small body of men, headed by the speaker himself. Without regard to any question involved, or the honesty of the intentions of these men, this was so contrary to my conscience that I soon became rebellious, and I had not been there long until it began to crop out.

The first session I was there had gone along to the day before Washington's Birthday, when the Democratic leader made a motion that on the succeeding day Washington's Farewell Address should be read and that the House should then stand adjourned in honor of the memory of George Washington. The Republican leader bitterly contested this motion. Both leaders made very partisan speeches. To me it seemed like a sham battle. It seemed to me it was not of any very great importance whether the House remained in session on Washington's Birthday, or whether it adjourned in his honor. Since we did not have any very pressing business, I thought it would be well to adjourn, and I was therefore in favor of the motion made by the minority leader. I was convinced that at most it was nothing but a sham battle. The two leaders were training their soldiers for real contests by exercising their power, and training their men in obedience in a sham contest. The question was decided by a standing vote. The Democratic side of the House rose in mass to be counted in favor of the motion, and I exercised courage enough to vote my conscientious convictions, and stood up on the Republican side.

I was all alone. I knew that every eye was turned on me, and that I was regarded as a renegade, not only by my Republican colleagues, but by most of the Democrats as well. It was exceedingly humiliating to me. I was very much embarrassed, and it required all the courage I could muster to stand up and be counted in the face of the terrible scrutiny with which I was regarded. The Republicans were in the majority, and so the motion was defeated. I felt I was really out of place, and that everybody was looking at me crosswise, cussing me under his breath. I walked out into the cloak room. Sitting there smoking a cigar was one of the Republican leaders. We were all alone.

He said: "Young man, didn't I see you voting with the Democrats?" and with humiliation and meekness I answered in the affirmative.

A Scolding From a Colleague

"Well," he said, "if you expect to stay here you might as well learn now as any time that you must always follow your leader. Your life here will be short indeed unless you take this course."

He continued to lambaste me, and I continued to take it in silence. I was not convinced that he was right. I was more determined than ever that I had done the right thing. I would not have changed my course for a lifetime of service in the House, but yet I could hardly muster sufficient courage to answer him. When I did it was with all the vehemence I was able to command. I used language to this leader that would not look well in print, and I frankly told him that all that was being done to humiliate me only made me the more determined, and though I might be defeated and might be a one-termer, I was going to be my own boss while I was there.

He immediately changed, and said: "I do not want you to be offended. I am only speaking for your own benefit. I may have been too outspoken and too severe, but I am thinking of you and your future career. I have been here a good many years, and I have seen a great many men try to buck the machine. They always fail, not only here, but they fail of reelection at home. You cannot get a good committee assignment—you cannot get anything in the way of patronage, unless you fall in with the machine. My advice is to do that, and do it at once. I am speaking for your benefit more than anything else."

He undoubtedly told the truth, but it had no effect on me. The next day when I came to the House I was still embarrassed, and I thought I would get out and go over to the Senate. When I got over to the other end of the Capitol I found the Senate adjourned. Upon inquiry I discovered that George Washington's Farewell Address had been read in the Senate, and upon a motion of a Republican—the Republicans were also in control of the Senate—the Senate had adjourned in honor of the memory of George Washington. This helped me a great deal. I realized then that what was treason to my party in one end of the Capitol was entirely loyal in the other.

A Surprising Proposal

When I went to the House of Representatives I expected to try to stay only two years. I never would have been a candidate for another election had it not been for the opposition of this same machine. It did seem, however, that a man could not retain his own self-respect and refuse to fight it out.

I had no ambition to come to the Senate. I would never have been a candidate for the Senate had it not been for an incident that happened while I was serving my last term in the House. It was near the beginning of this term, when a resident from my state whom I had known for years to be connected with one of the leading railroads of the country came to Washington and called on me. I knew, especially after my first two campaigns, that I had never had the support of the men he represented. They had always opposed me, sometimes very bitterly, and had always been against me, and the thing that astounded me more than anything else was this man's frankness.

At that time there was a lively contest in my state over the temperance question. No candidates for governor had yet announced themselves, but several men were talked of on both sides of the temperance issue

This man told me that he not only represented the railroad with which he had always been connected, but in the matter on which he desired to consult me he represented the other railroads in my state, together with the brewers' interests. I had always been known as a temperance man, and had always supported temperance legislation and temperance measures.

My visitor said to me very frankly that he had come to Washington to induce me to become a candidate for governor. His proposition to me was perfectly dumfounding, because he knew that I did not agree with those he represented on the temperance question, and I could not understand why it was they should want me to become a candidate for governor. He told me they understood just where I stood on the temperance question, and that he knew I was not with them on the issue; but that I had publicly stated that the liquor question at issue ought to be submitted under our referendum law to a vote of the people, and that everybody who knew me knew I would support the temperance side of the proposition. They did not ask me to change my views. They knew I would not do it under any circumstances. They knew I was against them on the proposition, whether the issue was fought then or at some subsequent time.

The Voice of the Tempter

He said: "We know where you stand, not only on this, but on other issues. We do not expect to try to change you or to control you, and we knew in the beginning that we could not, even if we wanted to."

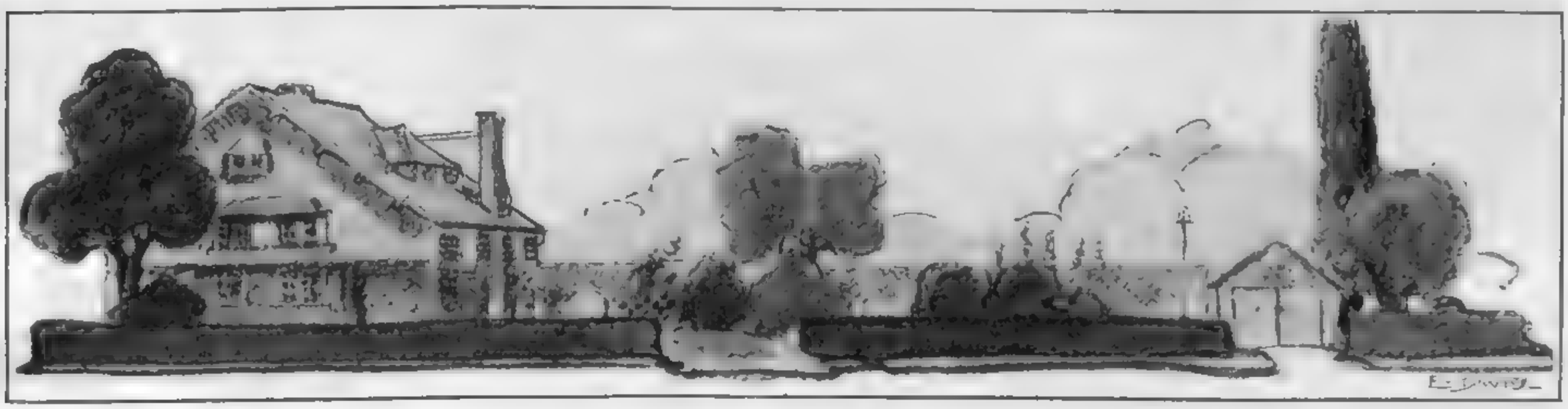
He went on to say that he had fifteen thousand dollars with him that he was authorized to turn over to me for my election expenses. He also reminded me of the fact that in his judgment, if I announced myself as a candidate for governor, there would be no other candidate; that I could be sure of the nomination; and that the election would be as certain as the nomination; that no questions would be asked; that men running for office at that time always had to have contributions to make a campaign, and I could spend as little or as much as I thought best.

I stayed with this man nearly all night at his room in the hotel, trying to find out what his real object was—why it was that these interests were trying to shift me from Washington to a state office, when they knew I was against them on the very issue that was going to be involved in the state campaign. Considerable talk had been indulged in by newspapers and others that I would be a candidate for the Senate. I had not said anything about it. The real truth was, I had in my own mind decided I would not be a candidate for election to the Senate, and would not be a candidate for reëlection to the House.

Of course I declined all these propositions, and for several days I did not do much but think about them. I reached the conclusion—which I believe was correct—that this man's object was to keep me out of the Senate, and that they regarded a senatorial position as of so much more importance that they were willing to give the position of governor to a man whom they did not like, if thereby they could have somebody else in the Senate. In our conversation he asked me whether I was going to be a candidate for the Senate, and I frankly told him that I had not decided. I asked him how these interests would be if I should become a candidate for the Senate, and he was as frank on that matter as on most others, in telling me that in his judgment they would all be against me.

The upshot of it all was that after I had thought about it for three or four days I decided there was only one thing to do, and that was to be a candidate for the Senate. Later on I became a candidate, and that was the way I came to get into the Senate.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in an early issue.



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To all that the name Buick has meant in twenty years of automobile history, the new Nineteen Twenty One Buick brings that grace of movement, that refinement of every line and feature, that sheer beauty of design which inspire a pride of ownership in a fine motor car.

The new Buick line comprises seven models, one for every possible demand. Each has the famed Buick Valve-in-Head Motor, as rugged and powerful as ever, yet refined into a mechanism of unusual quietness.

The improved radiator, hood and cowl lines give a finished touch of trimness to the body, yet without any sacrifice of Buick individuality.

A more resilient spring suspension gives these new Buick models a riding comfort as delightful as their exterior appearance is pleasing.

Each of the seven models has its own value particularly adapted to a distinct class of service. All possess those inherent Buick qualities that assure the owner the uninterrupted use of his investment.

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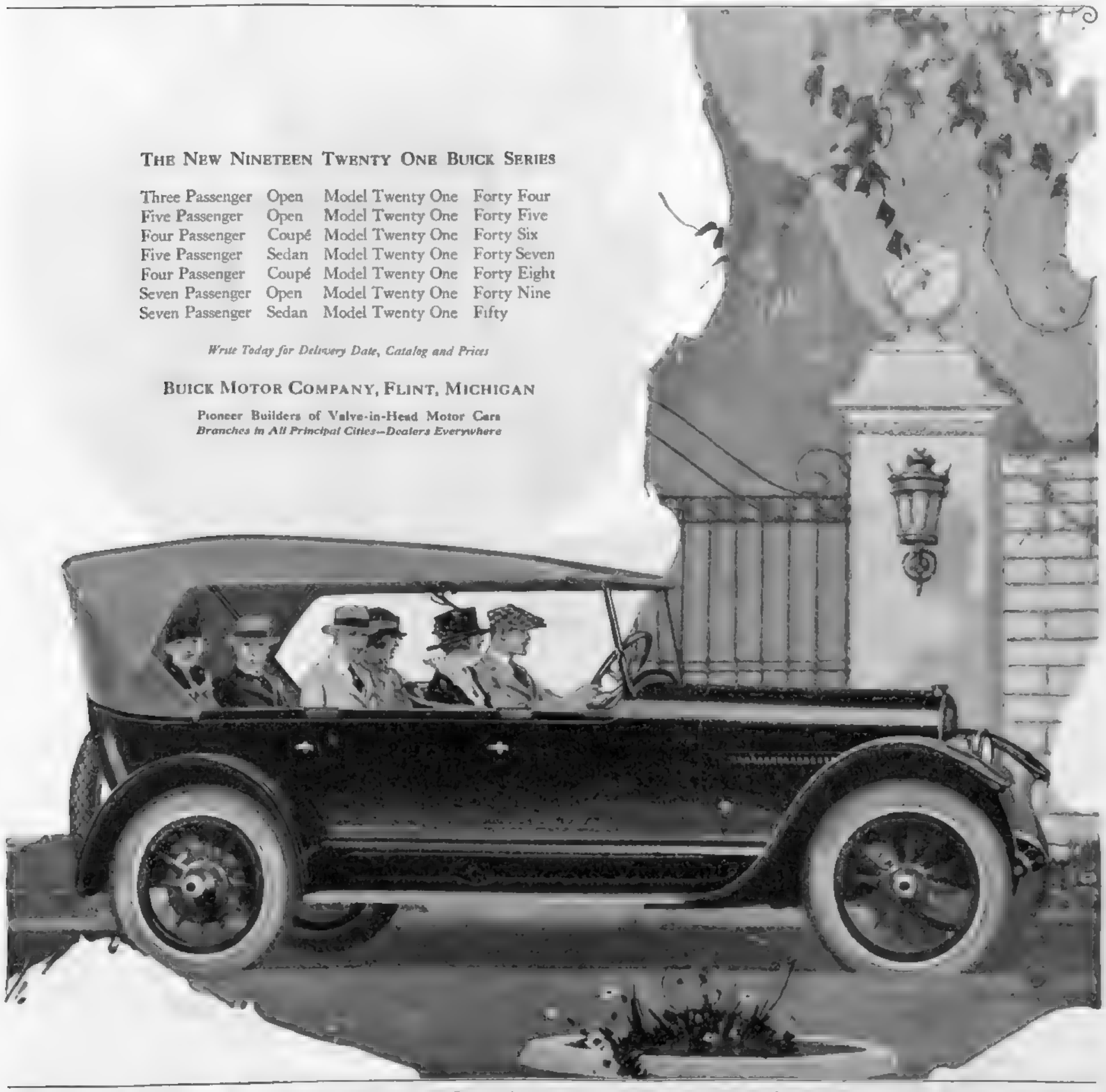

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The Sampler is sold by our
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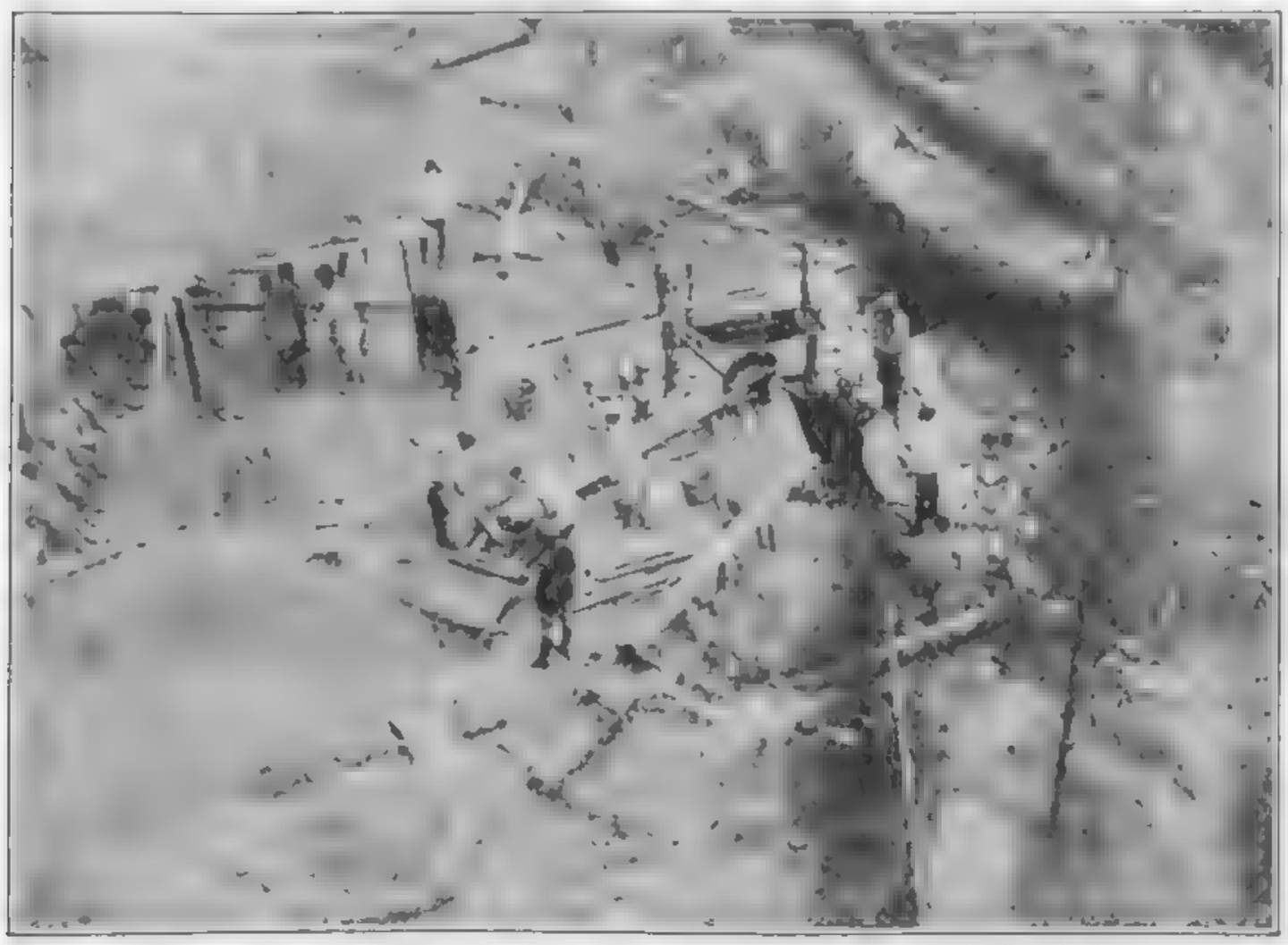
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

LAST DAYS AND DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR AND HIS FAMILY

(Continued from Page 7)



The Shaft Into Which the Bodies Were Thrown

suffered more. They both used to drink in the commandant's room and while intoxicated they sang. Nikoulin played the piano that was in the commandant's room. Sometimes as Nikoulin was playing, and Iourovsky's eyes were bleared with booze they both started yelling out songs as: "Let Us Forget the Old World; Let Us Shake its Dust From Our Feet. We Do Not Need a Golden Idol. We Abhor the Czar's Palace," and so on. Or sometimes they sang: "You Died as the Victim of a Struggle." Moshkin also sometimes allowed himself to sing those songs, but only in the absence of Avdeeff, who did not know anything about it, but the first two took things easy. At the time of Avdeeff women never entered the house, but Nikoulin probably had a mistress who always came to see him and stayed with him after Iourovsky's departure. She was aged about twenty, was short, stout and blond; her eyes were brown; her nose was small and straight. I do not know her name. I don't know either where she lived or from whence she came. Medvedeff told nothing about her. At the time of Iourovsky divine service was performed less often.

The Scene of the Tragedy

As a result the guards under the command of Iourovsky began to behave themselves much worse. Fayka-Safonoff began to behave indecently. There was only one lavatory for the imperial family. On the walls near the lavatory Fayka began to write all sorts of bad words, that were very much out of place. He was seen writing those words on the walls near the lavatory by Alexeeff, who was on duty on the upper floor together with Fayka. Fayka occupied the post near the lavatory and Alexeeff near the commandant's room. After Alexeeff returned from duty he told us everything about it. Once upon a time Fayka climbed up a fence which was quite close to the windows of the Emperor's rooms and began to play all sorts of bad songs.

Andrew Strekotin began to draw on the walls of the lower room all sorts of indecent pictures. Belomoin participated in the drawing, laughed and taught Strekotin how to draw better. I have personally witnessed how Strekotin was drawing those things.

Once I was walking near the house when I saw that the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Anastasia, looked out of the window. When the sentry on duty noticed it he fired his rifle at her. The bullet missed her and lodged above her in the woodwork of the window frame.

All of those unbecoming deeds were known to Iourovsky. Medvedeff reported to him about Podkorytoff, but Iourovsky only answered: "They must not look out of the window."

As I said before, from the time that the Letts entered and joined the guards they lived in the lower floor of the Ipatieff house and we workmen were all transferred to the house opposite, belonging to Popoff—or Oboukoff. In this house we occupied all the rooms of the upper floor; the lower floor was taken up by tenants.

The Zhlokasoffs were placed in the same rooms we were.

The last time I have seen the imperial family, except the Emperor, was a few days before they were murdered. On that day they all went for a walk in the garden; all of them walked except the Empress. There were the Emperor; his son; his daughters, Olga, Maria, Tatiana and Anastasia. There were also the doctor, the waiter, the cook, maid and the boy. I observed distinctly that the heir was dressed in a shirt and had a black leather belt with a small metal buckle round his waist. I saw that very distinctly because the Grand Duchess Olga carried him close past me. The heir was ill and the boy pushed his roller chair. I could not tell exactly the date when I saw them walking in the garden, but it was not long before their death. The murder took place the night between Tuesday and Wednesday. I do not remember the date. I remember that we received our wages on Monday. So it must have been the fifteenth of the month of July, reckoning by the New Style. The day after we received the wages, at ten o'clock in the morning on July sixteenth, I was standing on duty by the sentry box near to the Vosnesensky Prospect and Vosnesensky Lane. Egor Stoloff, with whom I lived in the same room, was at the same time on duty in the lower rooms of the house. After we were finished our shift of duty, together with Stoloff, we went to get some drinks in the house Number Eighty-five of the Vodotchnaia Street.

We returned at dusk, as we had to resume our duties at five o'clock. Medvedeff noticed that we were drunk and put us under arrest in the bathhouse, which was situated in the yard of Popoff's house. We fell asleep and slept up till three A. M. At three o'clock during the night we were awakened by Medvedeff, who told us: "Get up and follow me." We asked him where, and he answered: "They call you, so you must go." I am telling you that it was three o'clock because Stoloff had a watch with him and when I looked at this watch it was exactly three o'clock. We got up and followed Medvedeff.

He brought us to the lower room of the Ipatieff house. All the workman guards were there except those on duty. There was a cloud of powder smoke in the room and it smelt of powder. In the rear room, that had a barred window, which is situated close to the storeroom, the walls and floor were pierced by bullets. In one wall there was an especially large number of bullet holes, but there were also bullet marks in the others. There were no marks of bayonets' strokes on the walls. In the places where the walls and floor carried bullet holes there was blood round them; there were splashes and spots of blood on the wall and small pools on the floor. There were drops and spots of blood in other rooms that had to be passed on the way from the room that had the bullet marks to the courtyard. There were also traces of blood on the pavement of the courtyard on the way to the gate. It was obvious that quite recently before our arrival a large number of men were shot in the very same room with the barred window. After I witnessed all that I began to question Medvedeff and Strekotin about what happened. They told me that just a few moments before the whole imperial family and the people attached to them were shot, except the boy.

Iourovsky's Orders

Medvedeff ordered us to clean up the rooms. We began to wash the floor; several mops were brought in to destroy the traces of the bloodstains. I could not tell who brought them. Medvedeff ordered that some sawdust be brought. We all washed the floor with cold water and sawdust, removing the bloodstains. The bloodstains on the wall we washed off with a wet rag. All the workmen participated in the cleaning except those that were on duty. A number of men did the cleaning in the room where the imperial family were killed. Amongst other people there were also Medvedeff and two Letts. I was also cleaning this room. In the same manner, using water, we washed the blood from the pavement of the courtyard. I did not find any bullets. Were any bullets found by other people or not I don't know.

When Stoloff and myself came down to the lower room we did not find anybody there except a few Letts. Medvedeff and our workmen were absent. Nikoulin at that time, as it was said by Medvedeff, was in the upper room, the door of which leading to the lower rooms was locked from inside.

No gold or any other valuable articles taken from the bodies of the murdered people did I see in the lower rooms. Later I questioned Medvedeff how were the imperial family killed and he related to me the following: Tuesday morning, when I was on sentry duty, I personally saw that Iourovsky came to the house at eight o'clock in the morning. Sometime after his arrival Beloborodoff entered the house. I left my post at ten o'clock in the morning; but Medvedeff told me afterward that later Iourovsky and Beloborodoff went for a ride in an automobile. At this time Nikoulin remained in the house. They returned before evening. During the evening Iourovsky told Medvedeff that in the night time the imperial family would be shot and ordered him to notify the workmen and to take the revolvers from the sentries.

All that was not clear to me. I couldn't tell if it was true or not, as I did not think of questioning any of the workmen if Medvedeff took their revolvers or not. Personally I don't understand why it was necessary; according to Medvedeff's words the imperial family were shot by the Letts and they all had Nagan revolvers. At this time I did not know that Iourovsky was a Jew. Being the instigator of the crime, he may have selected the Letts to do the actual killing, having more confidence in them than in us Russians. Perhaps for the same reason he also wanted to disarm the Russian workmen that were on duty. Medvedeff accurately performed Iourovsky's order; took the revolvers from the sentries,

(Continued on Page 132)

The Daughters' Room at Yekaterinburg

Q and A

Q. What is Threaded Rubber Insulation?

A. A storage battery insulating material made up of **rubber** pierced with thousands of tiny **threads.**

Q. How does it differ from other battery insulation?

A. Ordinary insulation is wood, cut in the form of thin sheets, and is neither as uniform nor as durable as Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Q. Why is insulation so vital?

A. Because battery life depends largely upon insulation, and because any defect or weakness of insulation is quickly evidenced by buckled plates, short circuits, failure of the battery to hold its charge and so on.

Q. What has this insulation to do with battery shipment?

A. The kind of insulation determines whether the battery must be kept wet, or can be shipped in "bone dry" condition. Wood insulation must never be allowed to dry out, hence makes necessary wet or partially wet shipment. With Threaded Rubber Insulation the battery can be shipped absolutely "bone dry."

Q. Why is "bone dry" shipment and stocking preferable?

A. Because it is the only method by which chemical action in the battery can be entirely held up, so that the battery reaches the buyer in truly brand-new condition.

Q. Why does wood insulation need to be replaced?

A. Because wood insulation, being soft, wears out more rapidly than any other part of the battery. It is also subject to cracking and checking, which, if allowed to go too far, seriously damages the battery.

Q. Why does Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation outlast the battery?

A. Because the basis is hard rubber, which resists wear and does not crack or check.

Q. How can I be sure my battery has Threaded Rubber Insulation?

A. Look for the red Thread-Rubber trade-mark. It can be found **only** on the Still Better Willard Battery.

Q. How many car and truck manufacturers have selected Threaded Rubber Insulation?

A. 136 in all. The complete list is printed on the opposite page.

Willard Service.

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

About Threaded Rubber Insulation

THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

This trade mark is branded in red on one side of the Still Better Willard—the only storage battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

136 Manufacturers Using Threaded Rubber Insulation

Acason
Acme
All American
Allis-Chalmers
American
La France
Apex
*Apperson
Armleder
Atterbury
*Auburn
Austin

Bacon
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Betz
Biddle
Brockway
Buffalo
*Buick

Cannonball
Capitol
*Case
*Chevrolet
Clydesdale
Cole
Collier
Colonial
Comet
Commerce
Commodore
Cunningham

Daniels
Dart
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris

Fargo
Fergus
Ferris
F W D
Franklin
Fulton

Garford
G M C
Giant
Glide
Great Western

Hahn
H C S
Hurlburt
Hawkeye
Haynes
Henney
Highway
Holmes
Holt
Hupmobile

Indiana
International (I H C)

Koehler
*Kissel

Lancia
Lexington
*Liberty
Luverne

Madison
Marmon
Menominee
Mercer
Mercury
Meteor (Phila.)
M H C
*Mitchell
Murray
McFarlan

*McLaughlin

Napoleon
Nash
Nelson
Nelson & LeMoon
Noble
Northway

Ogren
Old Hickory
*Olds
Oneida
Oshkosh

*Paige
Parker
Peerless
Peugeot
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Premier

Preston

Rainier
*Reo
Republic
ReVere
Riddle
Robinson
R & V Knight
Rowe

Sandow
Sayers
Seagrave
Selden
Service
Shelby
Signal
Singer
Southern
Standard 8
Standard

Stanley
Studebaker
Stutz
Sunbeam

Tarkington
Tiffin
Titan
Tow Motor
Transport
Traylor

Ultimate

Velie
Vulcan

Ward La France
White
Wilson
Winther
Winton
Wolverine

*For Export

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 129)

forwarded them to Iourovsky and at eleven o'clock in the evening notified the workmen that the imperial family were going to be shot. At twelve o'clock, midnight, Iourovsky woke the imperial family, requesting all of them to dress and to go down to the lower room. According to Medvedeff, Iourovsky explained to the imperial family that there would be danger during the night and that in case firing were to take place on the streets it would be dangerous to remain in the upper floors. So he insisted that everybody should come down.

They fulfilled the demand and descended to the lower room, accompanied by Iourovsky, Nikoulin and Beloborodoff. They were: The Emperor, the Empress, the heir, the four daughters, the doctor, the waiter, the maid and the cook. The boy, by order of Iourovsky, about a day and a half before that was transferred to the rooms where we were quartered and I saw him there personally before the murder. All of them were brought into the room that bore the marks of bullets. They stood in two rows. Iourovsky started to read to them a paper. The Emperor did not hear well and asked: "What?" According to the words of Medvedeff, Iourovsky lifted his hand with the revolver and, showing it to the Emperor, answered: "This is what"; and afterward rejoined: "Your race must cease to live."

I remember, also, that when telling about the paper which Iourovsky read to the Emperor, Medvedeff called it a protocol.

As soon as Iourovsky finished his sentence he, Beloborodoff, Nikoulin, Medvedeff and all the Letts fired at the Emperor and directly afterward began to shoot at everybody else. They all fell dead on the floor. Medvedeff told me himself that he shot two or three times at the Emperor and other persons whom they were executing.

The Empress

The Murderers Depart

After all of them were shot, Strekotin, as he told it to me himself, took all the precious things from the bodies, which were at the same time taken from him by Iourovsky and carried upstairs. After that all the bodies were loaded on a motor truck and taken out somewhere. On this truck with the bodies of the killed departed Iourovsky, Beloborodoff and a number of Letts. No one from our workmen went with them.

After the cleaning of the rooms was over, together with Stoloff, we went to town and sauntered round the town up till evening. We did not meet any of our acquaintances and did not tell anybody about the murder. In the evening we came back to our quarters, had some food and slept. At six o'clock in the morning on Thursday, July eighteenth, Medvedeff ordered me on duty on a post inside of the house by the commandant's room. Up to this time, after the arrival of the Letts, not a single workman ever was allowed to do sentry duty inside of the house while the imperial family were still alive; and now, after they were killed, we were again ordered on duty inside the house.

There was no sentry near the lavatory. Iourovsky, Nikoulin, Medvedeff and the Letts were already in the house when I took up my post. There was nobody out of our or Zhlokasoff's workmen. I remember very well that when I came to my post Iourovsky was already in the house. Probably he spent the night in the house. They were all meddling with the Emperor's belongings. They were in a great hurry and were packing all the things that could be packed. I could not hear the conversation between Iourovsky and Nikoulin and Medvedeff. They were all calm and I had the impression that Iourovsky and Nikoulin were a little drunk.

During this day no things were taken out—only packing was going on.

After I left my post I went to the guards' room, slept, ate and went to see my brother Alexander, who served in the militia. I did not tell anything about the murder to my brother. Up till the evening I sauntered round the town and in the evening I returned to the guards' room. In the guards' room Medvedeff announced that we all had to leave Yekaterinburg.

On July nineteenth we were sent to the station Yekaterinburg First. Our party was assigned to guard the staff of the Third Red Army. The staff was in railway cars and we were located by them. At this time I saw the Emperor's belongings, loaded on trucks, being shipped to the station; it was the same things that were previously packed in hand bags and trunks. They were all brought to the station and loaded in train cars. The cars were big, of the American type.

I have seen personally Iourovsky's departure. As I remember, he left during the night of July twenty-first and proceeded toward Perm. His family and Nikoulin accompanied him. I have also personally witnessed that all the Letts who lived in the Ipatieff house and killed the imperial family departed with Iourovsky. We all left Yekaterinburg when the staff of the Third Army did, at the time when the town was already being occupied by the Siberian forces. We went to Perm. When the troops of General Pepelaieff were taking Perm the staff of the Third Army and all the workmen of our party left Perm and proceeded toward Viatka. I remained in Perm and after Perm was taken returned to Yekaterinburg and stopped with my brother Alexander.

The secret service learned of my presence and I was ordered to come to the police station. An elderly official started to question me. I got very much afraid and began to lie to him, saying that I had never been amongst the guards of the imperial family. Afterward I confessed that I was amongst the guards, but I denied knowledge of anything. Now I have told you everything I know about this matter.

I fully realize how wrong I was not to follow the advice of my father and mother and to have enlisted in the guards. Now I realize what a bad act it was to kill the imperial family and I understand that I was also wrong in washing out the bloodstains resulting from the crime. I am not a Bolshevik and I never was one. All that I did was because of my youth and stupidity. If at present I could help in any way to find and get hold of the people who committed the murder I would spare no effort to do it.

All the workmen who performed duty had Nagan revolvers that were distributed by Medvedeff a few days before the murder. Iourovsky carried a Browning pistol, Medvedeff a Nagan revolver.

I don't know what happened to the boy who was waiting on the imperial family and who was transferred to our quarters before the murder. He slept on my bed and I spoke to him. I don't know if he knew about the murder of the imperial family. He did not cry and we did not talk with him about the murder. He told me that the commandant intended to send him home and mentioned to me some district or other, but I have forgotten its name. At the same time he complained to me that Iourovsky took his clothes from him. I could not name a single man out of the Letts.

When I performed duty inside the house I never saw the Empress enter the commandant's room. I think it never took place, as Iourovsky treated them badly If ever in the commandant's room, where the Empress' rosary was found, it was probably forgotten there at the time of the packing after their murder.

Usually I saw the Emperor wearing a gray or black jacket with a standing collar and brass buttons. He wore boots, and gray hair was seen in his beard. The grand duchesses walked in the garden in summer clothes, wearing blouses and skirts of various colors.

I cannot explain anything more. My statement was read to me and is written correctly. PHILIP PROSKOURIAKOFF.

Coroner N. Sokoloff present at the investigation.

YORDANSKY, Public Prosecutor.

Deposition of Pavel Medvedeff

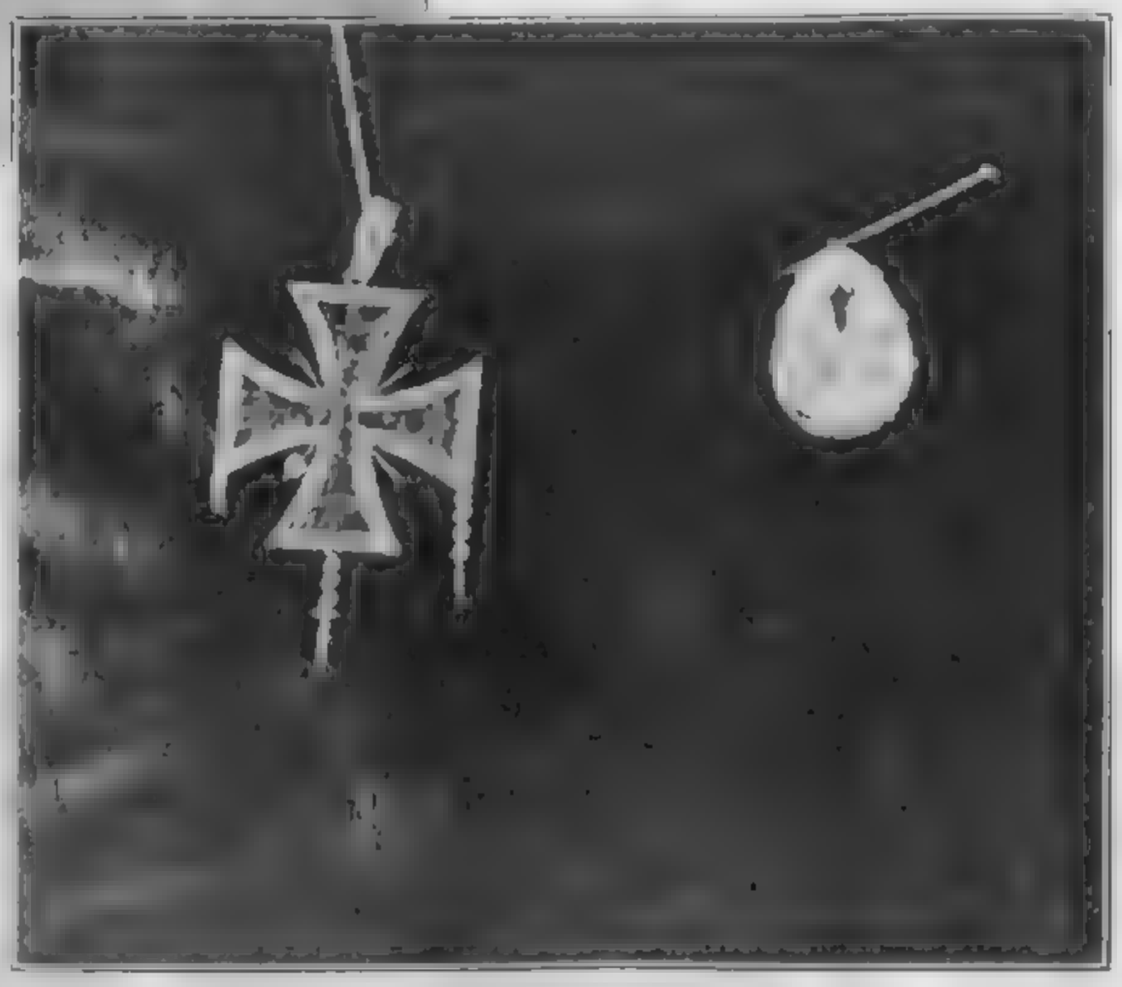
On February 21, 1919, in the town of Yekaterinburg, the member of Yekaterinburg district court, J. Sergeieff, investigated the undermentioned person in the capacity of accused with the application of Article No. 403 of the Regulations of Penal Law Proceedings. The accused deposed as follows:

I am Pavel Spiridonovitch Medvedeff; thirty-one years of age; belonging to the Orthodox Church; literate; born a peasant of the Siasert factory of the Yekaterinburg district. I have a house belonging to me at the factory.

In September, 1914, I was mobilized and assigned to the Opolchenskaia Drujina—33d Territorial Battalion—located in the town of Verkhotourie. I stayed with the battalion for two months. I was then discharged and exempted from the military service, on account, I believe, of being employed as a munition worker.

After the February Revolution, in April, 1917, I joined the Bolshevik Party, as the majority of the workmen in our factory did the same. During three months I paid to the party treasury one per cent of my wages. Then I ceased to pay because I was not willing to participate in the activities of the party.

After the October Revolution, in January, 1918, I was enlisted in the Red Army and in February they sent me to the Front to fight against Dutoff. Commissar Sergei Mrachkovsky was in command of my detachment. We were fighting in the vicinity of Troizk, but our fighting was not a success, as we did more wandering the steppes than actual fighting. In April I came home on leave and spent three weeks there. In the second half of May the above-mentioned Commissar Mrachkovsky came to our factory and began to recruit workmen in a special detachment which was assigned to guard the house where the former Emperor, Nicholas II, and his family lived. The conditions appeared attractive to me and I enlisted. Altogether thirty workmen were enlisted.



Jewels of the Empress

On May 19, 1918, the detachment recruited by Commissar Mrachkovsky came to Yekaterinburg and was quartered in the *Novy Gostiny-Dvor*—new market house—where we lived till May twenty-fourth. According to the order of the Ural District Soviet, we elected from amongst our number two seniors. Alexii Nikiforoff and I turned to be elected. On May twenty-fourth our detachment was transferred to new quarters, to the lower floor of the Ipatieff house. The same day the former Emperor, with his family, arrived. They were placed in the upper floor of this same house. The whole upper floor of the house was at their disposal, except one room at the left from the entrance, which was occupied by the commandant of the house and his assistant.

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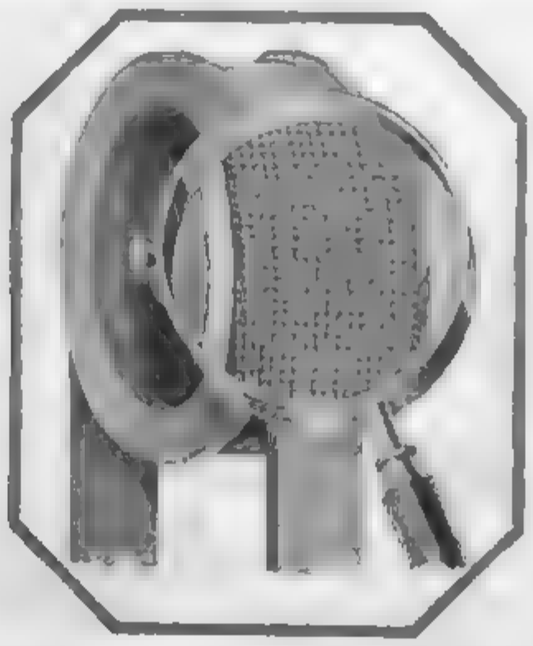
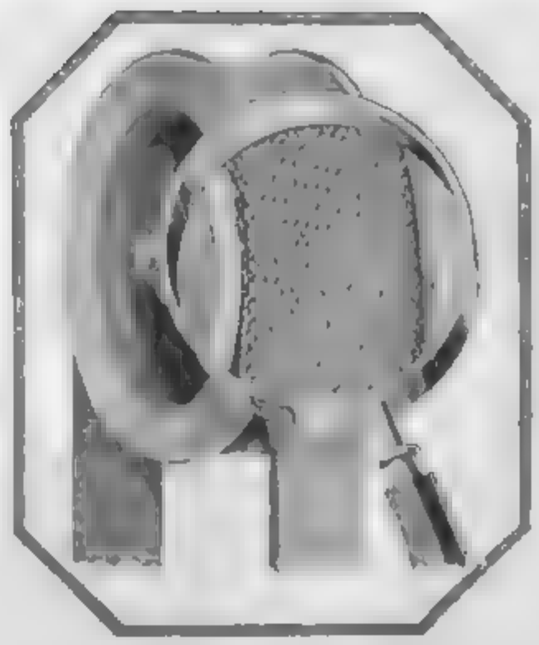


This illustrates an ordinary belt whose threads run lengthwise and across. It has no resiliency; soon stretches; slips or breaks quickly. Needs continual adjusting; piles up repair bills.



The Gates Vulco Cord Belt shown here has a bias weave; it has elasticity, absorbs all the strain, overcomes [illegible] does not break. The belt grips the pulley firmly, double the life and strength is assured. A patented feature

Does your engine overheat under a hard pull?

A long, steep hill is a severe test of your cooling system. A slipping fan belt will cause real trouble. You'll avoid this by equipping your car with a Gates Vulco Cord Belt

A long, steep hill; a heavy road of sand or mud; a high speed; these are the things that test your fan belt, the most vital part of your cooling system.

What you need is a fan belt that can't slip; one that carries every revolution of the shaft to the fan. For if it does slip, the radiator boils and your engine overheats. This means heavy repair bills.

The bias weave construction of the Gates Vulco Cord Fan Belt prevents slipping. This is our patented feature; no other belt has it. The bias weave grips the pulley firmly because it has elasticity.

This belt is so good that 6,000,000 were bought last year; dealers everywhere have them on sale.

We make Vulco Cord Belts, V-shape or flat, in standardized sizes for all cars. Your dealer has one for your car.

These belts are also used as standard equipment for small machinery like washing machines, etc.

Manufacturers who have belt troubles should write us; tell us your need; we'll submit plans for specially designed belts.

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COOL GASOLINE MEANS A FULL GALLON OF GASOLINE WITH REAL "KICK" —

The gasoline you buy should be sixty degrees in temperature. Heated above this it *increases* in *volume* but *decreases* in *value*. Gasoline stored underground averages sixty degrees in temperature. If delivered into your car tank *without* being heated above this you get a *full gallon* of *real* gasoline.

Exposure of gasoline to the air in above-ground containers *raises* the temperature, *increases* the *volume* and allows the *evaporation* of vapors *vital* to *easy starting* and *quick pick-up*. The heating of gasoline above sixty degrees should take place *inside* your *carburetor*.

Wayne Honest Measure Curb Pumps are built on the *vacuum-bottle principle*. A cylindrical housing *completely encases* the *measuring cylinder*. An air chamber lies between. The cylinder is *unheated*, the gasoline *remains cool*.

Gasoline obtained from a Wayne Honest Measure Curb Pump System comes *unheated* from a *cool underground tank*, *accurately* measured *mechanically*, *purified* by *four screens* and a *positive filter*. Wayne's *patented continuous action* delivers it *more quickly*, saving your time. You can see the Wayne Dial clocking off each gallon *after* delivery—*not before*. Note this point!

In justice to your pocketbook and your car's mileage seek the dependable service, quicker delivery and protection of Wayne Honest Measure Curb Pumps when you take on gas. You'll get *cool gasoline* and a *full gallon* of gasoline *full* of "*Pep*."

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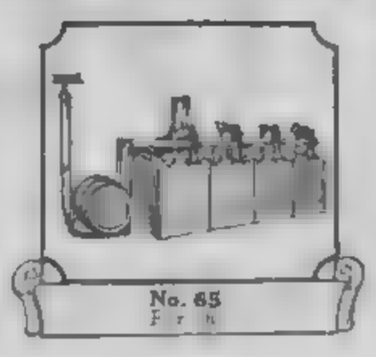
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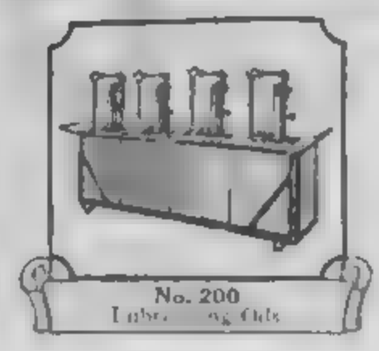
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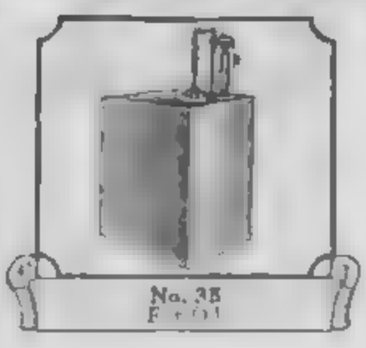
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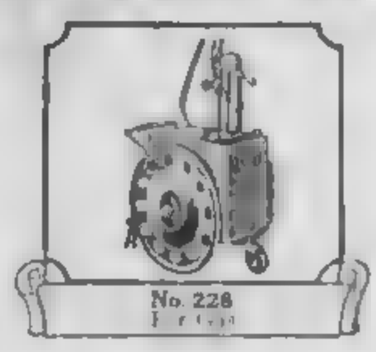
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Alexander Avdeeff, the workman of the Zhlokasoff factory, was the commandant. Moshkin—I don't remember his Christian name—was his assistant. Two other men were also quartered in the commandant's room. I do not know their names, but I know they were Zhlokasoff's workmen.

As soon as our party arrived at the Ipatieff house the commandant ordered me, as I was senior, to receive the prisoners. Together with Avdeeff and Moshkin, I entered the corner room, the Czar's bedroom. The following persons were there: The Emperor, his wife, son, four daughters, Doctor Botkin, the cook, the waiter and a boy. I do not know their names. After having counted the party we left, without having spoken to them.

In the room adjoining to the Czar's bedroom were placed the Czar's four daughters. At first there were no beds for them. After two or three days the beds were put in. The commandant was in charge of the internal life in the house; the guards performed only sentry duty. At first the guards were on duty in three turns, but later in four. We stayed in the Ipatieff house two or three weeks, after which we were transferred to Popoff's house, which was exactly opposite the Ipatieff house. In a few days after this the guard was augmented by fourteen more workmen from the Zhlokasoff factory, which is situated in Yekaterinburg. Those Zhlokasoff workmen also elected their senior, by the name of Iakimoff. There were all together eleven sentry posts from their number. Two were inside the house; two by the machine guns; four outside the house.

Preparations for the Crime

Every day the Czar's family used to walk in the garden. The heir was sick all the time and the Emperor carried him to his roller chair. At the beginning dinner for the family was brought from the soviet's dining room; but afterward they were allowed to prepare their own dinner in the kitchen of the upper floor. The seniors'—who were the guards' captains—duties were to take charge of the food and supplies of the guardsmen, to change the sentries and supervise them. When on duty the senior had to stay in the commandant's room. At first the seniors took turns every twelve hours in performing their duties. Then the third senior was elected, Constantine Dobrynin, and after this we did duty in eight-hour shifts. At the end of June or at the beginning of July—I don't remember exactly—the commandant, Avdeeff, and his assistant, Moshkin, were removed. It seems that they were suspected of stealing the Czar's belongings. A new commandant was assigned; his name was Iourovsky. The new commandant's assistant arrived with him; his name I positively do not remember.

In the evening of July the sixteenth the time of my duty just began when, between seven and eight P. M., the commandant, Iourovsky, ordered me to take all the Nagan revolvers from the guardsmen and to bring them up to him. I took twelve revolvers from the sentries as well as from some other guardsmen and brought them to the commandant's office. Iourovsky announced to me: "We will have to shoot them all to-night; notify the guardsmen not to be alarmed if they should hear the shots."

I understood that Iourovsky had in mind to shoot the whole of the Czar's family as well as the doctor and servants who lived with them, but I did not ask him where or by whom the decision was made. I must tell you that the boy who assisted the cook, in accordance with Iourovsky's order, was transferred since the morning to the guardsmen's rooms in the Popoff house. The lower floor of the Ipatieff house was occupied by the Letts from the Letts' commune, who took up their quarters there after Iourovsky was made commandant. They were ten in number. At about ten o'clock in the evening, in accordance with Iourovsky's order, I informed the guardsmen not to be alarmed if they should hear firing. About midnight Iourovsky woke up the Czar's family. I do not know if he told them the reason they had to be wakened and to where they were to be taken or not. I positively affirm that it was Iourovsky who entered the rooms where the Czar's family was. Iourovsky had not ordered me or Dobrynin to waken the family. In about an hour the whole of the family, the doctor, maid and two waiters got up, washed and dressed themselves. Just before Iourovsky went to waken the family up two members of the extraordinary commission arrived at the Ipatieff house. Shortly after one o'clock in the night the Czar, Czaritza, their four daughters, the maid, the doctor, the cook and the waiter left their rooms. The Czar carried the heir in his arms. The Emperor and the heir were dressed in *gomnasterkas*—soldiers' shirts—and wore caps. The Empress and the daughters were dressed, but their heads were uncovered. The Emperor with the heir proceeded first. The Empress, her daughters and the others followed him.

Iourovsky, his assistant, and the two above-mentioned members of the extraordinary commission were accompanying them. I was also present. During my presence nobody of the Czar's family asked anybody any questions. They did not either weep or cry. Having descended the stairs to the first floor, we went out into the court, and from there by the second door, counting from the gate, we entered the lower floor of the same house. When the corner room, adjoining the storeroom with a sealed door, was entered, Iourovsky ordered chairs to be brought. His assistant brought three chairs. One chair was given to the Emperor, one to the Empress and the third to the heir. The Empress sat by the wall with the window, near the back pillar of the arch. Behind her stood three of her daughters. I know their faces very well, because I saw them every day when they were walking, but I don't know how every one was named. The heir and the Emperor sat side by side, almost in the middle of the room. Doctor Botkin stood behind the heir. The maid, a very tall woman, stood by the left post of the door leading to the storeroom; by her side stood one of the Czar's daughters, the fourth. Two servants stood at the left from the entrance corner of the room, against the wall separating the storeroom.

The maid had a pillow. The Czar's daughters also brought small pillows with them. One pillow was put on the Empress' chair; another on the heir's chair. It looked as if all of them guessed their fate, but not a single sound was uttered. At the same time eleven men entered the room: Iourovsky, his assistant, two members of the extraordinary commission and seven Letts. Iourovsky ordered me to leave, saying: "Go to the street, see if there is anybody there and listen if the shots will be heard."

I went out to the court, which was inclosed by a fence, and before I could get out to the street I heard the firing. Immediately I returned to the house—only two or three minutes having elapsed—and on entering the room where the execution took place I saw that all the members of the Czar's family were lying on the floor, having many wounds in their bodies. The blood was running in streams. The doctor, the maid and two waiters were also shot. When I entered the heir was still alive and moaned. Iourovsky fired two or three more times at him. The heir grew still.

Disposal of the Bodies

The aspect of the murder and the smell and sight of the blood made me sick. Before the assassination Iourovsky distributed the revolvers; he gave me one, also, but, as I said before, I did not take part in the murder. After the assassination Iourovsky said to me that I was to bring some guardsmen to wash out the blood in the room. On the way to Popoff's house I met two seniors, Starkoff and Dobrynin. They were running in the direction of the Ipatieff house.

Dobrynin asked me: "Has Nicholas II been shot?" I answered that Nicholas II and the whole of his family had been shot. I brought twelve or fifteen guardsmen with me. These men carried the bodies to the motor truck that stayed near the entrance of the house. The bodies were carried on stretchers that were made from bed sheets and shafts of sledges taken from the court. When loaded on trucks they were wrapped in soldiers' clothing. The driver was Lukhanoff, a Zhlokasoff workman. The members of the extraordinary commission sat on the truck and the truck went away. I do not know in what direction the truck went; neither do I know where the bodies were taken to.

The blood in the room was washed out and everything was put in order. At three o'clock in the morning everything was in order. Then Iourovsky went to his room and I went to the guardroom.

I woke up after eight o'clock and went to the commandant's room. I met there the president of the district soviet, Beloborodoff and Commissar Goloschekin and Starkoff. The last named was on duty; he was selected to be senior two or three weeks before. All the rooms in the house were in disorder. Things were scattered. Suitcases and trunks were opened. Piles of gold and silver things were in the commandant's room.

On the morning of the eighteenth my wife arrived and I went with her to the Sissert factory. I was instructed to distribute wages to the guardsmen's families. On July twenty-first I returned to Yekaterinburg. All the Czar's belongings were already taken from the house and the guards relieved. On July twenty-first I left Yekaterinburg together with Commissar Mrachkovsky. In Perm Commissar Goloschekin assigned me to the party that was in charge of the guarding of our preparations for the destruction of the stone bridge in case of the appearance of the White troops. I had not time enough to blow up the bridge according to the instructions received by me, but at the same time I did not wish to do it, either, as I was to surrender myself voluntarily. I received the order to blow up the bridge when it was under the fire of the Siberian troops and I surrendered voluntarily.

Answering the question as to where the bodies of the killed were taken, I could state only the following: On the way from Yekaterinburg railway station to the Alapaievsk I met Peter Ermakoff and asked him where the bodies had been carried to. Ermakoff explained to me that the bodies were thrown down the shaft of a mine near Verh Issettsk Works and after that the shaft was destroyed by bombs or explosives in order to fill it up. I do not know and never heard anything concerning the wood piles that were burned near the shaft. I do not know anything more about the question as to where the bodies are. It did not interest me on whom depended the fate of the Czar's family and who had the right to dispose of them. I executed only the order of those in whose service I was.

The above is all that I can tell in reference to the accusation that is made against me. I cannot say any more. My testimony has been read to me and it is taken correctly. (Signed) MEDVEDEFF.

The Member of the Yekaterinburg district court, J. SERGEIEFF.

Held as an Accomplice

RESOLUTION:

On February 22, 1919, in the town of Yekaterinburg, the member of the district court, Sergeieff, having questioned the peasant, Pavel Medvedeff, prosecuted in the capacity of accomplice of the assassination of the former Emperor and the members of his family, choosing necessary measures to prevent his escape from further inquiry and court, has found: (1) That he is indicted for a crime that may be followed by very serious penalty; (2) that Medvedeff before having been arrested was hiding himself amongst the Red Army; and (3) previous to that he escaped from Yekaterinburg just before the said town was taken by government troops. On account of the above-mentioned, it was resolved to put Pavel Medvedeff, thirty-one years old, under arrest in the Yekaterinburg prison.

(Signed)

The Member of the Yekaterinburg district court, J. SERGEIEFF.

THE WORKMEN'S AND PEASANTS' GOVERNMENT OF THE RUSSIAN FEDERATIVE REPUBLIC OF SOVIETS

URAL DISTRICT SOVIET OF THE WORKMEN'S, PEASANTS' AND SOLDIERS' DEPUTIES

PRESIDIO

YEKATERINBURG, April 30, 1918.

On the 30th of April, 1918, I, the undersigned, Chairman of the Ural District Soviet of Workmen's, Peasants' and Soldiers' Deputies, Alexander Georgeovitch Beloborodoff, received from the Commissar of the All Russian Central Executive Committee, Vasily Vasilievitch Iakoveff, the following persons transferred from the Town of Tobolsk: The former Czar, Nicholas Alexandrovitch Romanoff; former Czaritza, Alexandra Theodorovna Romanova; former Grand Duchess, Maria Nicholaevna Romanova—all of them to be kept under guard in the Town of Yekaterinburg.

A. BELOBORODOFF.

Member of District Executive Committee. D. DIDKOVSKY.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Professor Telberg.

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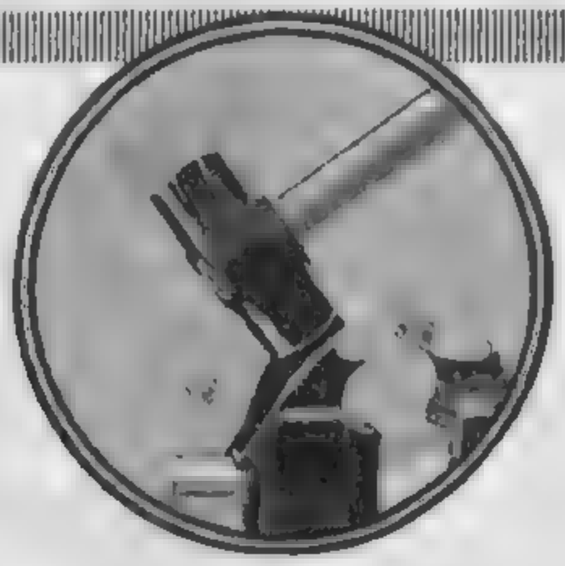

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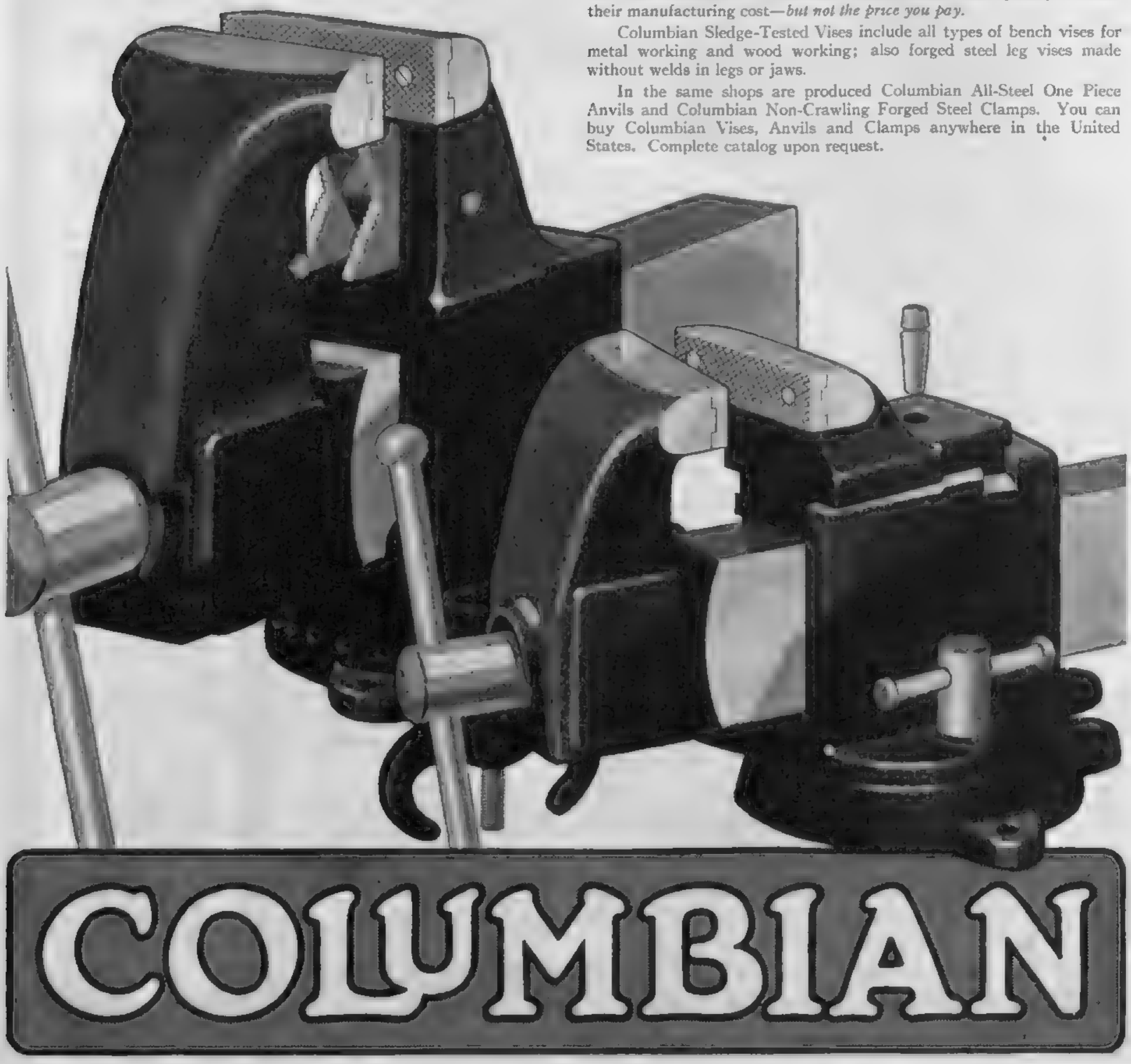

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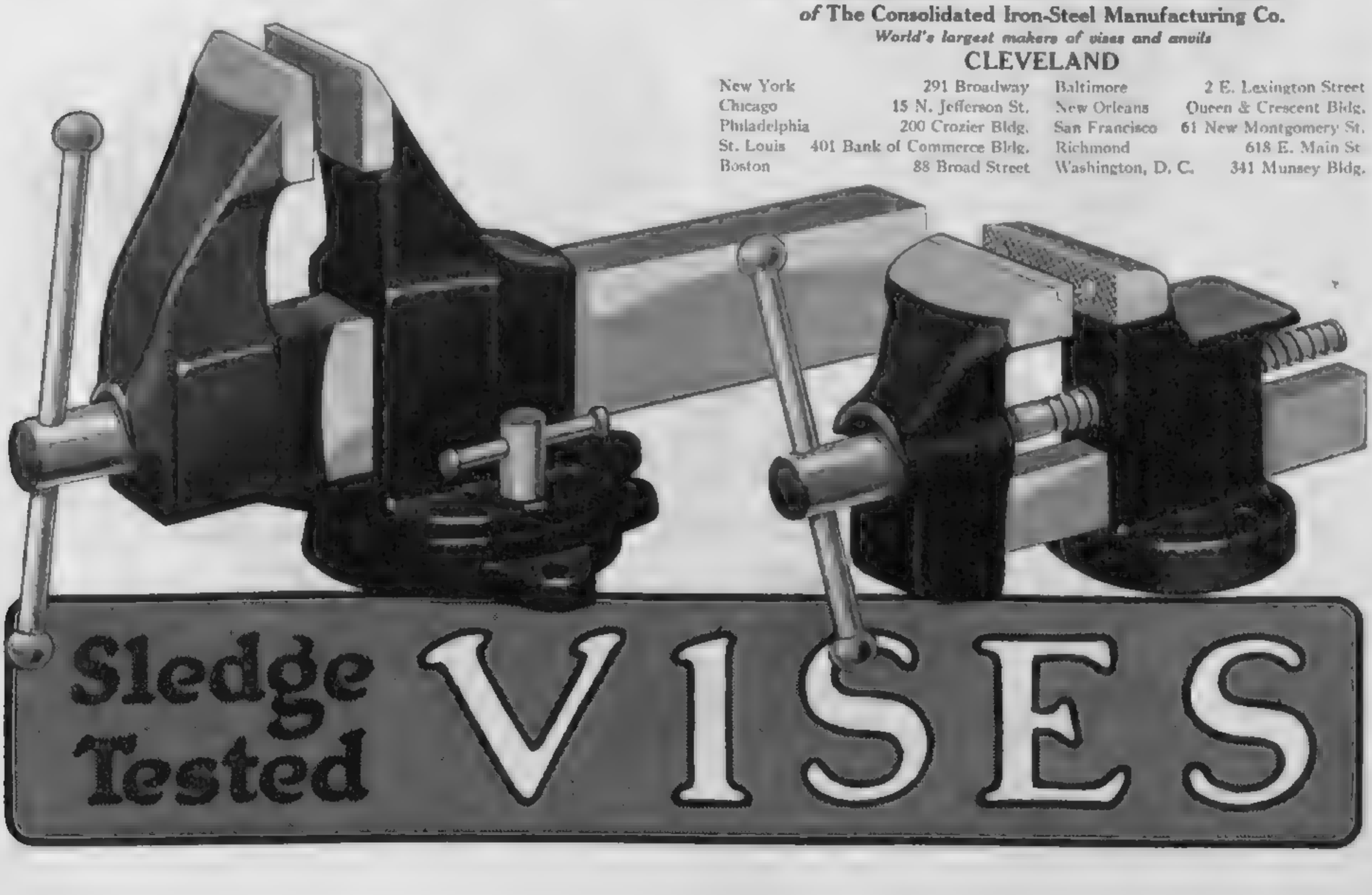

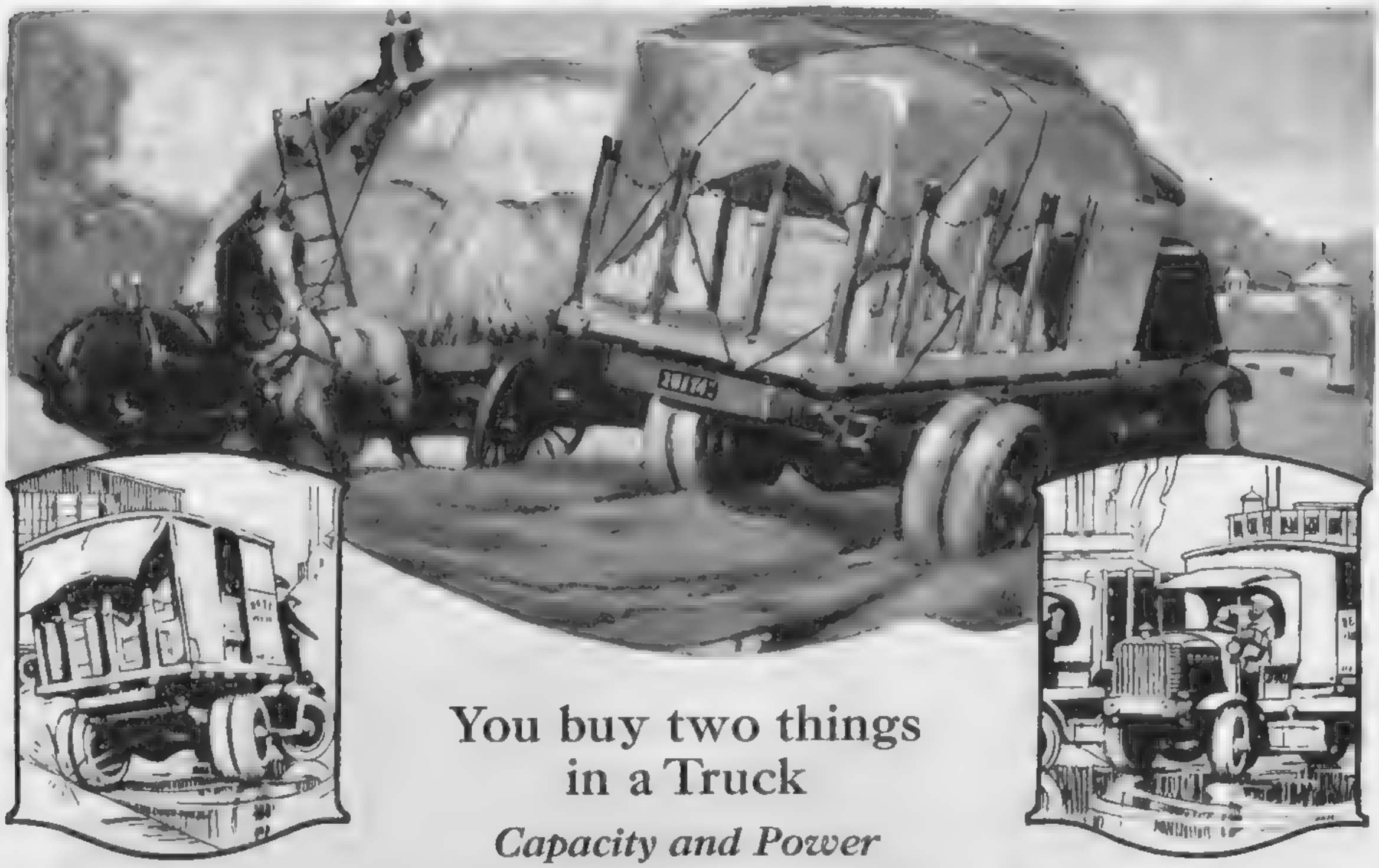

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WILD CARROT

(Continued from Page 9)

from here to Bath. Two dollars a day and your keep. Some will pay more, but they wouldn't feed you what you'll get here. I believe in treating my men as well as I treat my stock. Some farmers don't."

Wyatt's brain cleared suddenly. That was it of course! These people were soft—soft with easy land and easy living. They didn't know what work was, any of them—getting up in broad daylight and wasting time on passing tramps. He was intensely conscious of superiority as the meaning of the other's comparison came home to him. That was where he had made his mistake—in choosing the cities, where he was an outsider, instead of seeking fat farming country, where what he knew could be made to pay him a price for the bitter learning of it.

He saw himself as a wolf among so many sheep here in these soft rich fields, where the clock measured a day's work instead of the sun, where a man might scratch lazily at the ground and find great houses just below the surface and motors and money and idleness!

"I'll take that job," he announced sharply. "Give me some grub and I'll show you the work all right. I guess I been playing myself for a mark all along."

He ate hugely in a wide, low-ceiled kitchen smelling of cookies and bacon and coffee, deliberately watching the woman who supplied his needs. She was like the country, he thought, soft and friendly—easy, he amended. Her yellow hair had been carefully dressed; the print dress was fresh and clean. Even her shoes were neat—white canvas slippers with heels that clicked on the scrubbed planks of the floor. Her arms were bare to the elbow and he noticed the softness and whiteness of them as he wolfed the food they set before him. Somehow her good humor impressed him as an omen. A soft country, where even the men and women were like the land. He endured her amiable raillery in silence, but as he reached the door he turned and flashed a deliberate look into her eyes. A final jest collapsed weakly on her lips. He saw a quick color flood into her face. And he went out to the barn with a laugh between his teeth. Fat lands, lazy men, soft white women.

II

ALWAYS they had beckoned to him furtively, behind his father's bent back, figures that moved persuasively in alluring shadows, sometimes mocking, sometimes friendly and eager. At first they had been children at play, romping boys with dogs and ponies, tops and kites and bicycles. Somewhere, out and down beyond the rim of the hills, boys were like that. He had known this ever since the time when the big automobile, rashly attempting the hill paths, had broken down a few rods from the gate and he had listened to the talk of the boy who had traveled in it.

"'F I had my bicycle here I could ride right home on it. Say, lemme take yours."

He could remember, years afterward, shaking his head sullenly in answer to the flicker of questions which had followed the confession that he had no bicycle to lend. No pony, either? No dog, even? Well, they could play, then. They could fly his kite.

"I got to work," he said finally, and climbed the fence back to the jagged bit of grassland where he was hand-raking the weedy hay his father's scythe had cut that morning. The city boy had sat on the fence and watched him, clearly impressed with the spectacle of a boy who had to work and could work barefooted in thorny stubble. His silence had led to whistles and hoots of derision.

"Yah! Got to work—got to work!"

He found himself suddenly standing over the boy's city clothes, his fists clenched, his lips drawn tight and flat about his teeth, secretly amazed at the ease of his victory. The man in the queer leather leggings routed him and rescued his victim, but he went back to the rake with something to think about, slowly and methodically, as he worked.

Some boys didn't have to work. Discounting something of what he had heard as empty boasting, it was clear that the boy he had knocked off the fence possessed things and privileges Jud Wyatt had never even wanted. A bicycle, dogs, things to play with. "An' I licked him 'thout half tryin'," he told himself.

The deduction suggested itself: If he lived near enough to that boy's house he could take those things away from him whenever he chose. The idea rooted firmly during the long afternoon under the stabbing sun. Gradually it expanded into his possessing dream of a wonderland below and beyond the hills, where boys had everything they wanted—boys he could lick with one hand tied behind his back.

"I'm goin' down there when I'm growed up," he promised himself, fighting back sleep under the shingles. "If the rest are like him I could git anything I want—jest take it off'n 'em."

Later, as bicycles and toys lost their appeal, he substituted other desires, but the vision endured, and the purpose. His opinion of lowlanders was confirmed, too, by the specimens of the breed who found their way into the hills; he and his father often made an easy dollar or two by pulling a helpless car out of the ford in the run, while its owners scrambled uselessly about on the bank or sat still in their leather seats—soft folks, all of them, easy prey for such as Jud Wyatt.

He kept his idea to himself, as an inventor hides his discovery. But he heard of other boys, older than he, who put his plan to the test before he was ready. They were always drifting down from the hill farms, and none of them came back, except to visit sometimes, to show their fine clothes and spend their money grandly. What he heard of them and from them deepened his conviction, stiffened his purpose. He was shrewd enough to wait his time, though. He could handle the boys down there in the soft rich country, but the men would be too much for him until he was a man himself. He made cannily sure of this by forcing a fight on a summer visitor who fished the hill brooks when Jud was sixteen and who presented him with a workmanlike thrashing. He saw that it would be safer to wait.

Hattie Flint knew a little of his dream. Her father's farm matched with the Wyatt place and Hattie was half a year older than Jud, a lean brown girl almost as hard as Jud himself; as silent, too, and with something in her eyes sometimes which frightened him a little. He saw her nearly every night when he drove the cow down from the pasture lot and Hattie, on the same errand, passed along the line fence. Once, as he caught the full power of her eyes on his own, a queer thought came to him: If Hattie had been a boy she could have whipped him—a thing which he had proved was beyond any other boy of his age or near it. Somehow the thought attracted him. It lent a certain appeal to Hattie to regard her as a possible conqueror.

He observed thereafter the wiry strength of her, the quick sureness of her step, the trick of balance which carried her safely and fast along the lip of the gully, where he clambered and clung when he passed that way. And thinking of her secretly as in some sense his superior he revealed a little of his plan, not freely nor at once, but in random grudged snatches as they stopped in the pasture at sundown.

"You'll come back if you go," said Hattie when he spoke of the projected descent upon the plains.

Sometimes he tried to make her enlarge on the statement, annoyed at what seemed a doubt of his ability to hold his own down there. But always she shook her head and the queer look came into her eyes, the look that made him feel that she could have whipped him if she had been another boy. Once, when he ventured to suggest that girls probably had better times down there, too, she laughed softly and pushed her straight heavy hair back from her face.

He Ate Hugely in a Wide, Low-Ceiled Kitchen Smelling of Cookies and Bacon and Coffee

(Continued on Page 142)

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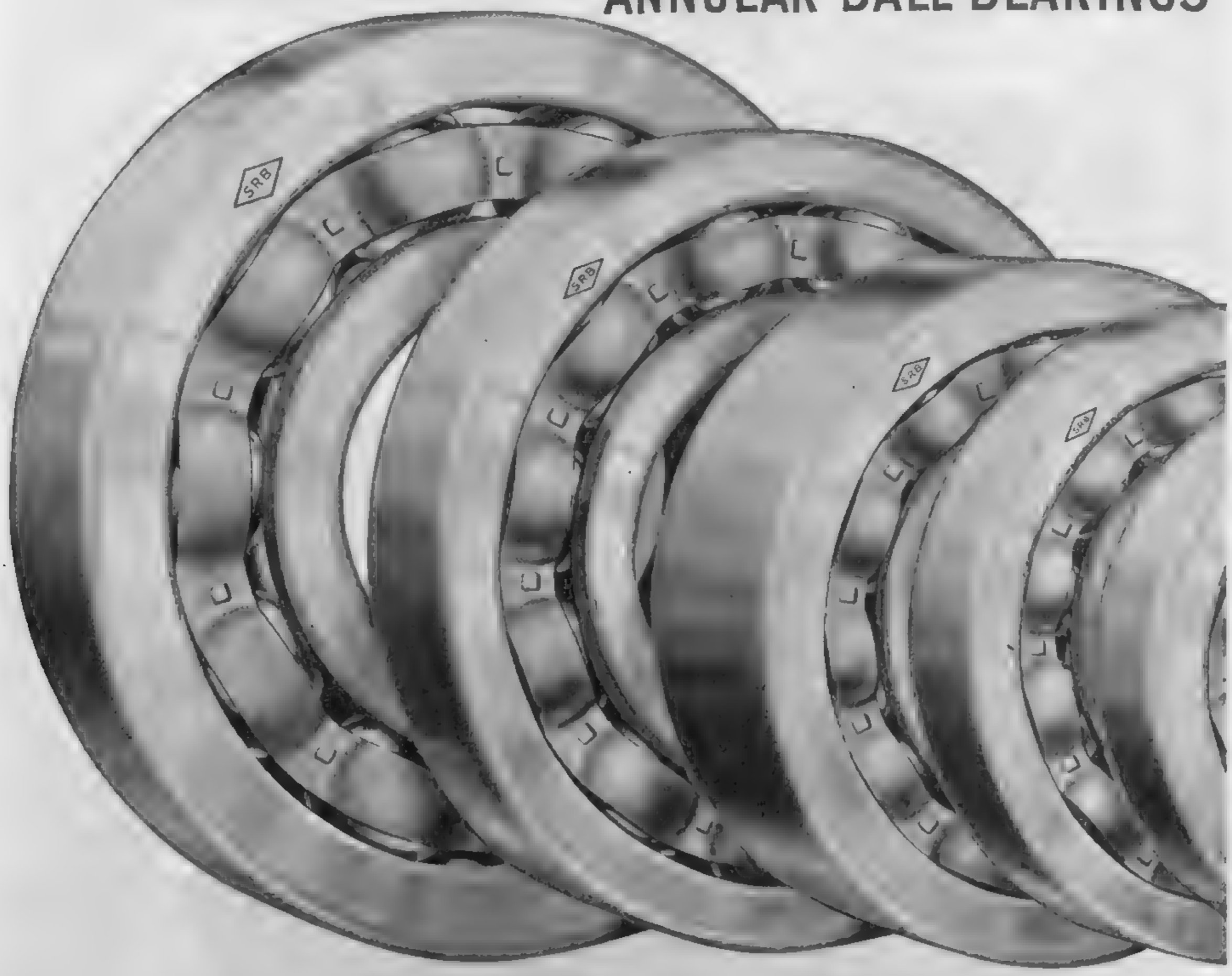

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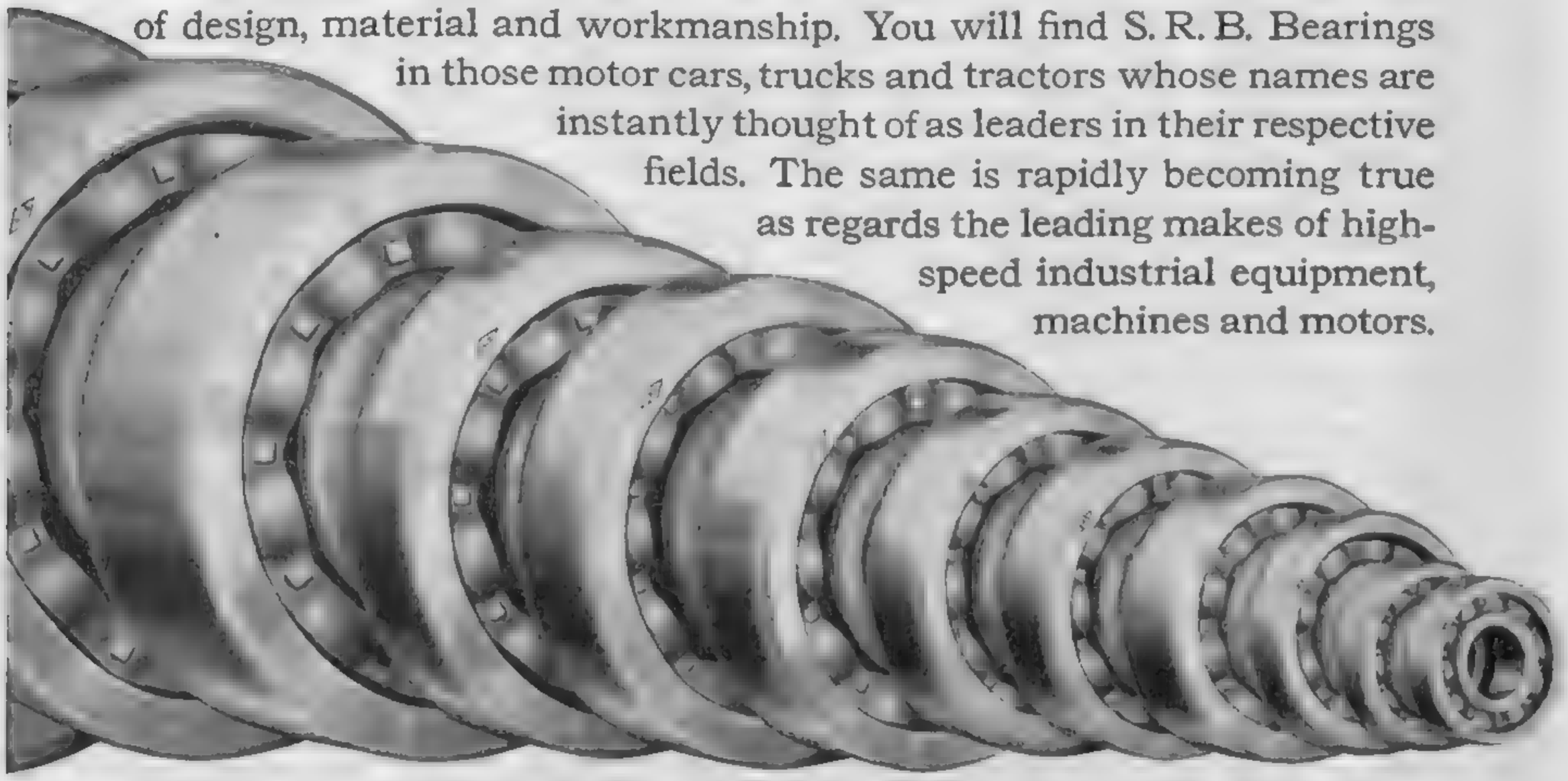

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(Continued from Page 139)

"I've seen a sight of 'em," she said, and her voice rasped like a fine file.

He could not tease another word from her, then or later, on the topic. But the speech inspired him to watch the women who came through the hills in the cars, which had ceased to be curiosities now, in the hope of seeing what Hattie had seen in them, the thing which could bring that edged contempt into her tone.

He saw many things, but never that. They gave him another vision of the wonderland beyond the hills, added another secret resolve, a dream of which he thought with a queer breathless quickening of pulse, a pricking tingle in his cheeks. They were wonderfully different from the women of the hills—from Hattie, for instance, and her mother. Even the old ones were smooth of cheek and red of lip and soft of voice; they were mysterious disturbing creatures, touched with the charm of the unknown. Their clothes seemed somehow part of them; they were white and pink, and he guessed, with a sullen defiance of an inner jeer, that an arm would find their bodies warm and yielding. Men who lived down there had everything else a man could crave; and as if that were not enough they had women like these—women who left behind them faint sweet smells, women with soft rose-colored hands and little lovely feet and silken ankles so small a hand could compass them.

Somewhere down in the fat lands there would be a woman like that for Jud Wyatt—a woman he would take away from some weaker man as he would take that man's other possessions. The new vision seized his major fancy now. He could think of nothing else. When he met Hattie Flint in the hill pasture it was to contrast her with those other women, to match their white softness against her wire-hard brown arms, their delicate fingers against her toughened hands, their gossamer ankles against the awkward cowhide of Hattie's heavy shoes. He grew afraid to meet Hattie's eyes, in these days, lest she guess what went on behind his own. He looked, instead, at her hands and her shoes and the ugly clothes. Somehow she came to typify the hill country in his sight, and the other women to stand as symbols of the kindlier lands below.

He waited, working almost without consciousness, while the slow years made a man of him. He heard of more and more young fellows who had adventured out beyond the rims which still imprisoned him. A few of them came back, but none stayed. Within a ten-mile circle of the Wyatt farm there were a dozen empty houses, little toil-won clearings already disappearing under eager overgrowth.

He listened to the talk of the elders, and a slow scorn of them waked in him. They complained of hard times, of dwindling crops, of the want of help. And yet they stayed here, grown men, whom nothing restrained from going down into the lands where weak-backed folk grew rich and lived softly!

The secret project sustained him as he grew into lean, work-bitten manhood. He scarcely realized the bitterness of the endless fight against Nature by which he and his father lived, the diminishing margin of their success. It was only for a little while, he told himself, in the short moments between his weary relaxation on the husk mattress and the swift, engulfing sleep. It didn't matter. Pretty soon he'd be down there, down in the fat lands. He dreamed sometimes of snatching toys from flabby, white-faced boys, of a soft-fingered woman who would smile at him as he thrust a puny rival out from between them.

By hill standards he and his father did well. They picked the endless succession of stones from their plowland; they stacked hay and carried their stock through the long winters in good flesh. Abel Wyatt owed no man a dollar, and even saved a little store of musty bills. Jud understood his own part in this prosperity; other men openly envied his father such a son. The two were on good terms of silence, singularly alike. Jud had a certain pride in his father, a pride that rested chiefly on tales of epic fights in the timber days, the ridges of warped muscles he could watch under the damp shirt in the hay time. Once Abel Wyatt voiced his son's own thought as he pocketed the price of two calves sold to the butcher from the Corners at a figure over which the buyer all but wept.

"It takes a good man to stay alive up here. I calc'late we're a mite better'n good men, Jud." And clumsily he halved the money. "Guess you earnt more o' this than I did, Jud."

Jud put the bills away in a chink in the wall. A little money would help him mightily when he left the hills behind. He might as well stay on until he could carry down a filled pocket. He'd stay through the summer and then take his share of the crops and go, before the winter clamped him fast again. He worked fiercely, counting his gains shrewdly as he picked stones and followed his plow or chopped weeds from the young corn or swung his scythe on the steep slant of the grassland.

In mid-July Abner Flint died. His wife had long since surrendered to her rheumatism, and the farm work fell to Hattie, single-handed except for what help the two Wyatts could give her. Abel spoke about her sometimes, admiringly.

"Mighty near as handy as a man, that girl o' Flint's. Abner never run the place no better'n she's a-runnin' it."

Jud grunted assent, his thoughts busy with a picture of Hattie, her arms bare, swinging her father's scythe. And beyond her, blurred but alluring, he saw a vision of the other women—the women with fragile hands and mysterious perfumes, beckoning to him with a sort of furtiveness, as if Hattie might see and interfere. He would have helped her oftener after these meditations, out of a kind of self-reproach, if she had taken his proffers kindly. But except when necessity drove she had a way of rejecting them curtly. He could understand this. Hattie liked to think she was as able as any man.

Before he had told his father of his intent Abel Wyatt complicated his problem by suffering a stroke. They had been cutting corn since sunrise, and the day, surprisingly for September, had been fiercely hot. Jud came in with his milk pails, to find Abel helpless on the kitchen floor, the lumped, rigid muscles curiously horrible in their sudden futility. He had seen another man in such a state and knew what it meant. The doctor from the Corners only confirmed his guess.

"He might live quite a while, Jud, but he'll never work again. Lucky he's got a son like you. Old Marsh Whittemore would be alive if his boy had stayed home. Died in a stroke just like this, because nobody was there to see to him. Just let him take things easy while he lasts. Guess he's earned it."

Jud Wyatt said nothing. He was conscious of a dull impatience at the check, but from the first there had been no question of carrying out his plans. He was not deeply fond of his father, but an obligation against which he had no thought of rebellion bound him to the petty service of the sick room more effectually than affection could have accomplished it. He did two men's work that winter, and a woman's besides, sullenly patient, borne up by multiplying proofs of his sufficiency. Without understanding why, he rebuffed Hattie Flint's proffers of help with the nursing. He felt dimly that the mere offer involved a reflection on his adequacy, and resented it.

He fitted the plowland, in a tardy spring, from force of habit. It was clear to him that the time of his release was very near, even before the doctor told him. Abel Wyatt was breaking up swiftly, his huge strength a burden on his stricken body, his mind touched with a querulous childlikeness, his intervals of lucidity given to concern over the farm work, which annoyed Jud as implying a want of respect. He felt no grief when the old man slept his way out of life. Abel Wyatt was better dead. And Jud was free, with their common property to help him on his way.

He arranged for an auction of the household goods and farm equipment before he followed Abel up the rocky lane to the family burying ground on the crest, conscious that the neighbors who walked with him were all old, bent men and women.

Hattie Flint did not come to the funeral. Her mother had been taken bad, she sent word. He was a little relieved. Hattie's eyes made him uncomfortable still—more uneasy than ever. A better man than he was, they seemed to say—able to whip him if she had been a boy.

She came to the sale, however, and bid in a few of the farm tools. He observed that the other bidders dropped out after her voice had spoken once or twice, but the effect on his pocket did not annoy him. It soothed his self-regard a little to feel that Hattie was indirectly accepting something like a gift at his expense. He tried to give her a few things withheld from the sale or remaining when it was over, but she insisted on paying for them—a narrow price, to be sure, but still a price. He helped her carry them home. She gave him supper in her shining kitchen, moving efficiently from stove to table and in and out of the inner room where her mother lay in bed.

He said little, and she was even less inclined to words. He was vaguely oppressed by a sense of desertion. When he had gone there would be no neighbor within two steep miles. But he shook off the thought. Hattie could look out for herself well enough, and it was no affair of Jud Wyatt's anyway.

She came out to the gate with him when he left, the sun already hidden behind the westward hills, the valley a green pool of shadows, a sudden, premonitory coolness in the air.

"Well, good-by, Hat." He paused awkwardly, kicking at a tall spray of wild carrot with the bulged toe of his new shoe. "Much obliged for the supper."

"You're bound to go, Jud?"

The question startled him, angered him feebly. Did she think he was a fool, to sell out before his mind was made up?

"Guess so."

"Well, good-by," she said.

A whining call came from the house and quickened his departure. He turned at the bend and looked back. Hattie had not moved from her place at the gate, waist deep in the flat ash-silver fronds of the carrot. He waved his arm clumsily and went on. As he passed his own gate he stopped again. The windows had been shuttered, the weather-worn door closed and locked. He felt suddenly a sense of absurdity in these precautions. Locking the door, as if the house still held something of value! Why, it looked as if he expected to come back! He went quickly up the weedy walk, turned the key and kicked the door wide. Then with a consciousness of release he tramped down toward the Corners and the railroad.

Twenty-four hours later he lay on a bare wooden bench in the cell room of a Boston police station, listening to the cheerful uproar of a drunken boy in the opposite cage. The store clothes he wore had lost their uncomfortable newness; the coat was split down the back, and the slimy black ooze of the paved street had begun to dry and stiffen where he had rolled in it. His head throbbed savagely where the night stick had lifted a great welt, and his wrist was raw from the chafing of a chain handcuff. The money he had brought with him from the hills had gone, and he knew that he faced serious trouble in the morning, when they took him into court. But he was fiercely triumphant, nevertheless.

He had been right, all along. There was no pith in these people. He chuckled mirthlessly as he went back over the panic in the bar when he discovered that the friendly woman had picked his pocket. He still saw her as a conquest—she had chosen him, of all the passing crowd on the narrow walk. And she had been like the women he had studied as they passed in their cars or stopped for rest or water at the farm—soft and white and silken, a thing of wonderful fragile fingers and strange heady scents, who laughed at nothing and hummed a funny little song. As for robbing him, he bore no malice. That was part of the game as they played it down here, he saw. It would be different next time.

But the memory of what had happened when she had left him alone at the little table, and he felt for the worn wallet that had been his father's—this fired him like strong drink. He could see the sudden startled turning of white faces, the scurry and press to clear his path, the deliberate, confident advance of the bull-necked man who blocked his rush while the girl escaped. He touched the tender spot on his cheek bone where the fist had landed before he got his hands on the fat short neck. Others had interfered, he knew—three or four of them. He remembered getting solidly home with his foot on one of them. Then police, first one and then two more; it had taken four of them to handle him, and every one of them bore his mark before they got him into the wire-screened motor.

Soft, puny people, just as he had always thought. It didn't matter what they did to him in the morning. He'd been right, from the beginning, about them. A man who could stay alive in the hills could be a king down here. He slept in spite of the clamor across the narrow passage, and in the morning listened unmoved to a judicial lecture ending in a suspended sentence conditioned on his leaving town. They were afraid of him, eh? Well, they'd better be!

He ignored the warning to get out of the city, and found a job on the docks, unloading bananas from a new white-painted steamer. It was easy work; the hours amused him and the pay offered was hardly believable. At noon a shambling fellow worker demanded a look at his card. Argument followed. He discovered that he was forbidden to work except as a member of a union. It was pure instinct to defy such an edict. At quitting time he found seven or eight of them waiting for him menacingly, and welcomed the appeal to the type of reasoning he preferred. He slept in a city hospital that night, and was discharged late next day, with seven stitches under a bandage which he tore clear before he had walked a square.

He found new work easily enough, this time in the shipping room of a wholesale-provision house. There was no union here, but the confinement oppressed him, the routine of wheeling an endless succession of cases across a fifty-foot strip of floor teased shrewdly at his nerves. The foreman cursed him for some trivial fault. He dropped his truck and sprang at the man like a cat. The other workmen separated them—not easily—and Wyatt gathered himself painfully from foul cobbles after a fall from the wagon-platform.

He drifted after this from one job to another, always with the same result—a growing hatred of the dull task, a contempt for the men who worked beside him, seemingly contented or apathetic, humble under reproof, an outburst of violence, ending in discharge or the police cells. He served several short terms in county jails for these affairs, suffocated in the crowding walls and the dead evil air. Here he encountered men who talked in sidewise whispers of the road, of migrations on the brake beams of freight cars, of jobs involving little labor and paying huge profits in return for risk. He listened, tempted sometimes to follow them, but holding back under a restraint he did not seek to understand.

But he learned their way of travel and used it, trying one city after another, never conquering but never conquered, his belief in himself undiminished, his hatred of the weaker men who combined against him constantly deepening, and with it his contempt. He had less respect for the vagrants who rode the rods, readily sensing their inferiority even to the stooped, spindly men who coughed contentedly in lint-laden cotton mills or inhaled the poisonous dust of paint works. Among the wanderers he held his own easily; they did not run to the police when he bested them, at least.

He was twenty-three when the accident of the fight in the box car flung him out into the rich farmlands of the low country and gave him his first real understanding of his mistake. And when he thought of the hills, even while he choked in a venomous cell, he had no regrets. Anything was better than the life he had left behind him up there.

III

A WEEK was enough to toughen his hands and brown his face, to harden the disused muscles to the half-forgotten tasks. It sufficed, too, to confirm his first impression of the land and its people. He studied both between narrowed eyelids, warily concealing a mounting contempt for the men and a steadily deepening wonder at the soil.

After the first breakfast he was fed and lodged at a lesser house, where a permanent hand and his wife furnished board for the more transient labor. The food was better and more plentiful than any diet he had known. He felt his strength grow in him as he ate, and listened in silence to the whining grumble of the other boarders. His bed was clean and comfortable, and he did not mind the heat which sometimes lingered in the metal roof above him until bedtime. He had no wish to fraternize with the others, and accepted their hostility with something like satisfaction. They reminded him of men he had met in his wanderings; away from familiar surroundings they would be lost dogs. Here they were given to boastings, to braggart tales of their smartness, to rehearsals of their repartees, to flat foul anecdote at which they sniggered and slapped knees.

The land fascinated him like a miracle. He loved to kick at the crumbling loam between the corn rows, to run a handful

(Continued on Page 145)

From a painting in colors made for Eagle Shirts by Walter Dorwin Teague

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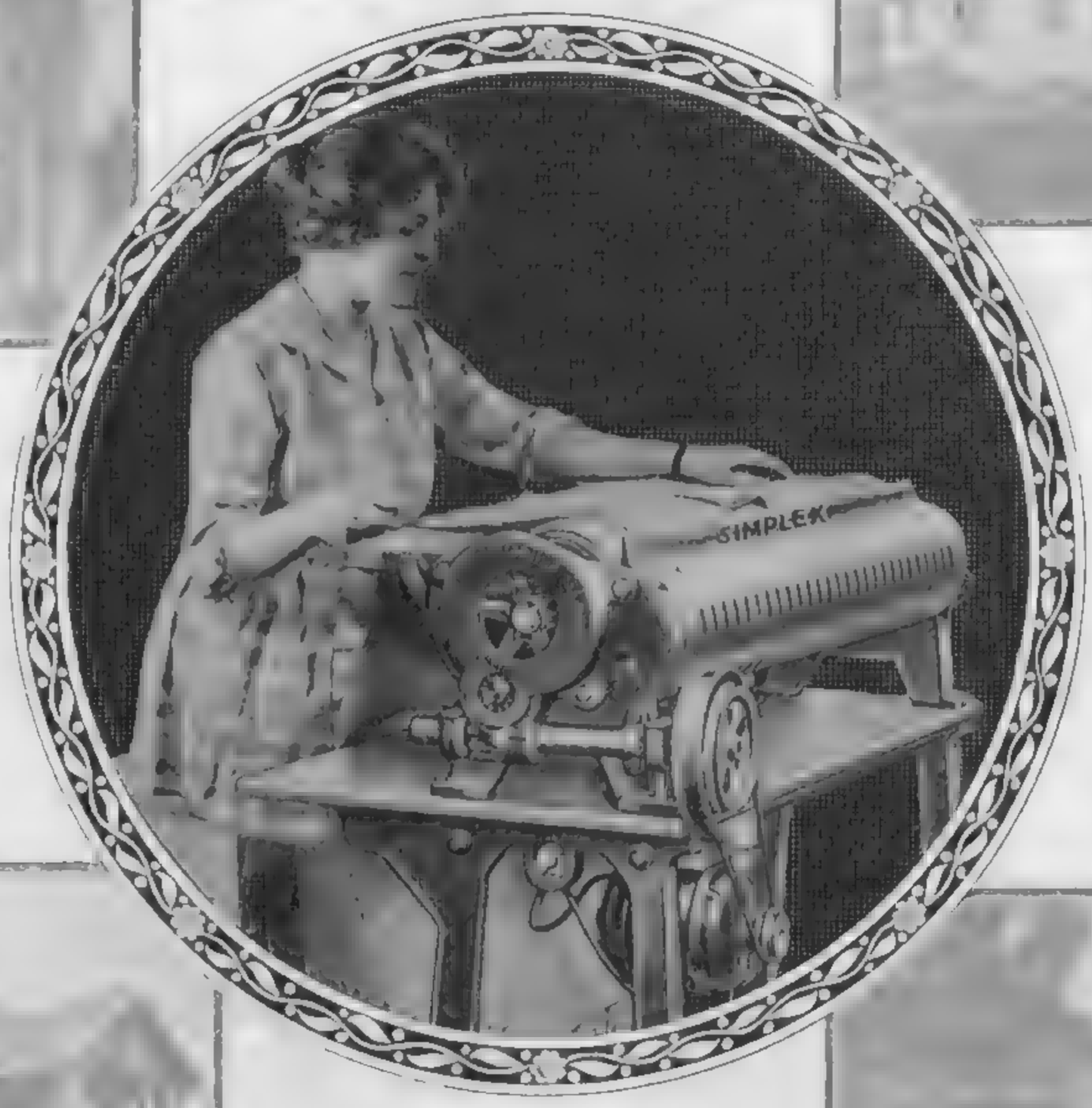

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(Continued from Page 142)

between his fingers, feeling the warm dampness of it against his calloused skin like a caress. There was one field of bottom soil with fifty acres within its square-cornered fences and as level as a floor, out of which potatoes thrust up flowering vines that seemed to grow while he watched them.

He marveled at the horses—huge Clydesdales and rangy Hambletonians, in such condition as no hill horseflesh had ever been; at the milk machines which they called cows here in the flat, fat country; at the size of the mows and bins. But he grinned sourly at the implements—lazy men's tools, with seats on them, even to cultivators and plows and harrows; at the side-delivery hayrakes, which whirled the hay into long windrows to be straddled by a racked wagon dragging a loading device; at the power sprayer, which covered four rows of potatoes faster than a man could walk. They were afraid of work, he told himself, these flatland men; any one of them would starve in the hills. A conscious superiority which he troubled less and less to hide increased the suspicion and dislike with which they regarded this sulky silent tramp whom Matthew Bray had thrust upon their company.

Toward Matthew Bray himself he entertained a different sort of scorn. The old man did no work whatever with his own hands; he wore white clothes, invariably spotless, and drove about his fields in a light buckboard drawn by a bay colt. He dealt leniently with his men, speaking them gently, with suggestions rather than orders. "Charley, don't you and Bill want to draw that jag of oats down from the east lot?" Or: "Harris, guess you might as well go to cutting that alfalfa after dinner."

Jud Wyatt saw the others taking advantage of his tolerance in a dozen ways, and, despising them, despised Bray the more. Lucky for the lot of them they hadn't been born in the hills, where you worked or starved or froze!

He worked willingly himself, less for the sake of any honest impulse than from a sullen pride in his strength. As the newcomer, the harder tasks fell naturally to him, and he accepted them with a sour pleasure. Two dollars a day—a clear fifty a month, of which he need not spend a penny. In a year he would have five hundred, or nearer six—more than he and his father had saved in a lifetime and a half!

"It's two dollars more'n you're worth—or two like you," he snarled suddenly when Charley Graney grumbled over his wage. "Where I come from we'd do two days' work before you're awake."

"I see you got rich doin' it," said Charley.

The others whinnied approval, and Jud, unclenching his hands, drew back into himself. He could beat them all, but what use? There were better things to be done.

He found the working day absurdly short, measured by the standards born in him. Eight hours in a factory seemed an eternity, but ten hours at the farm labor was absurdly little; there were two good hours of daylight before these people stirred in their beds. They quit while the sun was another hour short of setting, wasting their twilight on the porch of the boarding house. Slowly he conceived a plan for turning his own wasted daylight to account. There was no need of stopping at two dollars a day, when he woke at the first slant of the dawn and was unwearied when the quitting bell boomed over the fields.

He had noticed a huge heap of stove wood, sawed to fourteen-inch lengths and halved or quartered with the ax, but still to be split before it could be burned. It lay along the fringe of the woodlot on the adjoining farm. He asked a question or two and tramped over to interview the owner, a slow-spoken, bulbous man of sixty-five or more, who smoked comfortably in a splint chair and listened approvingly to Jud's proposal. He got out stove wood for winter sale in Athens and Millersville, but he hadn't got round to splittin' yet and reckoned he might as well wait till farm work eased up.

"What'd you pay, if you waited?"

"Might have to go as high as sixty cents a cord—pilin' an' splittin' both."

"I'll do it now for fifty," said Jud. "I got some spare time I'd like to use."

He was willing to take forty. He knew that he could make wages at even less than that. Michael Raker dropped in his regard when he accepted the first offer. Soft, like the rest of them! Thereafter he had a use for the time between dawn and breakfast, tramping across a dew-wet pasture in the cool of the sunrise. He put in another hour or more at night, and on Saturday afternoons, when the rest knocked off for their weekly trip into town, he chuckled as he watched them go and counted the extra gain he made by staying in the woodlot. He worked there every Sunday as well, till the pile was done, and Raker settled with him, measuring his stacked cords justly, without even attempting to cheat.

Sometimes on his early journeys he caught a glimpse of a wispy figure in a faded black coat dodging about between the crowding boles of the woods. He had already learned who Andy was—Old Andy Weeds, they called him at the farm. Sometimes he had seen the old fellow close by, at work in the pastures and grasslands, with his half-bushel basket of hickory strips overflowing with daisy or wild carrot or dock, and had marveled at the lowland trick of hand-weeding their meadows. In the hills they were glad enough to get the hay in, weeds and all. As for the pastures, what the stock refused to eat grew as it pleased. There were no hands to spare for such fancywork as pulling carrot—even when the hands were trembling with age and the mind which ruled them childish again.

"Andy's a funny old nut," they told Wyatt, when he asked. "Crazy about pullin' weeds. Won't do nothin' else. They say he went loony when he was a kid and kep' right on doin' what he was doin' then. Bray pays him so much an acre to keep down the carrot and stuff. Lives in a shanty back o' the gully, all by himself. No harm in him. Jest simple."

Wyatt lost interest in the old man, thus explained. He became merely another proof that they were soft of head as well as of back, here in this fat country. But the sight of Andy among the trees at sunup revived his curiosity a little. He might be crazy, as Charley said, but he was sound in the matter of hours, at least. He didn't lie on his back while the best part of the day got away from him, even if he did waste his work on such nonsense as weeding pastures. He watched the shrunken figure thereafter with a certain sympathy. Andy worked better than the rest of them. Wyatt found himself drawn toward him by some instinct he did not understand. Once when he was in the upper pasture after a colt he came on the old fellow at his work, stood within a few feet of him before Andy observed his presence.

"There, now—don't make such a fuss. It's all right."

He caught the words distinctly, and the voice in some queer trick of key conveyed the impression of a human listener. It was not in the least like the voice of one who talks to himself. An ancient superstition stirred in Wyatt—the reflection of progenitors to whom the witless had been at once sacred and uncanny, traffickers with old gods, seers of the unseen. But his eye appraised the figure reassuringly. The reedy arms and legs were comically frail and impotent. He could see the face now—pink and smooth and plump, like a child's, so that the thick white hair seemed not to belong to it; he might have been a boy in a powdered wig.

"I know it hurts a mite, but you'll live to thank Andy for it."

Again Wyatt had the sense of some invisible auditor and glanced uneasily over his shoulder. But there was only the tall stems of dried grasses, the sway of the stunted limbs of a thorn apple, the chirping twitter of small yellow birds in the leaves. Andy looked up, apprehension in his pale eyes and gathered shoulders. Jud Wyatt could see a tremor in the long laced spray of carrot gripped in the shriveled hands. He half resented Andy's fear of him. He didn't hurt old men.

"Pullin' carrot, eh?" He spoke pleasantly, and the alarm faded out of the eyes.

"Yes-s—yes-s." The old man prolonged the sibilant hissingly. "You goin' to help me? There's a sight of it."

"Not me!" Jud grinned at the idea. "I'm working for Bray," he added.

Andy's face changed so that Jud detected a trace of condescension in it—something like the look with which Harris and Charley and Bill regarded him. Andy had heard about him, he guessed; knew that he was nothing but a tramp, despised him like the rest of the stupid soldiering crew. He scowled. The old man seemed to understand his thought.

"Never mind," he said kindly. "'Tain't everyone can work for my boss. He's sorta p'tic'lar. I thought mebbe you might be the help I been askin' for."

"I thought you worked for Bray too."

Wyatt was puzzled. Instantly Andy revealed offense. His plump face twisted, his eyes grew bright and angry.

"Work for Matt Bray? Not me! I'm workin' for"—he dropped his voice to a tone of boyish confidence—"I'm workin' for God." He pointed skyward with a thumb, in a gesture at once furtive and prideful. "'Tain't easy. He's mighty keerless 'bout some things." He wagged his head. "Specially fences. Makes a sight o' work for me."

Wyatt grinned at the conceit. Working for God! The old bug was nuttier than they made him out to be. He waved a hand and moved away. The interview strengthened his conviction that among these people he could do as he pleased.

His wood splitting finished, he made a new bargain with Raker, and proceeded to fell and trim the dead timber in his woodlot, in spite of the season, at a fixed price for each log he left for the hauling. He saw Andy often on his early errands amid the trees, a vague figure flitting in and out of vision among the stippling shadows, the great hickory basket in the bend of his arm, a mass of weed tops protruding. Once, coming suddenly out on the lip of a small gully where a trickling brook had cut deep into the hill, he found the old man spattering water on a great sheaf of carrot, and his curiosity urged him to a question:

"What do you do with 'em, Andy?"

The old fellow started, straightened, plainly terrified. He studied Wyatt's eyes earnestly without speaking. The fear went out of his face and a kind of cunning replaced it. He laid a finger on his lips.

"Sh! That's a secret, that is. Mine an' God's. Nobody else knows. They wouldn't understand. They'd put the carrot in the road, like Daniel McFee, or burn it on a brush pile, like Saul Baker. They don't know what the carrot's for. But God and Andy know." He chuckled shrilly, wagging his head.

Wyatt left him, faintly amused at the whimsy. The poor old fool thought there was a use for such weeds as wild carrot! He saw suddenly that Matthew Bray and his neighbors profited by the delusion; Andy fought their weeds for them for practically nothing. No wonder they put up with his insanity! He remembered old women, back in the hills, who had patiently harvested weeds—yarbs, they called them—and made medicines of them. But not even they had included the carrot in their collections.

He spent a few dollars on heavy boots and some coarse clothes, but nearly all his earnings went into the bank at Athens, where a stout silent man with a great two-pronged gray beard eyed him with a deepening attention over each deposit slip. His hands interested Wyatt—they were so swollen and so soft and white—white as a toad's belly, he thought. John Sinnot was rich, according to the farm gossip, a shrewd, grasping money-maker, lending at illegal interest and trading cannily in lands and mortgages. To Wyatt the circumstance was an added encouragement. This pulpy man whom he could throttle with one hand had grown fat on the folly of the valley folk. He could do better—far better.

He was vaguely pleased when Sinnot beckoned him inside the brass grille work after he had banked a month's earnings and a check from Raker besides. There was a certain recognition in the gesture, as if Sinnot saw in him what the empty-headed hands at the boarding house could not see. He took the chair which the banker offered and waited silently for him to speak. Sinnot stroked one prong of the huge beard, a rhythmic recurrent gesture which drew down one cheek and eyelid without disturbing the even stare of his small recessed eyes.

"Been watchin' you all summer, Wyatt," he said at last. "Thrifty, ain't you? Don't aim to spread your money out thin over the town every Sat'd'y night, eh?"

Wyatt grinned without speaking.

"Makes me sort of wonder why you keep on workin' for Matt Bray—a man like you. There's a sight of good land for sale round here. You could be workin' for yourself if you wanted to."

"Got to get more money first," Wyatt shrugged. "Might buy a place when I get ready."

"You got enough to buy one right now," said Sinnot quickly. "I got eighteen acres over on Mill Creek I'd let you have on easy terms. You could be bringin' up the land while you paid off on it. Good soil, but it ain't been worked for two-three years."

Jud was interested but wary. Sinnot had no name for benevolence.

"What'd you ask?"

"Only a thousand—a quarter down an' the rest easy—as you make it. There's a house and a good barn. About ten acres clear and the rest in second-growth timber. Just the place for a man that ain't too much afraid of work."

Wyatt felt a sudden weakening of his fixed hostility. Flabby and swollen as the man was, he saw what the rest of them overlooked. He knew that Jud Wyatt was a better man than the valley-bred wasters and idlers.

"I'll go out Sunday and take a look," he said carelessly. "I might take you up if I like it."

"I'll drive you out myself," suggested Sinnot quickly. "Just as easy as not."

Wyatt shrugged. He would have preferred to inspect the property alone, but the six-mile walk would cut deeply into his usual Sunday work in the woods, and he knew that Sinnot could not sell him anything he did not want to buy.

He was rather surprised when they finished their examination. The ten-acre clearing lay flat in a wide bend of Mill Creek—rich dark loam better than any land on Matthew Bray's farm. The woodlands along the creek consisted mainly of soft-wood, but his eye told him that he could cut enough stave bolts here to pay for the place. The buildings were paintless and dejected of surface, but he saw that their frames were sound and plumb. A little tinkering in odd minutes would make them as good as new—better than the new houses they built nowadays. He had picked up enough of land prices to know that the figure Sinnot quoted was distinctly low.

He spoke to Matthew Bray and Raker, and both confirmed his judgment that the place was a bargain. He bought it, paying two hundred and fifty dollars down and receiving in return a straightforward document agreeing to deliver deed and title on receipt of seven hundred and fifty more, in five semiannual installments of a hundred and fifty each.

There was a clause in the agreement which disturbed him a little: "In the event of failure to pay any of the aforesaid semiannual installments, the said Judson Wyatt agrees that the entire balance remaining due shall become due and payable immediately, and if not paid on demand this sale shall be null and void and the real property hereinbefore described shall in such case remain the sole property of John Sinnot."

"Just a matter of form," said Sinnot gravely. "I'm selling you this place pretty cheap, as it is, and I don't aim to be put to the expense of suit and foreclosure if you lay down on me. This way, if you don't pay, I keep the land, without botherin' the sheriff. That's how I do business anyway. Take it or leave it."

Jud Wyatt took it. He walked back to the Bray farm with his copy of the agreement crackling in his pocket. It seemed now as if the rolling country chuckled with him. He grinned thinly back at the smiling fields—his country now, owning the mastery of the man who was strong.

He thought of Laura Bray, with her white arms and her slow, enveloping smile, standing in the sweet-smelling dimness of her grandfather's kitchen. Between them till to-day he had seen and accepted the gulf which divides all farming communities into those who own the land and those who merely labor on it. He had crossed that gulf now. And when the time came he would stretch out his hand and take the woman he wanted, the soft, white, fragile woman of his dreams.

She passed him on the road, leaning back in the seat of a scudding runabout driven by Lonnie Carlin, who had begun to practice law in his father's office in Athens. Jud Wyatt's glance ignored the gleaming little car, the trim smartness of cap and belted jacket, and saw only the narrow shoulders and flat chest, the inward slant of the chin. He felt a laugh rise in his throat as his arms tightened and swelled. What chance would such a softling have against those arms? When the time came he would throw Lonnie Carlin out of his way as lightly as a split stick of stove wood. He touched the stiff paper in his pocket and tramped on.

IV

WINTER drew in with an amiable deliberation. Jud left the Bray farm in October and moved into his own house, where he had installed a few essentials

(Continued on Page 148)

WAT

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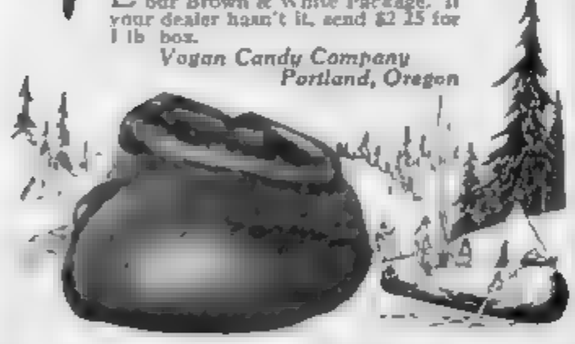

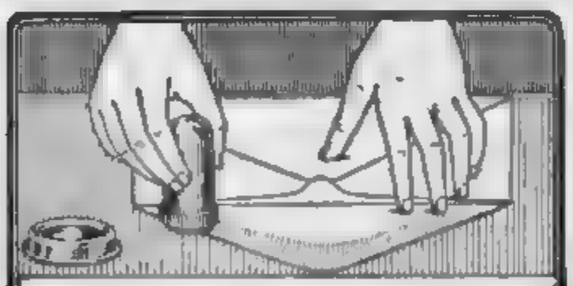

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(Continued from Page 145)

picked up at auction sales. A little carpentry made the roof weatherproof, the windows tight. He traded shrewdly for a cow and a few hens and feed for the winter. It was more comfortable than the old house in the hills had ever been.

Before the snow lay thick enough to halt the work he had cleared the plowland of the overgrowth of its idle years, mended the fences and roofed the barn. He worked casually for neighboring farmers, chiefly in their woods, and slowly accumulated the money against his next payment. He had plenty of time for tinkering about his house and barn in the intervals of these labors, and he meditated daring improvements, with a thought of Laura Bray beyond them. She'd want things. A porch, for instance, where she could swing a box hammock like the one at the Bray place; running water in her kitchen; a telephone to gossip over. Somehow he conceived of these contemptible luxuries as part of her, so many tokens and expressions of the softness which he hated in the men and admired in the women of these flat fat fields.

He felled some of his timber and cut it into peeled stave bolts, which he piled beside the road to be hauled when occasion suited. Early in the spring he made a second payment to John Sinnot and put a coat of white paint on the house. He started a garden and fitted his field for planting. He meant to work elsewhere this season, earning money for his August payment, but he knew that he could easily do what his own acres required while the valley people slept or loafed.

The winter had deepened his contempt for his neighbors. The more he dealt with them the more certain he grew of his strength and their weakness. A dozen times men had stepped back before his tightened fists, apologetic and pacific, evading the fight he offered. One—Charley Graney—had accepted a sweeping flat-handed slap on his cheek without attempting to return the blow. He caught his grocer in an overcharge and stood grinning while the fellow corrected the error with hands which shook visibly and lips which babbled excuses. A neighbor, coming to complain of damage done by Wyatt's cow, departed unappeased, walking swiftly and with frequent backward glances. They were afraid of him, he told himself. They could afford to be!

A dispute over a stove-wood contract broke off his relations with Raker and led to a suit before the justice of the peace in Athens. Young Lonnie Carlin represented Raker and tangled Jud Wyatt hopelessly on the stand. He lost his case and paid eighteen dollars, after a talk with Sinnot, who made him understand that it would cost him more to carry on the argument. Later, meeting Carlin in the street, he yielded to a sudden impulse and gripped the slim serge arm firmly.

"Feel that?"

"Take your hands off me!" He saw that Carlin's lips were white, and he laughed sourly.

"Just givin' you notice to keep out o' my way after this, Carlin. There's other places besides law courts—an' better ways o' findin' out who's the best man."

He dropped the arm and swaggered past, the memory of the fright in Carlin's eyes soothing the sting of his defeat. When the time came Carlin wouldn't wait to be thrown out of his way—he'd run like a scared rabbit, at a word.

He bought himself a slow-going sturdy horse and a solidly built old-fashioned buckboard, contemptuous of appearances and speed, intent on value. He made a point of stopping at the Bray farm in his drives past, to discuss crops with Matthew Bray, who met him always with a formal courtesy. He saw Laura usually on these visits, and contrived to make it clear in her hearing that he prospered. In about another year, he told himself. Laura nodded and smiled at him pleasantly always, but he felt dimly that she understood his intent and approved. Women thought more of strength than men did, he told himself. When the time came ——

In late July he heard that the farm next his own was on the market, and made haste to buy it. The owner, an old man whose sons had gone to the city long before, was moving into Athens. He objected feebly to Wyatt's proffered terms of payment, but Jud, inwardly amused, overbore him, so that he signed at last, with a sort of frightened eagerness, and took his check with a mumbling flow of thanks.

Wyatt chuckled over the memory of it. They had begun to realize what he was, to understand the difference between his strength and their flabbiness of nerve and muscle. He had drawn most of his savings to make the payment, and to meet the next installment due to Sinnot on the original transaction he decided to accept an offer for his stave bolts which he had left unanswered. He hired another horse and a wagon and hauled them to the siding. The buyer paid him cash when the car was loaded, after his careless promise to fix it up on Saturday had brought him face to face with Wyatt's level cold show of displeasure. He dragged the bills out of his hip pocket nervously and his hand shook as he thumbed the count.

"Just as lief pay now, Wyatt—don't make a mite o' difference to me."

Wyatt pocketed the money silently. They were all alike. They were all afraid of him. He drove to the bank and deposited the bills. John Sinnot, stroking the gray tusk of beard, eyed him pleasantly and commented on the weather. On his way back to the farm he kept to the crown of the road, enjoying the impatient hooting of a motor horn behind him. He recognized the note. It was Carlin's car. He did not look back. At the first crossroads he saw the hood dart up toward him, temptingly near. He drew lightly on one rein and the plodding team swerved obediently, throwing the hub of the left wheel over in time to catch the fender of the car. There was a crunch of bending metal. The car passed, stopped. He saw Carlin spring down and stand over the crumpled guard.

"You did that on purpose, Wyatt! It'll cost you a new fender, that's all."

Wyatt grinned without answering. Carlin, his temper mounting above discretion, stepped toward him.

"You can't bully everybody in this town, Wyatt. You'd better understand right now that ——"

Wyatt dropped the reins and climbed down slowly. Carlin retreated instantly to the car, its engine still humming.

"You can't settle this with your hands," he called. "I'll show you."

Jud chuckled over it as he covered the remaining mile. He knew now that Carlin would never stand up to him, whatever the provocation.

When the time came to take his girl away from him he would submit—and run—as he had done just now. There was no backbone in these flatlanders.

He saw Laura Bray on the porch as he passed the house, a white figure relaxed in the box hammock. He lifted an arm and grinned as he caught the white flutter of her answer. When he was ready he would have to do no more than that. She would come. Women knew better than men how to value hardness and strength—the softer they were themselves the better they understood men like Jud Wyatt.

V

"YOU like Lonnie Carlin?" He threw the question at her bluntly, after a comfortable silence. It was cool in the recessed porch behind the columns; there was a blent and somnolent hum of insects like a background for voices and stillness. Matthew Bray was in the village and Laura had urged him to wait. He had bought some new clothes out of the timber money—nothing like Carlin's fashionable pleats and belts, but decent serviceable stuff which fitted his straight leanness fairly well. He felt approval in the girl's glance. It prompted his sudden inquiry, that look.

She spread her hands carelessly. "Oh, yes—sort of. He's good company, and he's got a nice car"

"Reckon you'll marry him?"

He gave the impertinence a droll inflection which seemed to make an affirmative impossible. She shook her head quickly.

"No, I should say not. I'm not going to spend my life in a dead little place like Athens. I want"—she hesitated, with an uncertain inclusive sweep of one white arm—"I want some fun before I'm old. I want to see places—big cities, you know; theaters and stores and places to eat. I'm going to stay here till I can go somewhere where it's fun to be alive."

He grinned. She'd change her mind when he was ready. Fun! Cities! A blurred memory of the cities as he had known them came to him, the close lifeless air of them, the crowds of hurrying, undersized people, the dirt and meanness and slyness, the irksome restraints of petty laws, the strutting bull-necked police.

"Oh, you think that's funny!" she cried, misinterpreting his smile. "You wait and see. I'm going. There's plenty of ways I can do it."

He shook his head. "I've seen 'em all—cities," he said. "They can't touch this. But I used to feel like you do, before I went. You have to find out for yourself, I reckon. You'd be glad to come back."

The words struck an echo in his brain. Where had he heard them before? He saw a sudden picture of Hattie Flint, waist deep in wild carrot, telling him as confidently that he would come back to the hills. The contrast pleased him. He tried to recall the details of the picture, to compare Hattie, feature by feature, with this girl.

"Maybe. But I'd know, then. That's what I hate—not knowing. It's like staying home from a party. Maybe you wouldn't have a good time if you went, but you can't tell unless you go. I want to go and see."

"Well, I guess you will if you feel that way."

He rose, contemplating a new idea. It would be fun to go back to New York with Laura Bray, with decent clothes on his body and plenty of money in his pockets, to stay at a huge hotel and see plays from a box, to ride in taxicabs and order dress-suited waiters about in resounding supper places. He filed the thought away—a bait to be used if bait were needed.

He drove away without waiting for Bray's return, his mind still occupied pleasantly with the contrast between the life he had left behind him and the prospect which seemed to draw very near, between Hattie and the harsh endless struggle for bare survival in the hills, and Laura Bray and the placid easy life the flatlands promised.

VI

"YES. I got out an attachment on your account, Wyatt." John Sinnot's hand continued to stroke the pendent fork of his beard. "You're lucky I didn't have you arrested too. You cut off three hundred dollars' wuth o' timber and sold it without sayin' a word to me. That's crim'nal. Law's mighty plain."

"You're crazy. Wasn't it my land an' my timber? Didn't I ——"

"You don't own a stick of it till it's paid for. Look at the contract. You c'n farm it but you can't sell off the standin' timber without you turn the money over to me. Says so, plain as print. Took an' sold my proputty, that's what you did. It ain't your money you got in the bank—it's mine. I'm just protectin' my rights."

"You can't skin me, Sinnot! I'm not like these easy simps round here. I got two hundred an' thirty-six dollars comin' to me, an' I'm goin' to have it—now." Wyatt moved to the gate in the railing, his arms flexed a little at the elbows, his shoulders low and forward. Without rising Sinnot reached into the drawer of his desk. His left hand clutched the tusk of his beard, its stroking motion arrested, and his right presented a steady gun.

"Don't try that on me, Wyatt. I've heard about you. You can scare some folks by doublin' up your fists, but not me. Go an' hire a lawyer if you ain't satisfied. And while you're at it get a hundred and fifty dollars that's due on the place. This is the fifteenth. If you want to keep the farm bring me the money before three."

Jud Wyatt checked an impulse to risk the gun. Something told him that Sinnot would shoot, and shoot straight, if he opened the gate. His brain refused to believe what the banker told him. It was his timber; he had a right to sell it. They couldn't take his farm away from him on any such excuse—claim he couldn't meet his payments when there was more than enough in the bank to cover what was due. He turned and went out, blundering heavily into an entering customer, half blinded with the red mists that swam across his eyes. He found George Caxton in his musty law office over the hardware store and made the case clear to him.

"They've got you, Wyatt. Old Sinnot's about the slickest land shark outside of jail. He's played this same racket before. You've got to pay him a hundred and fifty before three o'clock or he owns your land. And you'll have to make good the rest of the money you got for the stave bolts or he can levy on your stock and tools."

He had to repeat and explain before Jud Wyatt could realize what had happened. Then, when the hillman's anger flamed into speech, he calmed him patiently.

(Concluded on Page 151)

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In Boston, where the Green & Swett Co. watched 2,000 tires, Millers excelled from 50 per cent to 75 per cent.

You owe such tires a test. See what our doubled mileage means to you. It may save you many a dollar. It may change your conception of modern tires.

Try one or two tires. Or, if you buy a new car, get Miller equipment. Twenty makers now supply it without extra cost.

Late Miller Records

The Rhyne & Rhyne Stage Line, Fellows, Cal., reports an average of 36,500 miles per tire on a test of four Miller Cords.

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The Miller Rubber Co.
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Also makers of Miller Inner Tubes, built layer on layer. The highest attainment in an inner tube, red or gray.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

Miller Tires

CORDS **Geared-to-the-Road** **FABRICS**

Registered U. S. Patent Office

The Winners in Million-Mile Tests

(Concluded from Page 148)

"Now what would killing old Sinnot get you? He's got some of your money, but there's plenty more money in the world, and you can get your share of it, same as you got what he's flimflammed out of you. But you go down there and kill him and what happens? Before you can go two miles they'll run you down—not one or two, but twenty of 'em. They'll stick you in the jail over at Millersville, and in about a year they'll sit you in the chair down at Auburn. Don't be a darned fool. He's got the best of you, that's all. Go out and get the best of him the same way. You got the same chance he had. The law's as fair for one as for the other."

Jud Wyatt stumbled down the scuffed pine stairs to the street, the words in his ears, mocking him. As fair for one as the other! They'd made their tricky laws, these soft-handed fatland folks, to suit themselves. They hid behind them, cheating better men under their cover and forbidding better men to strike back with their naked hands. Go out and get the best of John Sinnot! How? Outwit a weasel, run down a fox, afoot! Man to man he could kill Sinnot with his ten fingers in as many seconds. But Sinnot stood safe behind the laws—the laws that allowed him to use a gun and forbade even fists to the men he robbed!

The extent of the disaster came slowly home to him. He had lost the farm, and Sinnot was the richer for all the work he had put into it. He would lose the additional land he had bought too. Probably under shelter of the law Sinnot would seize his horse and cow and the few sticks of furniture. He had worked for these things—earned them in sweat and weariness—and Sinnot took them from him without lifting one of his fat toad-skin hands!

As he passed the bank he stopped, tempted by the impulse to adjust the balance with his bare hands. But Caxton's warning held him back. He couldn't fight them all. Killing Sinnot would be killing himself.

He started, and a slow grin relaxed his lips. A fellow could climb up the spout of the Odd Fellows' Block and drop right down on the roof of the bank. Just a skylight to get past after that, and the door of the safe. Soup would be better, but dynamite would do. He had heard yeggs describe the process often enough to be sure that he could do it as well as they. And there was dynamite out on the farm, plenty of it, left over from his stump blasting. A set of drills also. Why, it would be easy! And safe too. There was only one constable on duty at night, and his beat took him almost a mile from the bank. A fellow could easily time things so that he could get away clean.

He laughed as he thought of the money in the safe—money enough to buy ten years of a man's work. Go out and get the best of Sinnot, Caxton had advised. He chuckled at the memory.

Suddenly he thought of Laura Bray and her hunger for fun, for lights and laughter and the sights of cities. With money—— he shut his lips narrowly. She would come with him. Show her money and she'd do it.

He went back to the farm at the best speed his horse could offer. With a glow of pleasure he drove a hurried bargain with a neighbor, selling him the stock and tools at a fool's figure, dominating the man's hesitancy with a level menacing eye. They were still afraid of him. They didn't know that John Sinnot had stripped him bare.

It was dusk when he stopped at the door of the Bray kitchen. Laura was busy with supper dishes and he helped her dry them, talking swiftly. He had come in for a lot of money—a lot of it—thousands. He was through with work. He'd given up the farm and sold off the stock. He talked easily of a future in big cities, watching her narrowly.

"I wish I was going too," she said suddenly.

"With me?" He flashed the question at her. She flushed, fingering the cloth in her hands.

"Want me to?"

"Yes. That's why I told you." He pressed the advantage. "We could drive over to the junction and catch the limited. You could borrow a horse from your grandfather, I guess. We'd be in New York by morning and we could git married there."

"I don't know." She twisted the cloth helplessly. "I want to, but I'm afraid. I——"

He overrode the doubt. "You be waiting for me at the stable—about one o'clock. I'll hitch up when I git there. Got to hurry now. Lot to do afore I start."

He left her staring after him, her face flushed, her eyes wide, a curious look of indecision in them, of helplessness. He grinned as he struck across the fields toward the village. No roads for him to-night. He mustn't be seen or they might suspect. If he worked it right they'd never be able to prove anything against him. The drills clinked in his pocket and he stopped to wad them with leaves. A step sounded as he finished. He looked up cautiously.

The sight of Andy's shriveled figure reassured him. The old man stooped beside his basket, busy at some task which the thickening dusk obscured from Wyatt's eyes. And his high-pitched voice came clearly through the shadows:

"There now—didn't I tell you? You don't have to worry. Andy knows what's good for you—Andy and God."

Wyatt shook his head. The poor old bug! Talking to his everlasting weeds as if they were people! He craned his neck to see better. Andy lifted a thick spray from the basket, smoothed it gently and bent to the ground. Wyatt saw this time. The old man thrust a dibble of sharpened wood into the soil, worked it about to enlarge the hole, and slipped the long root of a wild carrot into it, tamping the mold gently back into place.

"There—you're back where you belong now. It's better for you than down in the clover, even if you don't like it. Andy knows—Andy and God."

Wyatt checked a laugh. The old fool was replanting the weeds he toiled all day to pull! That explained his sprinkling them, that day by the creek! He glanced about him. Matthew Bray's woods! He hugged the joke on the farmer—paying for weeds which were replanted on his own ground before they wilted! He moved incautiously, and Andy heard him. The old fellow straightened quickly, peering toward the sound, his shoulders huddling as if he were frightened.

"It's only me, Andy." Wyatt yielded to an idle urge of compassion.

"Oh!" There was relief in the voice. "I thought it might be Matt Bray. He wouldn't understand. Nobody does, except me. They can't hear God talkin' to 'em like Andy does. They just hate everything that grows except crops an' timber." He chuckled thinly. "They think I'm crazy. I've heard 'em say so!"

"No!" Wyatt feigned surprise, curiously tolerant, a rare good humor softening him as he saw the end of the game, the trumps and stakes in his hands.

"Yes-s. They don't know any better. But if they found out they'd be ugly. They hate weeds—even wild carrot. Put it out in the road for the wheels to run over. Burn it on brush fires. They don't know about Andy. Andy plants 'em all back where they belong—early, before Matt Bray's awake, and late, when he's gone inside his house."

"Why, Andy?" Wyatt approached. He could see the lip and slope of the gully now, catch the queer keen smell of wet leaves which lifted from the trickle of water below. All down the shifting slant of rotting shale he saw the lacelike stems and flat ashen flowers of the carrot. He chuckled. Andy planted them exactly where they could spread their seeds over the flatlands most easily; the brook would plant millions of them when it overflowed. The old man twitched his sleeve.

"You wouldn't tell Matt Bray, would you? He'd be angry."

"Not me. I'm goin' away to-night, anyway. Why do you plant this stuff up here?"

"Why, here's where it belongs. Don't you see? Carrot ain't meant to grow down in the fat lands, Jud. There's plenty o' things that can grow there—corn and potatoes and wheat. Ph! Crops!" His voice was edged with contempt. "Like to see corn grow down there in those rocks! Corn's got to be nursed an' petted like a sick baby, 'r it won't grow anywhere at all. But carrot—why, nothin' can hurt it! Carrot's my favor-ite."

He stroked a tall stem lovingly.

"It's mighty hard to kill," agreed Wyatt.

He ought to be moving, instead of standing here wasting time on this old lunatic's chatter. But the hand on his sleeve held him. He did not understand his submission, the heritage of hill-bred generations to whom the simple-minded were a link with God.

"Yes-s—when it grows in its own place," said Andy eagerly. "Nothin' hurts the carrot when it stays where God planted it." He lowered his voice confidentially. "I'll tell you—you aren't like Matt Bray an' the rest. You understand."

"Sure. That's right, Andy."

Again his good nature puzzled Wyatt. It was getting dark fast, and he had three miles and more to cover twice, besides the time he would need inside the bank. And yet he was in no hurry to be gone.

"God hates bare places. That's the secret. He can't abide 'em. That's why he made the carrot, and the other flowers that can grow anywheres at all—to cover up the naked ground like a garden. You can understand. You go an' dig up a piece o' ground anywheres—grub out every grass root, and go 'way an' leave it. God just covers it up before you turn your back. Don't he? Eh?"

He twitched at Wyatt's sleeve again. Jud nodded. "That's so, Andy. Never thought of it like that."

"But God's too busy to make the carrot an' daisy an' burdock stay where he puts 'em. It ain't his fault. Anybody'd git keerless about his fences, havin' to look after everything, the way God does. You would yourself, Jud. So the carrot gits into the fat lands when God ain't lookin'—the same as steers'll git into the corn when the fence ain't tight. Andy just drives 'em back, that's all."

Wyatt nodded, his slow fancy caught by the homely figure, the crude logic of the theory.

"Sort of tough on the carrot, though," he objected. "Maybe it likes the fat land better'n a place like that."

He waved his hand at the shale. "Maybe it wants an easy place to grow in; the same as corn."

Andy chuckled. "Oh, it does. But that's because it don't know what's best for it—any more'n a steer knows better'n to kill himself in the corn. But I'll tell you—it ain't good for the crops to have the carrot growin' in their ground, but it's worse for the carrot. Yes-s. You take a carrot that grows where it belongs an' it's a flower—ain't nothin' lovelier'n a big bank of 'em growin' in a gully. Down in the fields it gets to be a weed—just a big ugly weed, like Matt Bray says. So we put it back, Andy an' God. We know what's good for it."

Wyatt turned away chuckling. The idea amused him, appealed to a hill-bred vein of fancy. He pondered it as he tramped across the woodland toward the town, the weight of his drills and brace sagging his pockets. The poor old fool, herding his flocks of flowering weeds patiently back into the waste places—God's fences—the fat lands, where the soft crops grew. It was like one of the old tales of fairies he had heard his mother tell, in which trees and rocks and brooks were brought to life and speech like men and women. It ran through and through his thought as he approached the village along the far bank of the creek, screened against chance observance by the fringe of vines and willows. He crouched in a thick growth of weeds above the wrecked milldam on which he crossed, watching the lights in the windows by which he meant to time his enterprise.

The damp air intensified the night smells. Gradually the thin, faintly acid scent of the carrot, rising from the bruised stems under his weight, obscured his errand, brought his mind back to Andy's whispered whimsies. A slow depression overcast his excitement in the adventure, a kind of gray shadow falling over a vivid view.

Cities—he saw them again as he had known them, memory blotting out the fanciful pictures he had conceived since his sudden decision to break open John Sinnot's safe. He still foresaw the lights and music and luxury, but, curiously, their appeal was dulled and flattened.

The fat lands, where the corn grew, and the carrot was no flower, but an ugly weed. He tried to shake the silly idea from him. Laura—he summoned up a vision of her, the wistful vacillation in her eyes, the round, white, soft arms of her, the yellow hair framing her puzzled brows.

It bewildered him to discover that he did not thrill at the prospect of their flight together. He seemed to look beyond, into a future in which her arms would be a weight about his neck, her alluring softness an offense. He thought, with a stabbing indraft of his breath, that she would mother his children in the hot crowded hurry of a city. They would be like her—dependent, clinging, drifting with the current of any stronger will they met, boys like Lonnie Carlin, girls like Laura herself.

The broken dam behind him made him think inconsequently of the days when it had leashed water for the mill, a skeleton of mortised oaken timbers, with a few rotting weatherboards still clinging to it. He had looked through the ruin on an earlier walk home from town, observed the massive strength of those timbers, the wooden shafts and pinions adzed and whittled out of hickory and oak and ironwood. It had taken men to build that mill—men who could have stood toe to toe with Jud Wyatt, swung an ax beside him, equaled him at any test he chose.

Where were they now, those men? Their children must be alive—living here in the rich farmlands they had taken by main strength from the woods. Sinnot's Mill—they had called the town by that name in the old days. Sinnot—he thought of the Sinnot who had hewed those timbers out of the virgin woods, and of the Sinnot who sat behind a brass screen and trafficked in other men's money, with his plump sickly-white fingers.

"It's bad for the crops when the carrot grows in the plowland, but it's worse for the carrot!"

Weeds, like Sinnot, instead of flowers. Slowly, painfully, he achieved the parallel. There were men who were meant for the waste places that God abhorred, men who lived and grew hardy where lesser breeds would die. It was such men who had built the old mill, cleared the land. And their sons were Sinnot and Carlin and Charley Graney!

A stirring of wind seemed to lift the sharp smell of the carrot to his nostrils. He saw the overgrown garden in the hills, saw Hattie Flint, thigh deep amid the silver fronds, her eyes inscrutable, unconquerable, understanding.

He rose suddenly, a sobbing laugh in his throat. He knew that he would find her as he had left her, in the waste places where weeds were flowers, waiting for him to come back from the fat soft lands where flowers were weeds. He saw the lights of the eastbound train slipping toward the village, and broke into a run. In two days he could be back in the harsh hills where God had planted him—and Hattie.

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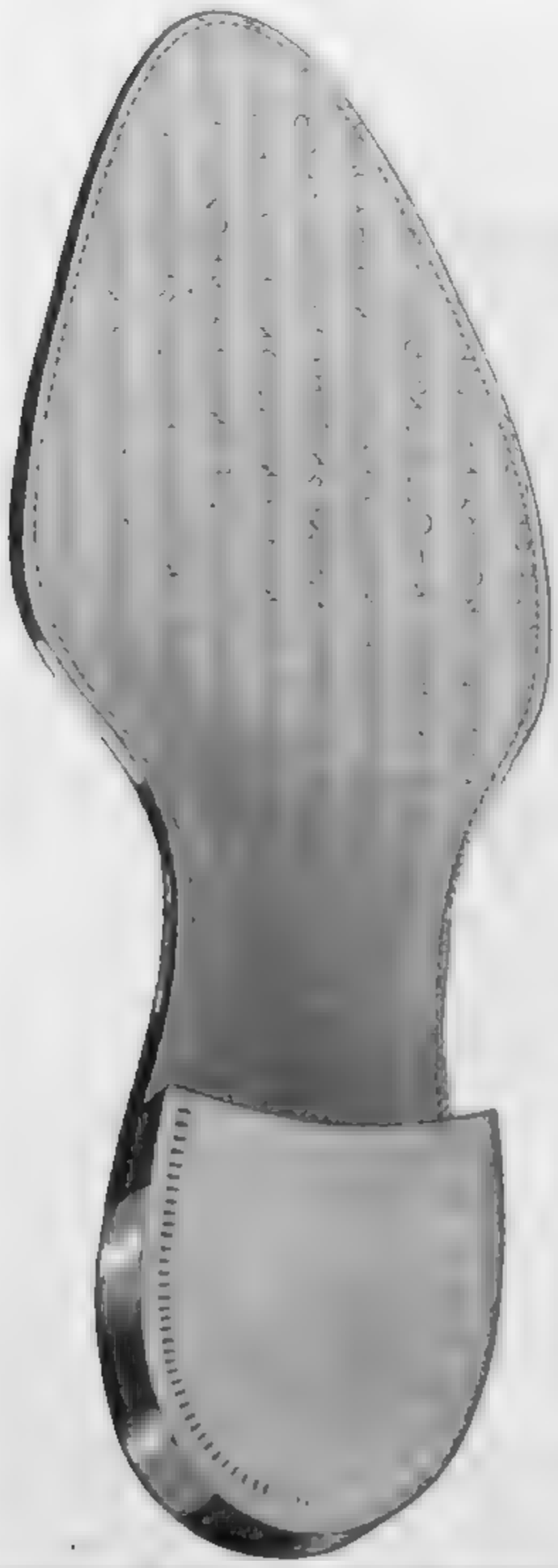

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THE ROSE DAWN

(Continued from Page 5)

white mission on the hill, and again the gleam of the sea where the coast swept back almost at right angles to form the harbor.

The colonel did not turn round, however. He stood there straight and slim in his long frock coat, with his fine, lean, kindly old face raised to the sun and the breeze, and his white hair stirring softly. The sky was very blue, and in its deeps swung buzzards in wide, stately circles. The air was warm and fragrant, and on it floated the clear, liquid songs of the meadow larks and the quick, buzzy notes of the quail. The sun's warmth fell softly like an essence in suspension, and the colonel seemed to himself to be soaking it into his physical being as though it were indeed an ethereal, permeating substance. And the colonel in his simple old heart found it good and thanked his God.

But now of a sudden he waked as though he had been called, and with an appearance of almost guilty haste he strode down the hill. The two hounds, which had been patiently waiting his pleasure, yawned, stretched and followed after. The colonel walked briskly round the house to the front door. To the handle of the bell pull hung a turkey-feather duster as though left by a careless housemaid. It was there apurpose, however, as it was on all the bell pulls in Southern California; and the colonel put it to its appointed use on his boots.

He crossed the little hallway in two strides and entered the dining room. His wife, Allie, sat already at table behind a silver coffee service beneath which burned an alcohol lamp. She was a small, plump, merry-looking woman, with black hair in which appeared no thread of white. Her dress was of heavy, fine, black silk, relieved with white lace. Its cut was very plain and old-fashioned, but possessed a chic of its own that placed Allie definitely above the class of commonplace, small, plump women.

Her air was of brisk, amused tolerance, with a background of fine competence. Though she did not wear a bunch of keys at her girdle, one felt that it would have been symbolically appropriate for her to have done so. She raised her face for the colonel's gallant kiss.

"You are very late this morning, Richard," she remarked.

"There was much to attend to. You remember, this is a very important day."

The colonel sat across the table, but immediately rose to set aside a cut-glass bowl of magnificent red roses that had filled the center of the table.

"I would rather see you, dear, than the most beautiful roses in the world," he answered Allie's murmured protest.

He attacked the sliced oranges before him. A door opened noiselessly to admit the soft-footed Chinaman bearing a laden tray. He stood waiting. The colonel dallied with his fruit, telling Allie interestedly his morning adventure, pausing often with his spoon between plate and mouth.

"You eat fluit," broke in the Chinaman finally. "You stop talkee talkee, eat blekfus."

"Well, I declare, Sing Toy!" cried the colonel.

But Sing Toy, secure in the righteousness of his attitude, budged not one inch from it.

"Velly late," he pointed out without excitement. "You walkee walkee, no catch blekfus, you catch headache. I know."

He spoke from the profound empirical wisdom of fifteen years' service in this family, and therefore he spoke in confidence.

The colonel collapsed and meekly devoured his orange. Sing Toy changed the plates and served the food. His calm eye swept the dining room masterfully.

"You change your nightgown," he told Allie, and left the room.

"I swear that Chinaman will drive me beyond bounds!" cried the colonel.

"He merely meant the laundry boy was going to begin the week's wash to-day," chuckled Allie placidly. "I am only thankful that he did not say it before our guests. You know perfectly well, Richard, what a faithful dear old thing he is."

"I suppose so," muttered the colonel. "Still ——"

Sing Toy thrust his pig-tailed head through the door.

"Hot day," he announced. "Cunnel go catch thin coat. That one too thick. I fix um on bed. You go puttum on."

II

IN THE meantime the mounting sun was beginning to burn away the layer of high fog that had overhung the town. Each night at this time of year this blanket crept in from the sea and gathered out of nothing in the coolness of dawn. To one in the town it exactly resembled heavy rain clouds. Indeed, it was always difficult to persuade the tourist that his umbrellas and mackintoshes were unnecessary; that with absolute certainty it could be stated that those threatening, lowering clouds contained not one drop of rain. To one who had risen early enough to have ridden up the Sur it would have looked like a tumbled, shining, silver sea through which thrust the peaks of higher hills. From either point of view it appeared a permanent bit of weather that would take some time to change.

Nevertheless, about nine o'clock a weird brilliance appeared all at once to permeate the air. The heavy, inert, dead clouds seemed suddenly infused with life. A glimpse of overhead blue was hinted and instantly obliterated. A phantom half suggestion of a mountain peak in full sunshine showed for a moment through a gauze of white, misty light. Then between two minutes, simultaneously all over the cup of the heavens, the dark clouds thinned to a veil The veil was rent in two, twenty, a hundred places. It dissolved. A few shreds, drifting down a new freshness that rose from the sea, alone remained, and they melted to nothing before one's eyes. Magically the blue sky was clear and the sun was sending down its showers of golden warmth. The semicircle of mountains rose hard and clear in the sparkling air; the sea twinkled with a thousand eyes; the surf lay white along the yellow shore; and none more foolish than the distrustful tourist compelled to convey past concealed contempts his umbrella and his mackintosh.

The town of Arguello began then, as it does now, in a wharf: a long wharf that reached a half mile to find its deep water. It ended indeterminately in open country after two miles. Its one long main street was unpaved, unimproved. All its sidewalks were of wood, and there were no sidewalks except in the centers of commerce, wealth and fashion. The buildings in its business part were mostly one-story wooden affairs that pretended to be two-story by means of false fronts. There were, however, a number of pleasing variations, such as a four-storied brick structure with a tower and a loud-belled clock, called the Clock Building. The bank occupied part of its ground floor. All the big men had their offices upstairs, and on its upper floor was located the county library. There were also a number of wide, deep, overgrown, old-fashioned gardens with square-cupolaed houses, places whose owners had refused to succumb to commercial expansion. Also remained a number of adobe structures with red-tiled roofs, houses that had been there since the earliest Spanish days. Some of these were still occupied by native Spanish California families, but most of the few still remaining on Main Street had become Chinese laundries.

Near the head of Main Street, and a block apart, were two hotels. One, called the San Antonio, was three-storied, of brick, sat directly on the street and had a wooden awning that extended over the sidewalk. The other, called the Frémont, was a huge rambling affair of wooden construction, with broad verandas. It occupied the center of an extensive garden of palms, rubber, magnolia and eucalyptus trees, and a great profusion of flowers of both common and rare species. Vines had covered it and shaded it and glorified it with roses, with passion flower, with wistaria, with honeysuckle and many other sweet or brilliant blooms. A half dozen Chinamen were continuously engaged in watering and tending its lawns and gardens. Visitors from the East who had been there more than two weeks knew of a great many especial features to show the newer-comers, such as the black rose, or the La Marque, whose stem was six inches in diameter; or the cork tree; or the camphor or bay trees, whose leaves you crushed and smelled. And, of course, they must eat a

(Continued on Page 157)

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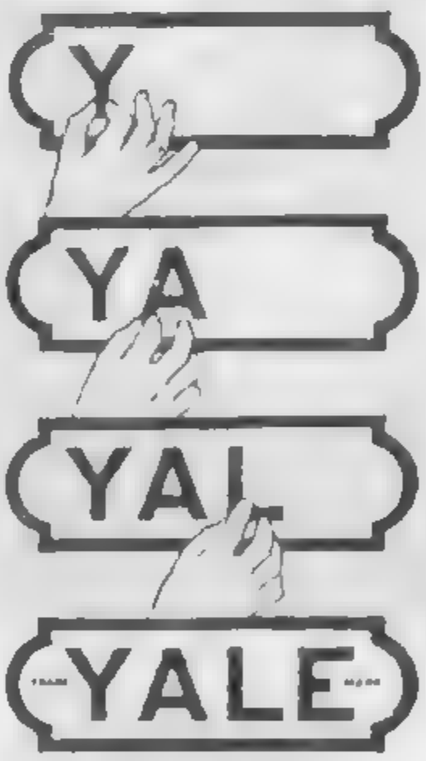
If shape settled it you could.

But that narrow slit which takes a small flat key does not finally identify either the lock or its key.

Go nearer—is the name YALE there?

The locks and keys that look like YALE at three yards are up against something else at three feet.



Up against the reason that made it worth while for them to look like YALE at all.

Up against the reason which makes it worth while to find YALE there. The name YALE on a lock is our signal to you that the lock is right.

That name is worth finding on any type of lock, on Hardware, Padlocks, Night Latches, Door Closers, Bank Locks, Chain Blocks, because it means that the goods will stand up when the going is the hardest.

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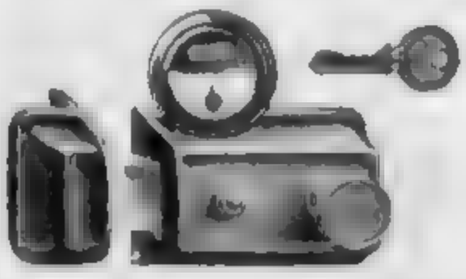
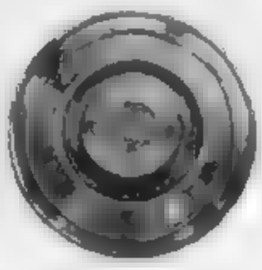
Yale Cylinder Night Latches



Yale Door Closers

Yale Chain Blocks

Yale Dial Locks



Yale Padlocks

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.. *Makers of the Yale Locks*--General Offices & Works: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines Ont Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

(Continued from Page 154)

ripe olive off the tree—and go round with a very puckered mouth the rest of the morning. You swept into these grounds on a curving, hospitably wide, graveled road and hitched your horse to a heavy rail made of iron pipe.

There were many of these rails, and they were always more or less occupied. Unless one happened to be a very recent and temporary tourist indeed, he never thought of walking even the shortest distances. Horses were extraordinarily cheap, either to buy or hire. All over the town horses, either under saddle or hitched to buggies, phaëtons or surreys, dozed under the feathery pepper trees. If one wanted to go two blocks he used a horse for that purpose. The length of Main Street was lined with them. Most people owned two or three and alternated them in the somnolent job of waiting their masters' pleasure. As a corollary to this state of affairs, the saddlers' shops were large and fascinating with the smell of leather, the sight of carved, silver-mounted saddles, of braided-rawhide bridles with long thongs, of inlaid spurs and horsehair work, of *reatas*, of horsehair *cinchos*, of fancy *cuartas*, and the like. There were also monstrous frame stables, each accommodating hundreds of animals, with corrals and horse troughs and generally a lot of lolloping dogs stretched in the sunny dust, and Mexicans who smoked brown-paper cigarettes.

From these each morning a long procession set forth. One man would drive a phaeton and lead a half dozen saddle horses attached to the horns of each other's saddles; another would ride and lead another half dozen. In all directions they scattered out through the town, leaving them by ones and twos here and there at the iron-pipe hitching rails. When all but one had been delivered the Mexican boy rode back to the stable, sitting his saddle loosely, with the inimitable grace of the cowboy seat. At noon it was necessary to go after the vehicles. The saddle horses, however, returned of themselves. The only requirement necessary was to tie the reins to the horns so that the animals could not stop to graze, to throw the stirrups across the saddle and to slap the beasts on the rump; they returned staidly or friskily home. At noon and toward six o'clock the streets would be full of these riderless animals.

This scheme was eminently labor-saving and picturesque, but was later prohibited by law.

From the door of the bank in the Clock Building a man issued, briskly drawing on his gloves. He was followed by a bareheaded clerk, who continued talking to him while he unhitched his horse and buggy. The man was rather short and slight, with a large round head, a very ruddy complexion, an old-fashioned white mustache and goatee, and rather bulging blue eyes. He was dressed carefully, though informally. His Panama hat, loose light tweeds and dark tie were eminently conservative and respectable. But in his small, cloth-topped, exquisitely fitted patent-leather boots one thought to catch his secret pride, his one harmless little vanity. Indeed, even as he finished his conversation with the clerk, he mechanically produced a large silk handkerchief and with it flecked imaginary dust from one foot, then the other. His name was Oliver Mills, and he was the president of the bank he was now quitting in the middle of a busy morning.

"Well, Simpson," he concluded, "you tell him that. And if he isn't satisfied he will have to come and see me to-morrow. I wouldn't miss showing at the colonel's jamboree for a dozen of him. In fact, to-day ought by rights to be a bank holiday so everyone could go."

He gathered up the reins and clucked to his horse. The animal set himself in motion with a great deal of histrionic up and down and not much straight ahead. It was rather a shiny and fancy horse, however, with a light-tan harness and a wonderful netted fly cover that caparisoned him like a war horse of old, even to his ears, and with dangling tassels that danced like jumping jacks to his every motion. Mr. Mills, however, was apparently in no haste. He held the reins loosely in his lap, over which he had drawn a thin linen robe, and did not reach for the silver-banded whip in the socket. Up the length of Main Street he drove, bowing right and left to his numerous acquaintances and casting an appreciative and appraising eye on signs of improvement. These would not have astonished a modern hustler, but they satisfied Mr. Mills that his town was moving on and prosperous. He liked the friendly greetings; he was glad to see a wooden sidewalk going down; he enjoyed the feel of the sun pouring on his back.

At the Frémont he turned in and drove up alongside the very wide, shady veranda, whose floor was only just above the level of the ground. A man seated in one of the capacious wooden rocking-chairs heaved himself to his feet and came forward. He was of the build known as stocky, and was clad in a well-cut blue serge. His large head was grown closely with a cap of very black and rather coarse curls. His forehead was low and broad, his eyebrows black and beetling, his eyes humorous, his mustache black, his cheeks red and slightly veined with purple—altogether a dashing, handsome, black and red, slightly coarse man, with undoubtedly a fund of high spirits and obvious wit; and his eyes and forehead showed ability.

"Good morning, Mr. Mills," he cried in a loud, hearty voice. "How are you? Fine morning, isn't it?"

"Of course," replied the banker a little vaguely.

The other man chuckled.

"Of course," he repeated. "I suppose you mean to say all your mornings are fine, eh?"

"At this time of year—yes. How are you feeling?"

"As if the doctor who ordered me out here was a damn liar. Never felt better in my life. If you hadn't said you would be along I would have taken a walk over to the mountains and back to get up an appetite for lunch. Not that I need one; I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"Would you really?" said Mills quizzically. "Before lunch? You are certainly no invalid, Mr. Boyd. Quite an athlete, I should say."

"Why, that's no walk!" exclaimed Boyd defensively.

"It's six miles to those mountains."

Boyd checked an exclamation and examined the other closely.

"Looks as though he meant it," he commented as though to himself. "Can't figure his ulterior motive. Why, you poor chump," he cried, "what do you take me for? If I can't walk there and back in an hour I'll eat a hat!"

"The air is very clear," said Mills quietly. "I should admire to see you try. However, get your hat and your boy and we'll be getting on."

"Well, if that's six miles it must be about a mile and a half to the hatrack, so don't expect me back soon," was Boyd's parting rejoinder as he started for the office door.

In a few moments he returned accompanied by a slender lad of about twenty. The boy was like the next step in the evolution of his father's type—taller, more lightly built, not quite so obviously curly and black and red. His hair, instead of being shiny crow-black, was of a very dark brown; instead of kinking into tight ringlets it lay in loose waves. His forehead was bold and frank, as were his eyes. He walked with spring and pride, and his expression was alert and joyous and outspringing in spirit. It was obvious that the elder Boyd was extremely proud of him. Nevertheless, he made the introduction exceedingly casual, almost offhand, and at once climbed into the buggy.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Kenneth," said Mr. Mills. "There's a little seat in the back, if you can make out how it goes—that's it."

He cramped the wheel carefully, and drove out of the hotel grounds. On Main Street he turned to the left, and so headed for the open country.

"I am glad to hear our climate is proving beneficial," remarked Mr. Mills after they had made the turn successfully, "and I hope you may remain with us a long time."

"I'm all right," returned Boyd, "except that I'm beginning to be troubled a little with insomnia."

"Insomnia?" repeated the banker. "You astonish me! The soporific quality of our air has been rather a matter of pride with us. I never knew of anybody who did not go to bed and sleep soundly all night long in Arguello."

"Oh, I sleep all right nights—and afternoons," drawled Boyd, "but I'm getting a little wakeful mornings."

Mills looked doubtful for a moment, then at the sound of a snort from Kenneth in the back seat he smiled faintly.

Patrick DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

Wool Garments— The Sportsman's Choice

RESIST cold, wind and moisture. Built on comfortable lines. Made of the same genuine north country wool which has made Patrick cloth famous.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth. It is essentially a north country fabric, made from the thick, long-fiber wool of "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Look for the Patrick label on the garments you buy. Outing Blankets, Auto Robes, Mackinaws, Shooting Jackets, Hunting Coats, Stag Shirts and Breeches, Sweaters, Socks and Caps.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Patrick Wool Products, we will gladly direct you to one who will.

Send for new catalog, also for Elbert Hubbard's book, "Bigger Than Weather"—both are free.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
16 Avenue A Duluth, Minn.

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

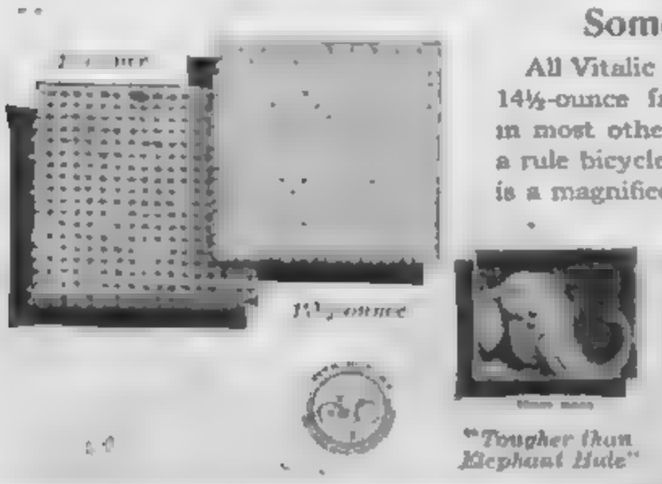
"They've made good, all right!"

VITALIC Bicycle Tires cost a trifle more than other tires, but they run up a great deal bigger mileage. And they give their big mileage in easy-riding, puncture-free peace of mind.

The pure, strong rubber outside, combined with the tough, closely-woven fabric inside, enables Vitalics to give the most miles for your money.

Manufacturers of such bicycles as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley-Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale use Vitalic Tires as regular equipment on their better-grade wheels.

Ask the dealer to show you Vitalic Tires. Then try them.



"Tougher than Elephant Hide"

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most other bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric. You can see why Vitalics "stand the gaff."

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
Erie, Pa.

Export Dept., 41 Warren St., New York

"Ah, that is a jest," he stated.

"Yes, it was a jest," agreed Boyd soberly.

A very wide, squat street car came swaying down the uneven track in the center of the street. It was driven by a Mexican boy in a wide hat who was perched precariously on the rail of the front platform. Hitched to it by long rope traces pattered two mules so diminutive that they looked no bigger than dogs.

"I started for the beach in that contraption yesterday," remarked Boyd. "I was the only man aboard; but there were a half dozen women. Each of those women had some shopping to do. The car waited while they went into the stores and bought things. I got tired after a while and got out and walked. Can you beat that?"

"Oh, yes, that is quite the custom," was Mills' comment. "You see, the car only makes four round trips a day."

"I see," returned Boyd in rather a crushed voice.

They drove in silence for some moments. The open country succeeded the last scattered houses of the town. The oak-parked hills rolled away to right and left unfretted by fences. Ground squirrels scurried to their holes; little owls bobbed from the tops of low earth mounds; a road runner flopped rangily into the dust of the road and racked away in challenge ahead of the horse. Under the oak trees stood the cattle, already fed full. The starred carpet of alfilaria had been fitted to the hills, and in the folds and up the slopes scarfs of bright color—lupin, poppy, *nieve*, poor-man's gold—had been flung. Quail and meadow lark, oriole and vireo, led a chorus of birds. In tiny pond patches of tule and cat-tail mud hens and ducks talked busily in low voices. The yellow sunlight flooded the land like an amber wine.

"You certainly have a wonderful country to look at, and wonderful weather. What's the matter with it?"

"Matter with it?" repeated Mills. "Nothing! What do you mean?"

"Well, look round you. There isn't a house to be seen. If this country was as good as it looks you ought to have a farmhouse for every two hundred acres."

"Oh, I see! Well, this that you are looking at is all one big ranch—the Corona del Monte. Belongs to Colonel Peyton, where we are going."

"How far does he extend?"

"Up the valley? About five miles."

"What's beyond?"

"Las Flores—belongs to a Spanish family, the Cazaderos. They owned practically the whole of the valley under the old grant. The present ranch is not a quarter of their original holdings."

"Sell out?"

"The usual thing with these old families. They are very generous and very extravagant, and they have no idea of the value of money. All they know is that they go to the bank and get what they need. There must come an end to it—you know that. There comes a time when the bank must foreclose for its own protection."

"Then your land loans often require foreclosure?"

"You would be interested to look over the old tax lists. I'll take you down to the courthouse sometime to see them if you want. At first there were perhaps a dozen names, all Spanish. Then alongside each of those Spanish names came one or more American names, and the assessments against the Spanish grew smaller. You can pretty well trace the history of the county on those tax books. You ought to look them over."

"I should like to do so," asserted Boyd. "But under these conditions the bank must be in the ranching business pretty extensively."

"It is, and we don't like it; but we do as little management as we can help, and sell cheaply."

"Then," corrected Boyd, "the banks are in the real-estate business."

"We are that—up to the neck. But," he pointed out, "do not forget that is about the only way we'd ever open up the back country. The native won't sell a foot of his land. The only way to get it from him is by foreclosure."

"Do these big holders, like Peyton or this Spaniard, do any farming?"

"Peyton has a walnut orchard and some fruit in the bottom land, and of course some barley and alfalfa. All that is right near the home station. But most of it is cattle of course, and sheep in the mountains."

"And the Spaniard?"

"They have always a little stuff for home use round the ranch houses, but none of those people ever do much but cattle."

"Land not good for much else, I suppose," suggested Boyd with malice aforethought.

"Not good?" Mills fired up. "Let me tell you that this bottom land is the finest farming soil in the world. It will raise anything that can be raised anywhere in any climate. Why, sir, we have the finest products you ever saw in either the temperate or tropical zone! There is no use my trying to tell you about it. Drive down the valley to the south of the town and look about you."

"I should like to do so," said Boyd again.

They topped a little rise and looked ahead over the long flat across which the road led into the distance of other hills. Crawling white clouds of dust marked the progress of many other vehicles. These turned at a point about midway in the valley to enter an avenue between a double row of tall fan palms.

"The colonel's guests are arriving," observed Mills.

The palm avenue, rustling mysteriously in the wind and flanked on either side by English walnut trees, ran straight as a string for nearly a mile, to end in a slight curve round the low wide knoll on which grew the Cathedral Oaks. Just before this ascent, however, they were turned aside by a very polite Mexican into a sort of paddock inclosure, where were provided an astonishing number of hitching posts and rails. Already nearly a hundred animals were there securely anchored. The rigs varied from ramshackle buggies, white with dust, to smart surreys or buckboards. In the center was even a high four-seated trap. The four horses stood tied to the wheels. They were good-looking animals, and possessed the then astounding peculiarity of roached manes and banged tails.

"Who's that outfit belong to?" asked Boyd, his attention attracted by the smartness of detail of all this.

An expression of disapproval clouded the banker's prominent eyes.

"Young fellow named Corbell," he replied shortly. "Wild young fool. Owns a ranch out beyond here."

They left the paddock and made their way up the knoll and across the lawn to the ranch house.

Colonel and Mrs. Peyton stood at the foot of the three veranda steps receiving their guests. Many of the latter were strolling about beneath the trees and on the lawn; others were wandering in groups down the slope and across the way to the picnic grove. The women looked very cool and fresh in light-colored dresses. Among those who lingered as by right on the lawn were the élite of Arguello, and they bore themselves accordingly. The men were very bluff and sententious, but with a roving eye on the punch bowls. The women wore huge excrescences called bustles and little hat bonnets on the front of their heads, and they walked with elegance. To the elders all this imparted an air of great dignity and virtue, but some of the younger, fresh-faced dashing creatures managed to make of these rather awful appurtenances weapons for conquest. They flirted the bustles from one side to the other, or they looked out from under square-banged hair beneath the little hats, and great was the slaughter.

III

THE stream past the colonel and his wife swelled and slackened, but never ceased. As Boyd moved on after his conventional greeting he heard the colonel mention the name Corbell, and turned in curiosity to see the owner of the four-in-hand. He looked upon a rather short, dapper individual with a long, lean, brown face, snapping black eyes and a little mustache waxed to straight needle points. This man was exquisitely dressed in rough clothes of Norfolk cut—in that time and place!—a soft silk shirt and collar, a pastel necktie. He wore no jewelry but a large signet ring. His concession to the West was his hat, which was probably the widest, highest and utmost turned out of the factory. With him seemed to be somewhat of a group of young men; of whom, however, Boyd noticed particularly only one. Indeed, that one could hardly escape notice. He stood well over six feet and bulged with enormous frame and muscles. His complexion was very blond, so that the ruddiness of his open-air skin showed in fierce and pleasing

(Continued on Page 161)

New Velie 34 Blazes 1920 Trail Into Yosemite

Through Mountain Snowdrifts and Bottomless Mud

The first automobile to enter the Yosemite Valley in 1920 over the all but impassable Wawona road was a Velie Model 34.

The 34 is the new thoroughbred just born into the famous old Velie family of cars. It has introduced itself to all motordom by a feat that proves it capable of performing far more than the average motorist requires.

It did this in April when the route was drowned in seas of mud or buried under tons of snow. Motorists who knew the road united in saying it could not be done.

Others Found Velie's Tracks

Yet the Velie blazed the way for an endurance run which other cars attempted a month later. Even then the automobile editor of the Los Angeles Times wrote: "You can still see the tracks of the Velie and indications of its terrific battle."

The Velie was driven by members of the Lord Motor Car Company and Cadwalader-Chase Company, California Velie dealers. It bucked snowdrifts six feet deep and hundreds of feet long—climbed steep, slippery, tortuous mountain grades, waded through great mudholes that seemed to have no bottom. It is a thrilling story of courage and car stamina told in the diary of the trip

Just As An Instance:

"Lord walked to summit of Chinquapin and reported many drifts ahead four to six feet deep—one, a half mile long. Drove back to 11-mile cabin Fifteen miles from Yosemite Village. *But the hard work is all to come.*"

They built four sets of skids. On these the Velie made the steep ascent to the summit. Then the party ran the car over a railroad switch to avoid drifts. If there is any kind of a bump or jar the Velie 34 did not get on this trip, it has not been described

Entire Trip Without Repairs

The entire trip from Los Angeles to the floor of the Yosemite—the whole of the difficult journey thru snow and mud, up grade and down—was made without a single car repair of any kind—truly a remarkable record!

By this performance the new Velie, scarce two months old, won the coveted Dyas Gold Trophy. The Velie took this prize for a similar performance with the larger Velie Six in 1917.

A handsomely illustrated book giving the complete story is just off the press. Send for a copy. It shows splendid reproductions from photographs of the car at the most exciting points of the trip—also the U. S. Rangers certificate giving first honors to the Velie. Free for the asking.

Any Velie Could Do It

It was picked at random from hundreds of stock cars. The car simply upheld the Velie tradition of 10 years. Blood will tell. Although Model 34 sells at a lower price than its larger brothers, not one essential of Velie quality has been sacrificed. The difference in price is on size alone. Yet Model 34 provides comfortable seating for five adults.

It has Velie style with Velie genuine leather deep-plaited upholstery, the Velie lasting mirror finish—and the Velie economy in fuel, tires and upkeep *On the point of low operating expense the Velie has records as notable as its Yosemite victories.*

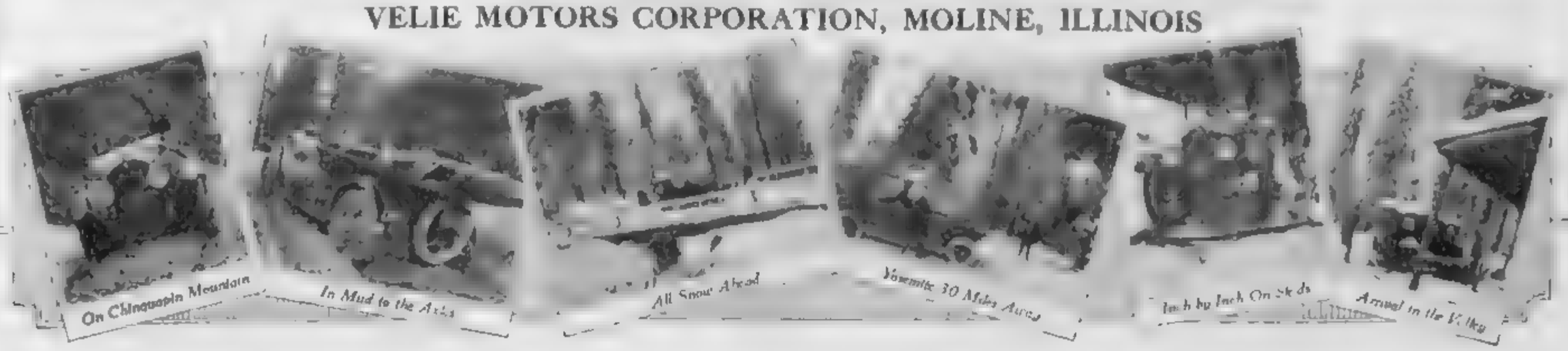
Five Larger Velie Models

The five larger Velie models, open and closed, embody all the Velie winning qualities. They have won a remarkable reputation for their distinctive style and silent, flexible power.

The 48 line includes Touring Car, Sedan, Coupé, Roadster and Speedster—a car for every need or preference. Such cars as only an old and experienced organization backed by immense resources can produce. Winners from the start.

Catalogs for the asking.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, MOLINE, ILLINOIS


On Chinquapin Mountain
In Mud to the Axles
All Snow Ahead
Yosemite 30 Miles Away
Inch by Inch On Skids
Arrival in the Valley

Full Weight and Quality
The New England Standard

WHEN John Hull, the mint master of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, gave his daughter her weight in pine tree shillings as a dowry, he knew that every coin was full weight — and of exact fineness.

These silver pine tree shillings — the first coins minted in any of the colonies — well typify the painstaking care and sterling honesty of Puritan New England. And today this same quality is evident in New England manufactures — in a thousand and one products made better in New England than elsewhere, and at less cost.

Come to New England. Familiarize yourself with her enormous industrial development; visualize her remarkable growth as a market for goods and as a field for intensive industrial and commercial extension.

The Old Colony Trust Company, by close association with New England's greatest industrial projects and developments, by familiarity with New England conditions and resources, is in an unusually favorable position to furnish reliable information and to execute financial commissions promptly and economically. We invite correspondence.

We shall be glad to send you our illustrated booklet, "*New England — Old and New*," issued in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the First Pilgrim Landing, in 1620. Address Department A.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

(Continued from Page 158)

contrast to his bleached mustache and eyebrows. To make it all more emphatic, he wore garments of small black-and-white checks. It would have been impossible to compute how many thousands of these little squares there were spread abroad over his great round chest and thick arms alone.

"Lord, there's a strong-looking chap! How'd you like to tackle him, Ken?" commented Mr. Boyd as they drew apart.

"He's powerful big. He looks strong"

"He is strong," broke in a stranger who had overheard. "I saw him once crawl under a felled tree and raise it on the broad of his back."

"Who is he?"

"Rancher. Owns the next place to Corbell, that little dude there. Named Hunter—Bill Hunter. They call him Big Bill. Somebody once said he looked pneumatic."

"Why?"

"Looks sort of as if he had been blowed up with an air pump."

"That also is a jest," stated Mills.

Kenneth laughed joyously.

"I wonder if he'd collapse if you stuck a pin in him?"

"I reckon something would collapse," agreed the stranger dryly. "You from the East, I take it. Out for long?"

"Yes. I don't know—depends on father," said Kenneth, indicating Mr. Boyd, who had by now strolled away with the banker.

"Old man sick, eh?"

"He's here for his health," admitted Kenneth.

The stranger, who was long and lank and solemn, produced a match, carefully whittled it to a point and thrust it in his mouth. He did this simple act with such a purposeful air of deliberation that Kenneth found himself watching with interest and in silence.

"My name's Paige—Jim Paige," said that individual then. "I run the main harness shop in this place—carved leather, silver work—all that stuff."

"My name is Boyd," reciprocated Kenneth. "I don't run anything."

Paige grinned appreciatively.

"Know anybody round here?"

"Not a soul. We've only been here a week."

"A week! And don't know nobody?" Paige cast a quizzical side glance. "And you don't look extra bashful either. Might know you were from the East."

"Have you ever been East?" countered Kenneth.

"Yes, once."

"Like it?"

"No."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, I'll tell you," drawled Paige with an air of great privacy. "Back East when you don't do nothing you feel guilty, but out here when you don't do nothing you don't give a damn. But look-a here! You've got to know some of the little she devils we raise round here—a young fellow like you."

He seized Kenneth firmly above the elbow, and before that young man knew what was up propelled him to a group of young people giggling consumedly after the fashion of the very young.

"Hey, you Dora! Look here! I want you to meet up with Mr. Boyd of the effete East. He's been here a week, and don't know anybody and seemingly hasn't got spunk enough to get acquainted."

He surveyed the group a tolerant moment, then sauntered away, his lank figure moving loosely in his clothes, the sharpened match in the corner of his mouth, his eyes wandering lazily and humorously from group to group. Kenneth, rooted to the spot, blushing to the ears, found himself facing a laughing, mischievous group of young people. He stuttered something about intrusion, his mind murderously pursuing the departing Jim Paige. There could be no doubt that these were of the town's best, and to be thrust in this way by a harness maker ——

The laughing, mischievous girl addressed as Dora broke in on his agony.

"You must not mind old Jim Paige, Mr. Boyd," she was saying. "He brought us all up fairly, and taught us to ride, and even to walk, I do believe. My name is Dora Stanley. We are truly glad to meet you. Look about you if you don't believe it. Count us! Eight girls and two men!"

And then having by this chatter given him time to recover his self-possession, Miss Stanley presented him more formally to the members of the group.

In the meantime the colonel continued to greet an unending procession of his guests. They filed before him singly, in groups, in droves. There were many prominent in the life of the place who lingered importantly; there were many plainly dressed, awkward farmers and their wives, laboring men, Mexicans, who uttered their greetings and hurried past, a little uncomfortable until they had lost themselves in the crowd of their own kind at the barbecue grounds. The colonel knew them all by name, and he greeted each and every one of them with a genuine and cordial enthusiasm. With each he could exchange no more than a word; but he was really glad to see them, and they went on with little warm spots in their breasts.

One can hardly catalogue over the notables of that day as they filed past, important as some of them now loom in the light of tradition and legend. Perhaps we should not omit the poet, Snowden Delmore—a tall, slender, hairless man with fine cut, pale features and exquisite, long, pale fingers. He took obvious moral platitudes and cast them in sonnet form with Greek imagery and occasional poetic-sounding words like *thalassa* that people had to look up. This was all very serious with him, and he was the center of a group. In contrast came Doctor Wallace, the best physician, who was short and round and coarse and blunt-fingered and blunt-speeched. With him, just to make the contrast complete, was Judge Crosby—a tall, white, sarcastic, ultrapolite individual in a frock coat. These two were great cronies, and very canny. After paying their respects to the colonel they proceeded at once to the punch bowl, the contents of which they sampled cautiously.

"Belly wash!" judged Doctor Wallace.

"Intended for the consumption of the ladies," agreed Judge Crosby.

"Well, Colonel Dick knows a heap better than that." The doctor planted his thick, square legs wide apart and looked about him. "I see Sing Toy making signals," he said. "Come on."

The Chinaman was standing at the side steps to the porch where he could keep an eye on the punch bowl.

"You come in. Miss heap muchee fun," he commanded the doctor, who was a favorite of his.

"All right, Toy, you old rascal. How's your gizzard?"

"No hab doctor. Gizzard velly good," replied the Oriental without expression.

The doctor chuckled vastly, and stumped up the steps and into the dining room.

"Will you look at this lot of hoary old highbinders?" he cried.

The little room was filled with men. The selection of the company was Sing Toy's, not the colonel's. Therefore no one was there who had not fine raiment, respectability, an appreciable bank account and years of discretion. Your Chinaman is conventional. Hilarity there was, but not noisy hilarity. Only thin board and batten intervened between them and wives. On the table were bourbon and rye whisky.

Outside the guests had nearly all arrived. Mrs. Peyton had disappeared in the house in pursuit of some final directions or arrangements. The colonel for the moment stood alone, looking pleasedly round the groups on his lawn and under his green trees. His eyes lighted with especial pleasure at the sight of two late comers, and he deserted his post to meet them as they came down the drive.

"Brainerd, my boy, I am so glad to see you here. The day would not have been complete without you. It was good of you to come after all, and to bring my Puss. How is she?"

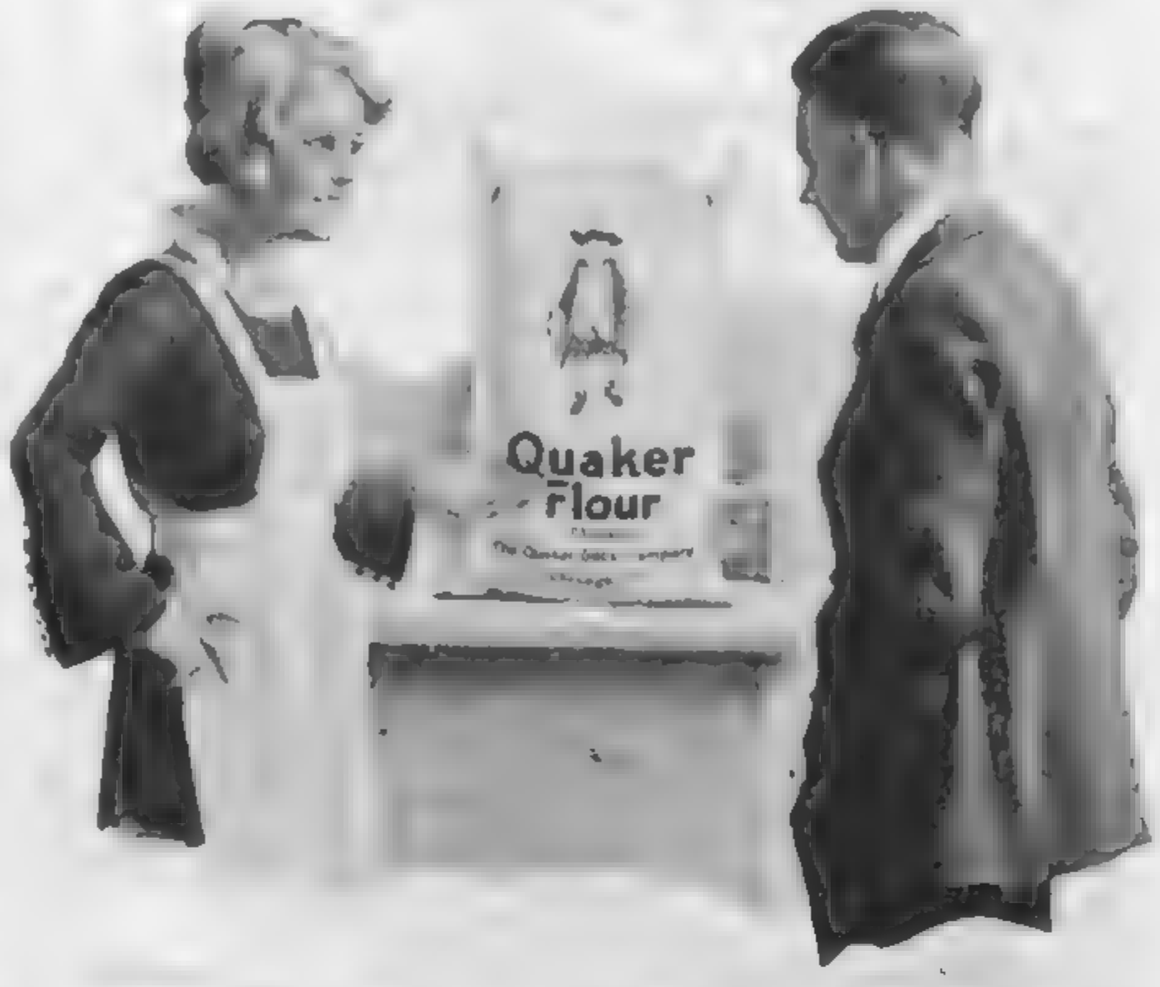
"Hate a crowd," returned Brainerd. "Don't know why I came. Not going to stay long."

He was a long, loose-jointed man; slow moving, cool in manner, with cool gray eyes, a little tired and a little sad; a ragged, chewed-looking mustache; and with long, lean, brown hands. A round spot of color burned high on his cheek bones. His expression was sardonic and his manner bristly in a slow, wearied fashion. He was dressed in loose, rough tweeds that looked old but of respectable past.

The individual referred to by the colonel as Puss, however, seemed infused with all the vitality missed in the other. She was at first glance a very large child of twelve or thirteen, but a second inspection left the observer a little puzzled. Her dress was short and her long, slim legs had few curves of maturity. She wore the frock of

Quaker Flour

A surprise that awaits you



For Our Friends

For the lovers of Quaker quality

For the people who love Quaker Cereals we are making a super-grade Flour.

It can never be made for everybody—not for one-tenth the people. It requires rare-grade wheat, and we use but the choicest bits.

Only about half the wheat kernel goes into it. Two lower grades of flour are made from the parts which we discard.

So the supply of Quaker Flour will ever be limited. We advertise it little. But we want the friends of Quaker Cereals to know that they can get it.

No fancy price

This is the cream-flour from the finest wheat. Chemists constantly analyze it, bakers constantly test it—right in our mills.

It is made by master millers in the latest way. Hour by hour we watch it to maintain this super-grade

It makes whiter bread, lighter bread, finer-flavored bread. Every loaf reveals its supremacy.

Yet Quaker Flour is sold on such narrow margin that it costs little, if any, more than any other standard flours.

It was welcome

Quaker Flour won an amazing welcome. Users told others about it. A few users grew to a million before we advertised the flour.

Now four great mills are required to make it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

If these facts appeal to you, try it. If your grocer lacks it he will get it for you. Try one sack to learn if such Flour is the kind you want.

Compare its bread with ordinary bread and see which you like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Akron, Ohio Cedar Rapids, Iowa Peterborough, Ontario Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills we conform to Government requirements as to percentage of wheat kernel used.

Quaker Biscuit Flour

For biscuits, pancakes, cakes, cookies, etc., you need a different sort of flour. For such dainties we make this Quaker Biscuit Flour from special wheat in a special way. We make it self-raising, then seal it in round packages with tops so it can't deteriorate.

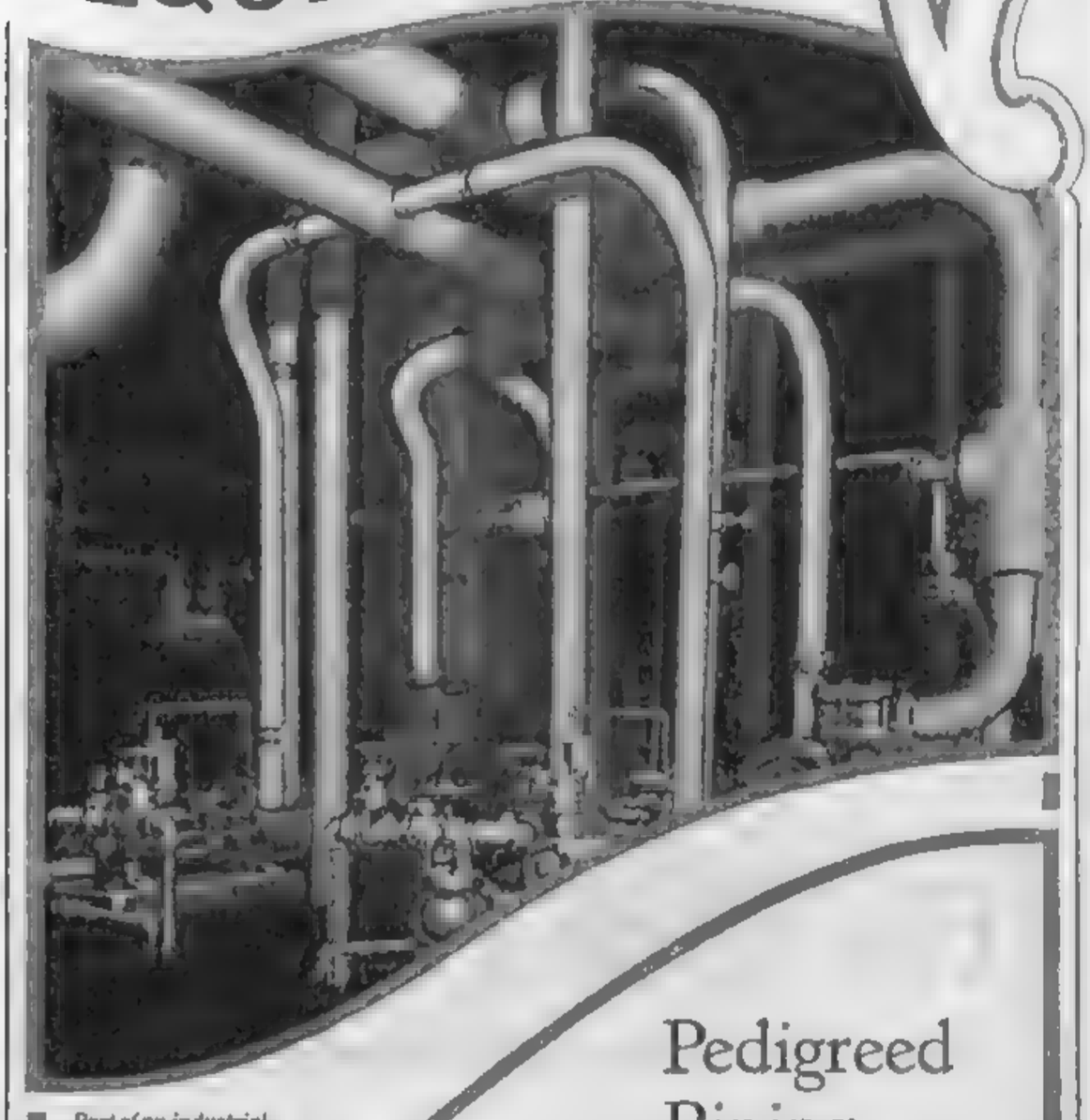
Quaker Farina

This is granulated inner wheat—just the choicest, sweetest, whitest bits. About half the wheat kernel is discarded in the making. No higher grade of farina is possible, yet Quaker Farina costs no fancy price. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc. The granulations make such foods inviting.

3453

INDUSTRIAL PIPING EQUIPMENTS

SCIENCE AND SERVICE



Part of an industrial piping equipment in the Manchester St. Power House of the Rhode Island Co., Providence, R. I.

Pedigreed Piping Experience

OF all the varied applications of piping to industry, Grinnell Company has specialized in those named below. It has grown to be the largest organization in the world for designing, fabricating and erecting industrial piping equipments.

This growth is due not so much to the fact that these particular equipments require the utmost technical knowledge, but to the simpler fact that special problems and difficulties arise in each equipment which can be met successfully only out of a fund of practical experience.

That experience has been handed down to us through 70 years, which might justify us in referring to it as pedigreed piping experience.

IF IT'S INDUSTRIAL PIPING, TAKE IT UP WITH GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems
Steam, Hot Water and Gas Heating — Power and Related Piping
Pipe Bending, Threading and Fabricating — Fittings, Pipe, Valves
Welding — Process Piping of all kinds — Compressed Air Lines
Water Supply Systems — Constant Level Size Circulating System
Piping for Acids and Alkalies
Hydraulic Piping — Gordon Dryers — Safety Fuel Saver

GRINNELL COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES PROVIDENCE R. I.
INCORPORATED
Offices in all the larger cities of the United States and Canada.

a child, with a bright-colored Roman sash; her tumbled hair was tied with a ribbon. But her poise was that almost of a grown woman, and she carried with her a calm distinction difficult to define. It was perhaps an atmosphere of simplicity and freedom from the childhood conventions usually taught little girls, or perhaps it was only the intense vitality that seemed to emanate from her. Her long, slim body radiated it; each individual fine-spun hair on her tumbled head seemed to stand out from its fellows as a charged conductor; it smoldered deep below the calm of her clear gaze as she looked about her. She stood without fidget, indeed without any motion at all, completely restful; but somehow at the same time she conveyed the impression of being charged for rapid, darting motion, like a humming bird. Her cheeks were brown, with deep rich red beneath the surface, and her features were piquantly irregular. The conclusion of an observer would have been that she was at least fifteen, with an after wonder as to why she did not dress her age.

That feature of the case scandalized Mrs. Crosby. It always did scandalize her every time she saw the child, so the novelty of the emotion was somewhat worn, though the expression of it had gained by practice. Mrs. Crosby was of the type of fat woman that wears picture hats and purple and rides in limousines with lots of glass. There were no limousines in those days, but that fact did not interfere with Mrs. Crosby. She always established herself in chairs and summoned people. Just now she was talking to Snowden Delmore.

"Just look at that child!" she cried to the attentive poet. "Did you ever see anything so utterly absurd? Great long-legged thing dressed like a kindergarten! And such an outlandish rig! She looks like a little gypsy! I tell you, Mr. Delmore, say what you will, any child needs the influence of a woman—a mother. There is an example of what happens when a child is turned over to a man. See how she stands there! You would think she was the equal in age and social standing of anyone here. It is almost impertinence. You agree with me, of course?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," hastened Delmore.

As a matter of fact, the poet was thinking that the garment with its queer color combinations had a quaint, attractive distinction of its own; and that the child's clear, bold, spirited profile, as she looked off into space waiting for her elders to finish their conversation, was fascinating in its suggestion of the usual things lacked and the unusual gained. Snowden Delmore was deep in his soul a real poet, and he could occasionally see the point, though he had a pretty thick highbrow and egotistical overlay. But who was he to dispute Mrs. Crosby? Only Mrs. Wallace did that.

The colonel continued to stand with his hand affectionately on Brainerd's thin shoulder.

"You need not stay a moment longer than you wish. I am only too glad that you have come. You must wish Allie happiness on her birthday, however, before you go."

"I wouldn't fail to do that, colonel," said Brainerd, with a softening of expression.

"That's right! That's right! And now let us get over to the grove. Allie must be there already. How are you?"

"Me? Oh, well enough! Old Wallace says my bellows are getting fairly serviceable. I notice I can go ten hours after quail all right enough, but I can't seem to go more than ten minutes after good, honest work. Colonel, I'm beginning to believe I'm a fraud."

"It's old Nature working her way with you, Brainerd. You mind her. She knows best. If she says hunt quail and don't build fences you obey her. Let me tell you a secret. I found it out last time I was up in the city with Mrs. Peyton. I got all tired out going round shopping with her, and I figured afterward that I had actually walked just over two miles. Two miles, sir, and I mighty near had to go to bed when I came in! I've often ridden over to Los Quitos and back in a day, and that makes sixty-five miles. How do you account for it, eh? It isn't what you do with your body that makes you tired; it's what you do with your mind. And so you hunt your quail and get well."

He still kept his hand on Brainerd's shoulder, which he patted gently from time to time, emphasizing the points of this speech.

"Colonel," said the latter with a short laugh, "as an apologist for laziness you stand alone. I now feel myself the model of all the virtues."

"That's right! That's right!" returned the old man, much pleased. "And how are the crops?"

"Well, the bees are laying up a lot of indifferent, muddy honey. The cherry crop seems to please the birds, of which there are six to each cherry. I found a couple of young apples starting yesterday. The spring still seems to be damp. There were two coyotes on the hill last night. The mortgage is a little better than holding its own. That's about one month's history. You can repeat for next month, except that those two apples will probably get worms."

The colonel laughed, and patted Brainerd's shoulder again.

"If I did not know you," he said, "I would say that you were getting bitter. But I know you. How does the new pony go, Puss?" he asked the girl.

She turned her direct, unembarrassed gaze at him.

"He is wonderful! The best I have ridden! I love him!"

"That is something I want to speak to you about," said Brainerd. "It is good of you to keep sending Daphne ponies to ride, and I appreciate it; but I really cannot permit you to do it. You must let me buy this pony if it is within my means."

"The animal must be exercised. It is a favor to me to get one of them cared for and ridden."

"Nonsense, colonel! I know better than that. And I know the value of these horses of yours. That pony is old, fine stock. If you will not let me pay for him I shall certainly have to send him back. You have been more than generous in the past, and I have been weak enough to allow you to do it, but it cannot go on."

Daphne glanced up and caught the look of distress on the colonel's face.

"Daddy, you are interfering with what does not concern you," she said calmly. "This is a matter entirely between my fairy godfather and me."

"Is it really? Well, upon my word!" cried Brainerd, bristling up.

But the colonel interposed, delighted at this unexpected aid:

"Yes, yes, to be sure! How dare you interfere, Brainerd, between me and my goddaughter? That is our affair. We will settle it ourselves."

He seized Daphne's hand and the two disappeared together in the direction of the grove, leaving Brainerd looking after them, a slight quirk relieving the bitterness of his mouth.

THE grove was abuzz with life. The huge barbecued joints had been dug up from the pit and now lay before Benito and his assistants, who sliced them deftly with long keen knives and laid the slices on plates. These were quickly snatched away by waiting, laughing girls, who took them in precarious piles to the tables. There waited the guests, cracking walnuts, eating raisins and oranges, making vast inroads on the supposedly ornamental desserts while awaiting the substantials. The volunteer waitresses darted here and there. They were girls of the country, both American and Spanish born. The former were magnificent figures cast on heroic lines: tall, full-bosomed, large-limbed, tawny and gold, true California products; the latter smaller, with high insteps, small bones, powdered faces, beautiful eyes. All alike were very starched and very busy. Men followed them with galvanized pails containing the celebrated sauce, composed mainly of onions, tomatoes and chilies cunningly blended, or pans with potatoes or tamales. One stout old California woman dressed in old-style *rebozo* and mantilla, her round face shining with heat and pleasure, carried a long platter heaped high with *tortillas*, which she urged on everyone.

"Da pancak' of old time," she cried. "Eet is veray goot. Try him."

Another group were close gathered at the short table that had been erected in front of the wine kegs. Here José and a number of helpers worked, busily filling tin cups that were continually thrust at their attention. At this table there seemed little need for the help of the tripping, laughing young waitresses. Everyone appeared willing and able to help himself. The wine was of the country and light in content, yet already its effect could be noticed in the loosening of tongue, the relaxing of the bucolic stiffness that had in certain quarters inaugurated the party. Young chaps

(Continued on Page 165)

Elliott-Fisher System Saves Money in Both Check and Savings Departments of Philadelphia Bank

Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company of Philadelphia adopts present system of quantity production in accounting, after experimenting with many methods. System employed is fundamentally the same as that used by manufacturers and retailers

ONE day about fifteen years ago the officials of what is now the Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company of Philadelphia realized that they must improve their accounting system to properly handle their increasing business.

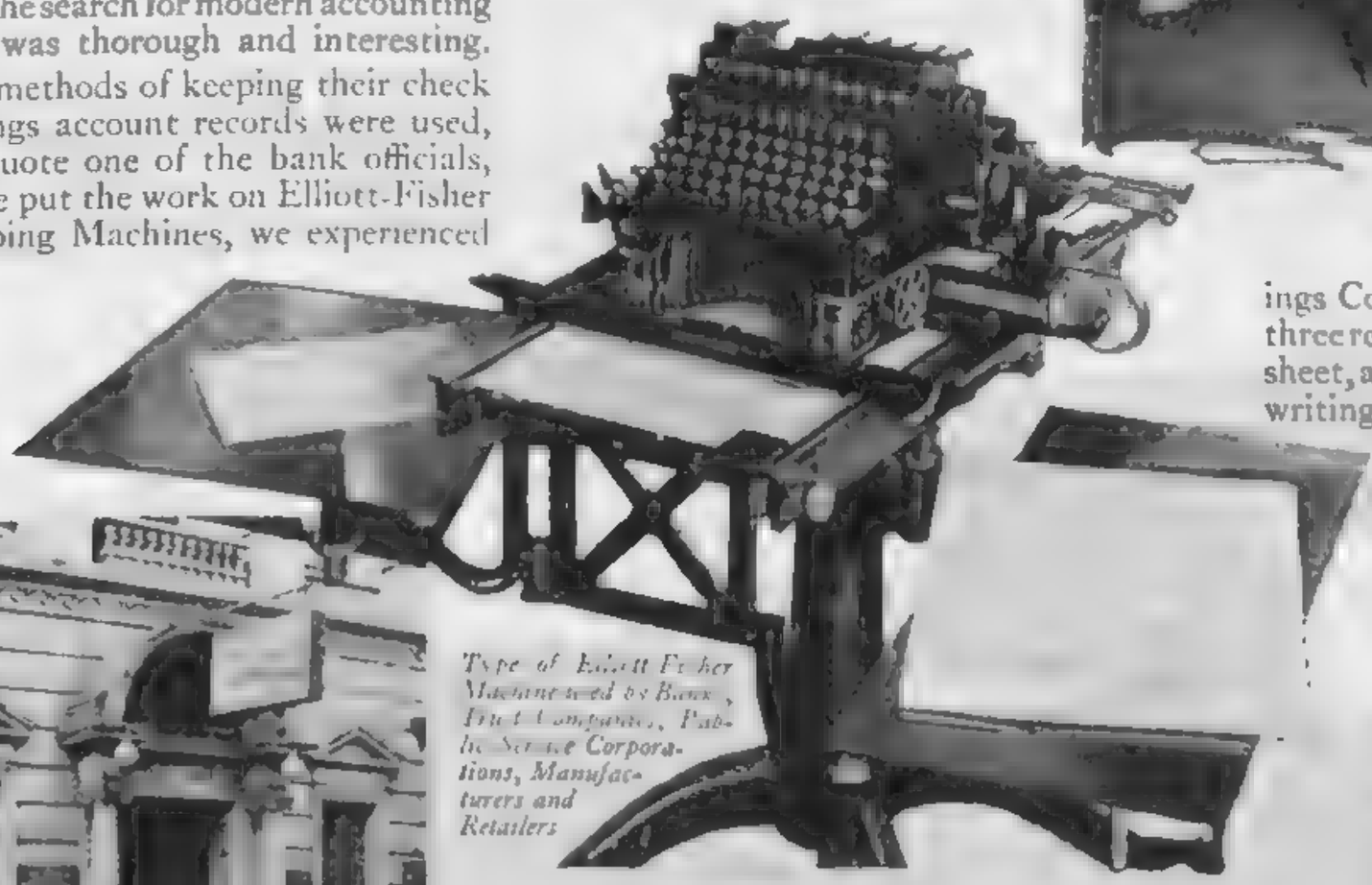
The bank had been in business over fifteen years at that time, and its accounting was handled in the approved method of that date. Troubles were constantly occurring, however, delays were common, and the accounting work was fast becoming slavery.

The Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company of Philadelphia, a conservative financial institution, decided nothing hastily, and the search for modern accounting methods was thorough and interesting.

Many methods of keeping their check and savings account records were used, but, to quote one of the bank officials, "Until we put the work on Elliott-Fisher Bookkeeping Machines, we experienced the usual difficulties in keeping accounts in balance."

Today about three thousand active check accounts and twelve thousand savings accounts are handled on four Elliott-Fisher Machines. A little over two years ago seven people were kept working at top speed in the bank's bookkeeping department, posting the individual ledgers, writing the scratchers, balancing accounts, and other routine work. Now, under increased business conditions, three Elliott-Fisher operators, an assistant and a supervisor, all young women, are keeping the work in daily balance with ease.

Three machines handle the work in the bank's check department



Type of Elliott-Fisher Machine used by Banks, Trust Companies, Public Service Corporations, Manufacturers and Retailers

Entrance to Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company of Philadelphia

It is estimated that these same operators could handle fifty per cent more work without additional help or equipment.

The work in the savings account department, with deposits aggregating $4,300,000, is handled on one Elliott-Fisher Machine.

The Elliott-Fisher System has placed this bank's bookkeeping on a one-operation basis, just as it has simplified the work in manufacturing plants, stores, and public service corporations.

In the Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company work, the combination of three records, ledger, statement, and proof sheet, are written at the one time. The flat writing surface of the machine assures clear carbons, always in register, and facilitates handling. Errors can be spotted instantly on the proof sheets. Another feature is the crossfooting register which automatically balances entries as typed.

The Industrial Trust, Title and Savings Company have reduced their bookkeeping overhead by easily 50%. Their accounting is on a smooth working basis from morning exchange items to closing figures.

There is an Elliott-Fisher System that will give you quantity production in accounting, whatever your business.

We will gladly send you a booklet on the application of Elliott-Fisher System to your business or one similar to it. Or our nearest representative will call—there's no obligation.

ELLIOTT-FISHER COMPANY, Harrisburg, Pa.

Branches in 100 Principal Cities

Elliott-Fisher

Flat-Bed System of Accounting—Bookkeeping—Billing—Recording

ALMOST any "eight" is a good performer. For the multi-cylinder principle operates like running oil—smoothly and silently.

That's what everyone requires. But—

Has it occurred to you that there are radical and fundamental differences in eights?

The Apperson design gives to the world eight-cylinder performance, *plus*.

For this motor, while possessing all the virtues of the Eight, operates with the thrift of the Four.

It's all in the design. Eighty parts have been eliminated.

For example, there is but one cam shaft and only a pair of cam gears meshed direct. There is no chain.

This motor is two small, simple fours merged into one at the base.

Result! A rare combination of Eight smoothness with the advantage of the strictest Four economy.

Drive an Apperson first—then decide

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, KOKOMO, IND.
Export Department: One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street, New York City

The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

Apperson bounds in high from 1 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.

APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

(Continued from Page 162)

besought the flitting girls to stop for but a moment's chat, or flung out an amusing impertinence that caught some damsel on the fly. There was a great deal of laughter. A Spanish orchestra back in the trees twanged away on its guitars, and even though unheeded, furnished a background to the noise.

An abatement of this noise suddenly took place. Rapid admonitions found their way to the groups and individuals who still talked or laughed on. Shortly silence reigned. Colonel and Mrs. Peyton were leading their especial guests into the grove. There ensued a few moments of well-bred confusion while places were found. Then the colonel straightened himself and faced the assembly.

"You are welcome, friends," he said. "It is pleasant to greet you here once more. This occasion is always one near my heart, and my wish is that it may continue for many years to come." He raised a wine glass to the light. "I will ask you to drink with me to the *fiesta* of her who makes this rancho what it is—many happy returns."

He turned and bowed low to Mrs. Peyton. The people all over the grove struggled to their feet—no easy matter from the stationary benches. The air cried with the shouts in English and Spanish. And the spirits of the trees—which, though shy, are friendly spirits—must have plucked up heart against the noise and drawn nearer to that composite glow of good feeling.

All reseated themselves and attacked with appetite the good things offered. The food at the colonel's tables was exactly that of the others—the juicy barbecued meat with the fiery sauce, the tamales and *tortillas*, the beans and soda biscuits, all brought round in pails and pans and served with dippers. But it was very good. The only difference was in the silver, the glass, the napkins and the wines. Of the latter the colonel was proud. The white wines had been carefully chilled in the spring house; the red wines turned in the sun by the colonel's own hand. Sing Toy and two younger replicas had charge of serving them.

At the colonel's right sat Allie, for was she not the guest of honor? At his left billowed Mrs. Crosby. Mrs. Wallace was across the way, and so the colonel found himself surrounded with dignity, substantial importance and what would have been a certain stodginess had it not been for his own inexhaustible and genuine desire that everyone have a good time. He plied them with courtesy, with food, with drink, with rather elaborate old compliments, pretending to believe that remote yesterdays were but just round the corner. And every few moments he would remark with an air of discovery on the excellence of some dish, and would send for the cook thereof.

"These are real camp soda biscuits," he told Mrs. Crosby. "Just the kind you will get on rodeo. I wonder who made them? Who made these biscuits, Ynez?" he asked a Spanish girl who passed. "Find out, and ask the one who cooked them to step here a moment. You won't mind, will you?" he flattered Mrs. Crosby. "So you made these soda biscuits!" he said a moment later as a lazy, awkward American cowboy stood before him twisting his broad hat. "Well, you are an artist, and I wanted Mrs. Peyton to see you and tell you so."

"Indeed, they are delicious. Better than I could do myself. And you know I am quite a cook," said Mrs. Peyton briskly.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cowboy. "You'd do a heap better always if you use a Dutch oven 'stead of a stove."

He retired hot with embarrassment, outwardly stolid and inwardly tickled to death.

In like manner a farmer's wife was complimented on her jelly, though in her case the colonel gallantly hunted her up to tell her. Indeed, the colonel was always popping up and moving about to exchange a few words with his guests at the other tables. But also some things had been contributed by those sitting at the colonel's own table.

"Mrs. Mainwaring," the colonel called down the line to a little middle-aged Southern woman, "nobody north of the Mason and Dixon's can make beaten biscuits. That has been proved to-day. Without your kindness we should have missed one of our most delicate gastronomic treats."

As the meat was passed he remarked loudly so that all could hear: "You must remember to take plenty of the sauce. The barbecue is nothing without it. None can make the pepper flavor that goes into it unless one has lived in the old days. Is it not so, Doña Paredis?"

But the great moment was when—the serving over—Benito was summoned to receive his compliments, for in the final analysis his had been the responsibility for the gastronomics of the party, and his was now the glory. It was fairly a ceremony, with courtly little speeches on both sides. Benito bore himself with dignity and acquitted himself loftily; one would have said a knight-errant acknowledging due praise from his liege.

But all was not on so high a plane. There was a good deal of noise at the colonel's tables, as well as in the grove at large. Corbell and his half dozen boon companions had preëmpted an end of the other table, where they were having close-corporation jokes among themselves and accumulating an extraordinary number of long-necked bottles. Kenneth Boyd was still with the group of pretty girls. The two other young men proved to be rather harmless local nonentities, but the damsels were at once pretty, stylish and lively. Kenneth possessed certain advantages, such as a New York address, a jeweled fraternity pin, a preposterously long-visored cap with tangled college insignia embroidered on the front, a small knack with a guitar, a varied repertoire of perfectly killing college songs of a humorous trend, a half dozen jingles that turned most daringly on kissing, and a tiny gold ring with enamel forget-me-nots that looked as though it might have been given him by some girl.

It must not be forgotten that he was young and good-looking and not at all shy. Of course he could not deploy all these advantages at once, nor is the above claimed to be a complete catalogue, but enough has been suggested. If the reader has ever been young he—or she—can see at once that the party here was going to be a success. Indeed, soon after the cool sliced tomatoes had been served the whole lot of them by common consent left the tables and seated themselves on the grass at some distance. Kenneth had borrowed a guitar from the musicians. He was surrounded by fluffy, gay nymphs of different types, but all young and charming. Two negligible males had been supplied by Providence as witnesses. He teased and was teased. He sang us little songs dealing with naughty maidens of the bold black eye, or fishermen who sailed out of Billingsgate. He recited his little verses, notably one that ended to the effect that the hint with all its sweetness her lover did discern; he flung arms around her neck and glued his lips to hern. This elicited shrieks and writhings.

The crass vulgarity and bad taste made a piquant contrast to the elegance of the relations between such cultured young people. The girls liked it, but it made them shudder, like the juice of the sweet lemon. Kenneth had a what-cares-he-for-conventions feeling, like the young devil he was. Dora Stanley and Myra Welch and Isabelle Carson played up especially well. Dora was the vivid, roguish type; Myra the languid, dark, beautiful type; and Isabelle the plump, sentimental type; which was, of course, why they were always together. Martin Stanley and Winchester Carson felt a vast secret contempt, but they could not think of a thing to do about it.

Boyd and the banker were still together, and had seated themselves near the middle of the long table. Over the colonel's rye and bourbon they had fallen in with a number of delightful young-old men, and they were having rather a loud good time. Already Boyd had agreed to go riding with them and to play poker with them. They had a fund of dry humor, considerable native shrewdness, and a deliberate intention to have a good time. Four of them were staying at the Frémont for the winter. The three others owned places in the town, where they had retired after stormy Northern business careers in the turbulent seventies. They were after Boyd's own heart, and he after theirs.

But one other group among all the colonel's guests requires especial mention as having to do with the story. These were three—an elderly Spanish gentleman and his wife and their daughter. They had driven up rather grandly in a victoria with a broad-hatted coachman at the ribbons, and had greeted the colonel with a great deal of ceremony. Don Vincente Cazadero was rather stout, with tufted side whiskers and a clean-shaven chin. He was of course swarthy, but possessed a transparent skin

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Style is often sought at the expense of workmanship; exaggerated extremes are offered as examples of ultra-fashion.

In summer clothing bearing the "R & W" mark you will recognize the latest style conforming to the dictates of good taste; fabrics of unusual beauty, and a superior workmanship which can only be attained by a house which has for years specialized and trained its workers in this particular department.

At leading dealers everywhere.

Makers of good Overcoats, Raincoats, Trousers, Day and Evening Waistcoats, Smoking Jackets, Bath Robes, Summer Clothing, Golf and Automobile Apparel

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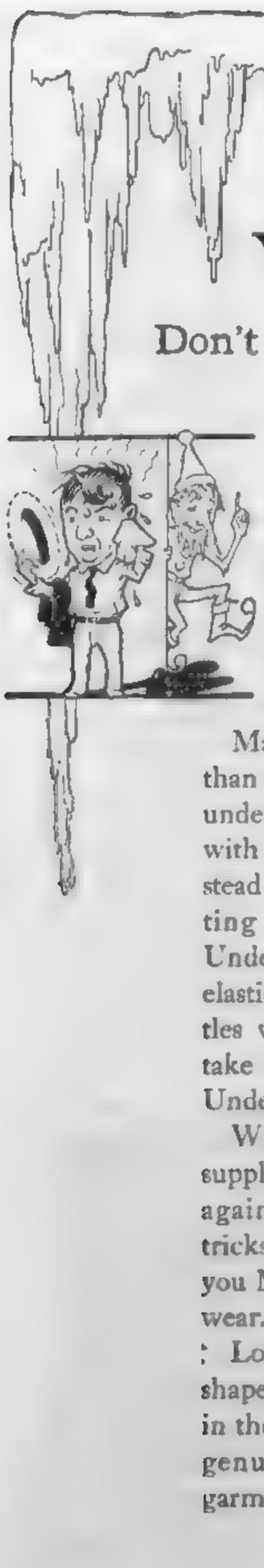
Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York



August Yearnings

Don't fret! January's Coming

ARE you saying "I wish it were cool"? If you are, we can assure you that your wish will be realized very soon.

In fact, too soon, unless you have the wisdom to remember the name Mayo.

Mayo Underwear is warmer than any other medium priced underwear because it is knit with 10 ribs to the inch instead of 8. This closer knitting naturally gives Mayo Underwear more warmth and elasticity. Even gruelling battles with the washtub cannot take the cosiness out of Mayo Underwear.

Whenever you get ready to supply yourself with warmth against Jack Frost's chilly tricks, ask your dealer to show you Mayo 10-rib Underwear.

Look for our diamond-shaped trade-mark sewn in the neckband of every genuine Mayo 10-rib garment.

THE MAYO MILLS,
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WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS
UNION SUITS SHIRTS DRAWERS

MADE FROM Mayo MAYO YARN

and haughty eyes. His dress differed in no way from that of the Americans, except that in its small details it went to a refinement, a precious meticulosity that found its ultimate expression in his small, tight, exquisite, varnished boots. As he was a little below the average height and a little above the average weight, he carried himself with the utmost dignity. His wife also was stout. She was placid, unruffled, a little stupid, but evidently of noble race. The daughter was pretty and amiable, but rather insipid, with soft eyes and long lashes. Both women were, as was the custom of their people, overpowdered. Their gowns were of wonderful, heavy China silk, and their jewels of the first water. This family paid its devoirs to the colonel in most punctilious style, greeted sundry acquaintances, and then drew aside. Don Vincente was the owner of Las Flores rancho, which bounded del Monte on the north.

But by now the people began rising here and there from the tables. The girls ceased to flit to and fro, and seated themselves at a side table. This was the chance for which some of the young men had waited, and they hastened to supply the damsels with food and drink. Many of the diners straggled down from the knoll in the direction of the whitewashed corrals, where the *vaqueros* were already beginning the sports. Some of the younger couples were trying to dance to the music of the guitars. Couples strayed away up the cañon.

Kenneth was one of the first at the corrals. He had never seen cowboy games, and proved most eager. The idea did not at all meet with the approval of his companions. The girls had no liking to expose their fresh toilets to the dust, or their fresh complexions to the burning sun and heat. The two young men pretended to be bored with such things. They preferred to remain in the shade with the guitar, so they trailed along back to the lawn under the Cathedral Oaks with the rest of the colonel's quality guests.

The colonel himself went to the corrals. It was part of his hospitable duty to show himself there, he told Mrs. Crosby with apparent regret; and then he scuttled away like a dear old boy, afraid that already he might have missed something. He made his way through the dense-packed crowd, shaking a hand here and there, exchanging remarks and greetings.

"What has been done, Manuelo?" he asked in Spanish when he had gained the fairway outside the ropes, where a little group on foot were gathered. The audience were crowded along the lines; they perched on the top rails of all the corrals; and some of the youngest and most active had climbed to the roofs. Inside the ropes, besides the officials mentioned, lounged a number of horsemen, *vaqueros* and cowboys waiting their turns of the games. The Spaniards were dressed in old-time costumes exhumed for the occasion from brass-studded heirloom chests, with high-crowned hat heavy with silver; the short jacket and sash; the white-legged pantaloons bound at the knee and split down the calf; the soft leather boots; the heavy silver-inlaid spurs.

The American cowboys were not so picturesque in their own persons, but they vied with the others in perfection of equipment. All the heavy stock saddles were rich with carvings. Many of them had silver corners, or even silver pommels or cantles. They carried braided rawhide *reatas;* their horses champed with relish the copper rollers of spade bits whose broad sides were solid, engraved silver; their bridles were of cunningly braided and knotted rawhide, or horsehair colored and woven in patterns. The riders sat with graceful ease far to one side, elbow on knee, smoking brown-paper cigarettes.

"Nothing yet has been done," Manuelo answered the colonel's question reproachfully. "It could not be thought of that we should begin without your presence, señor."

"That is good! That is good!" cried the colonel, delighted. "Well, here I am! Let us start!"

"Will the señor ride Caliente and judge the games?"

"The *señor* will not!" rejoined the colonel emphatically. "You are a lazy fellow, Manuelo. I shall watch the games, and you will act as judge."

"It is good," agreed Manuelo, and swung himself into the saddle of a magnificent pinto standing near.

The colonel retreated to the corral fence, already as full as a tree of blackbirds. However, at his approach a place magically became vacant, while all the bystanders stoutly maintained that that particular point had never had an occupant, but had accidentally remained empty for the colonel. So after some talk he mounted the fence and sat there, his heels hooked over a rail, his long legs tucked up, his black frock coat dangling, his hat on the back of his head, his fine old face alight with enthusiasm.

Kenneth Boyd was also atop the corrals, and he happened to be next the colonel. On his other side perched a long-legged, demure child dressed in a bright dress. She looked to be about twelve or thirteen years old, which was, of course, beneath the particular notice of a man like Kenneth. He glanced at her, thought she was rather an attractive-looking kid, and gave his attention to his surroundings.

By now the sun was getting strong. Dust rose in the heated air. People were packed in close together. The sun and the crowding and the food and the red wine combined to turn faces red, to wilt collars and starched toilets; but nobody minded.

"Great fun, great fun, my boy!" cried the colonel to Kenneth, whom of course he did not remember. "Hello, Puss!" he cried across at the child. "Why aren't you out there on the pony?"

"I am getting much too big for such things," replied Daphne composedly.

"So, ho!" cried the colonel, delighted. "Getting to be a young lady, are we? Do you know," he said to Kenneth, "this very grown-up young person is one of the best riders we have? This is the first *merienda* for two years at which she has not ridden. The people will shout for you, *niña*," he told Daphne.

"They will not get me," she replied.

Kenneth, thus led by this cross conversation to observe again his neighbor, smiled upon her the smile appropriate from one of his age and station.

"I should have liked very much to see you ride," he said kindly. "Have you a pony of your own?"

But she did not reply. Kenneth looked at her sharply. He could not for a moment determine whether this chit had deliberately ignored him, or whether her whole interest was centered on a group of horsemen at which she seemed to be gazing.

"Now you will see the California sports as they were in the old days," the colonel was saying. "See, there they go now!"

The horsemen had come to life and were swooping gracefully back and forth like swallows. It was an exhibition only. Men "turned on a ten-cent piece," charged at full speed only to pull to a stand in a plunge and a slide, reined their horses to the perpendicular and half turned in midair, described figure eights at full speed. It was a gay scene of animation. Then little by little the movement died, leaving the horsemen grouped at one end of the course.

Manuelo now rode to a middle point, directing the activities of two men with shovels. They dug a small hole and buried something mysterious in the loosened light earth.

"Why, it's a chicken!" cried Kenneth.

The fowl had been buried all but its head, which was extended anxiously in a most comical manner. But now one of the riders detached himself from the others and came flying down the course at full speed. When within ten feet of the buried chicken he seized his saddle horn with his left hand and leaned from the saddle in a long, graceful, dipping swoop. The long spur slid up to the cantle and clung there. With his right hand he reached for the neck of the half-buried fowl. But at the last instant, as he left the saddle, his horse shied ever so slightly away from that auspicious object on the ground. José's clutching fingers missed by inches, and he swept grandly by and lightly up into his saddle again, empty-handed.

"That looks to be quite a trick, anyhow," observed Kenneth with respect.

"It's a knack," agreed the colonel. "A beginner is likely to go off on his head. Isn't he, Puss?"

"Can you do that?" Kenneth asked.

"Of course," replied Daphne blandly. "Can't you?"

Kenneth was spared the necessity of reply. Another contestant had managed to illustrate the colonel's remark, and had gone off on his head—a little too long a reach, a trifle too much weight on the bent knee, the least possible hesitation in the pendulumlike swoop. His misfortune was greeted by laughter and ironic cheers.

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 166)

Several mounted men shook loose their *reatas* and loped away after his horse.

But the chicken's good luck was at an end. The next contestant caught it by the neck and rode down the course swinging it triumphantly.

"That is what I do not like," said Daphne unexpectedly. "Poor chicken!"

"The shock breaks its neck," said the colonel, "and José will have *gallina* tonight."

"I know, but I do not like it," insisted Daphne.

The next event should have pleased her better. Here horsemen armed with long and slender lances tilted at rings suspended and swaying in the light breeze. The audience, however, evinced but a languid interest in this graceful sport. It woke up for the next event, which was a race between a man afoot and a man horseback, twenty-five yards and back. This was very exciting. The man had the advantage of his quick start and quick turn; the horse, of course, possessed the speed. Anybody could try who wished, and there were a number of young men who confidently matched their legs or those of their horses against the other fellow. Here was a chance to bet, and the crowd took advantage of it. Then followed, of course, horse races—mere dashes of a hundred yards or so; the roping of very lively goats that dodged fairly under the horses' legs or into the crowd, which scattered, laughing; and roping and tying calves against time.

"We used to have broncho riding and bulldogging steers," observed the colonel regretfully, "but that is a little rough and dangerous unless you can get the people behind fences or some sort of protection. It is better at the round-up."

"What is bulldogging?" asked Kenneth.

"The man rides up alongside the steer, seizes him by the horns and throws him."

"I don't see how he stays on ——"

"His horse? He doesn't. He leaves the saddle and lets his horse go."

"And wrestles down a full-grown steer by main strength?" cried Kenneth incredulously.

"That's it. But it is a knack very largely."

"I certainly should like to see that."

"You shall, you shall!" cried the colonel heartily. "We'll get up a little roughriding one of these days and invite all the people like yourself who have not seen any of it. Let me see, you are out here for the winter?"

"Yes, sir. My name is Boyd. I am staying with my father at the hotel."

"I shall remember that. And now," announced the colonel regretfully, "I suppose I must leave. Some of our guests will be going soon, and I would displease Mrs. Peyton if I were not there to say good-by."

He sprang down as lightly as a boy, arranged his frock coat and his hat, and made his way slowly through the crowd, a tall and commanding figure among even these sturdy sons and daughters of the open. Kenneth turned to say something to his companion on the other side, but she, too, had disappeared.

V

THE shadows were long and cool, and a rose light rested on the mountains. Swallows had appeared and were darting in myriads across the sky. The meadow larks' songs seemed louder and more liquid. A thin mist of gold dust followed the wheels of the guests departing. The vivid, high brilliance of the California day had sunk to a lower key, and the vivid, high brilliance of man's spirits had sunk with it. From the front steps, where once more the colonel and his wife had taken their stand, the branches of the oaks showed very black against the pale-green sky. Across the flats the westerly hills stood dark before the sunset, clearly defined, with gold edges. The blue of the heavens had lost its hard surface. It had etherealized and become translucent, so that one seemed to see millions of miles into its pale-green depths. And its one doubtful star, instead of being pasted against the sky, appeared to swim somewhere, at an indeterminate distance in infinite space. Under the trees the shadows stole out, breathing coolness, throwing the vagueness of twilight over well-known things.

Brainerd was the last of all the guests to leave. He was waiting for Daphne, who had disappeared. Caught by the spell of the slow-descending evening, he stood with his host and hostess in silence, without impatience, without thought of fatigue. Then out of the dusk came Daphne, breaking the spell.

"Where in the world have you been?" demanded Brainerd a little impatiently. "You have kept us all waiting."

"I am sorry for that," she replied, sidling up to the colonel and taking his hand.

"Where were you?"

"Talking to my friends," she replied vaguely.

"Well, we must get back."

"Cannot I have Juan drive you over?" asked the colonel.

"No, no!" disclaimed Brainerd. "The walk will do us good."

"The light on the mountains must be very fine," suggested the colonel. "What say, mamma. Don't you think it would be pleasant to walk a short distance with our friends?"

"Pleasant and salutary," laughed Allie. "I feel like a stuffed turkey after these barbecues. Everything is so good. Wait until I get my shawl."

The colonel and Daphne sauntered on ahead, while Brainerd, seating himself on the steps, lighted a pipe and waited for Mrs. Peyton.

"Had a pleasant day, Puss?" asked the colonel, throwing one arm round the child's shoulders.

"Simply lovely, fairy godpapa," she replied, snuggling closer to him.

"That's good, that's good," said he, raising his fine old face to peer up through the interlocking branches.

They were now at the edge of the grove under a great oak whose branches, immense as the trunks of ordinary-sized trees, writhed and twisted fantastically, now reaching upward toward the low hollow dome of green, now touching the ground in their wide-flung spread. The main trunk was nearly six feet in diameter, but divided at so low a height that three unobtrusive cleats nailed to its side sufficed to admit even a very small climber to the great anacondalike limbs.

"Dolman's House," said Daphne. "Let's stop a minute."

She dipped slightly away from him, but continued to hold his hand. They stood side by side, looking upward.

"You used to play here all your time when you were a little girl," said the colonel—"all by yourself. I used to see you sitting there very still on the crook of that big limb, and I used to wonder what you could be doing to sit still so long."

"Godpapa, do you believe in fairies?" demanded Daphne abruptly.

"Well, bless my soul, what a question!" cried the colonel, looking down in mock astonishment. "Of course I don't! What sensible man does? But," he added quaintly, lowering his voice and looking about him, "there are a few near the Fern Falls."

"That is a perfect answer," Daphne told him sedately. "Well, Dolman, I believe, is a fairy—a tree fairy. He lives in this oak. That's why I named it Dolman's House."

"I often wondered," said the colonel.

"When I was a child I used to sit on the limb and talk to Dolman."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I can't say I ever did, but I am not sure. That is something, godpapa, that I never could understand. I ought to remember clearly enough; it wasn't so very long ago."

"Not so very," agreed the colonel.

"But it's dim and misty, like seeing the mountains when the fog is breaking. I sometimes think I remember clearly what happened, and then it's blotted out. I can't explain exactly ——"

"I think I understand," said the colonel. "There are some things that way with my recollections of my youth."

"Only it isn't so strange with you," said Daphne seriously, "because you are so extremely old."

"Extremely," agreed the colonel. "But tell me more about what you do remember."

"It sounds rather silly," said Daphne. "Of course I don't believe in it now, but I used to. Somehow I always knew of Dolman. I used to play with him. I think—he used to talk with me. It is hard to remember that it was all imagination. I remember it as real as anything. I used to sit on the limb and he would talk to me."

"What would he say?" inquired the colonel.

"It's hard to remember. But he was kind and he did not scold." She laughed merrily. "Wasn't it silly?"

"I don't know," said the colonel. "How long ago did you stop talking to him?"

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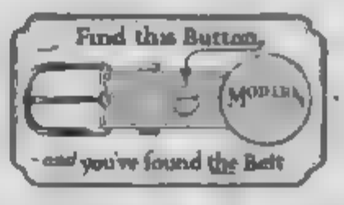

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"I can't remember that." She hesitated shyly, then went on with more haste: "It's perfectly silly, but when I come here and sit down even now to read or watch the birds and get day dreaming or half asleep I sometimes hear him as plainly as can be, only faint and far off, not near as it used to be, as if his voice were inside me, or as if it were muffled. Then I come to with an awful start."

"That is very interesting. What does he say?"

"I never can remember. It's just a waking dream."

"You never saw Dolman, you say?"

"No, I never did. But after I had sat quite still for some time staring out through the leaves I used to see queer things. The leaves would disappear and I would see a sort of revolving disk of gold and black. It was very bright and beautiful, and went round very fast. My heart used to beat so with excitement, and I would try to keep on seeing it, but I never could hold it longer than a moment or so. When I saw it my eyes seemed sort of unfocused, and they always would come back focused again. It was lovely, and I used to think Dolman showed it to me."

"How long since you have seen that?"

"Oh, years! But I can shut my eyes and see it sometimes yet. Memory, I suppose. It is not so bright and it moves more slowly than it used to. I can sometimes almost make out the pattern on it." She hesitated and crept closer to him. "Godfather, you mustn't laugh. I told you I couldn't remember anything Dolman told me. That isn't so. There is only one thing, but I remember that very clearly. He said that when the disk stopped and I could make out the design on it I would die."

The colonel laughed.

"What quaint ideas little children have, don't they, Puss?" he said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"No; but listen, godpapa! Here is something I never told a soul. Promise you won't tell."

"I promise."

"Not even Aunt Allie?"

"Not even Aunt Allie."

"Well, you remember that Miss Mathews who visited you last spring, and how I found the watch she lost?"

"Perfectly."

"We all looked everywhere for it, and she felt so badly about it because it belonged to her mother. I was very sorry for her. While I was looking I came out here to Dolman's House, and I heard him just as plainly as when I was a child. He said: 'She dropped it when she was picking flowers.' And I found out that she had been picking flowers away up the cañon near the falls, and I went up there and found it almost first crack. How do you 'splain that?"

She was staring up at him, her face showing pale through the dusk, her eyes wide with excitement.

"I declare you do believe in Dolman," accused the colonel in a light tone designed to relieve the tension, "and I'm almost inclined to myself. I would if he would tell me where I left my second-best hat."

At this moment Brainerd's voice was heard hailing them. They answered.

"Oh, there you are!" he observed, slouching forward with Mrs. Peyton. "Wonder you wouldn't hide. Come, Daffy, it's very late."

Daphne made her required little speeches of thanks.

"I am going to make some marmalade to-morrow afternoon," Mrs. Peyton told her. "Better come over and make some too. I'll show you my new recipe."

"I will, Aunt Allie. Good night," replied Daphne.

She moved away sedately for ten yards, then came flying back all swirl and legs, seized Colonel and Mrs. Peyton, hugged and kissed them tempestuously and was off again.

"She's a dear child," said Mrs. Peyton, rearranging her somewhat rumpled plumage. "I wish she had more young folks to play with."

"She has me," contended the colonel.

"Oh, you! I didn't say I wished she had an infant to care for."

The colonel put his arm round her and they sauntered back toward the twinkling lights of the ranch house.

"Happy day, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Do you know, Richard," she said soberly, "that we are very lucky people? We have each other, and dear friends, and live in this wonderful country, and have all the wealth we need."

A white figure loomed before them, whereat the colonel withdrew his arm rather hastily.

"You catch cold," commanded Sing Toy. "You come in house light away!"

TO BE CONTINUED

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 13)

"I don't! Of course not! And frankly, I don't know what a shyster is."

"Neither do I," admitted Tutt. "But it sounds opprobrious. Still, that is a rather dangerous test. You remember that colored client of ours who wanted us to bring an action against somebody for calling him an Ethiopian!"

"There's nothing dishonorable in being an Ethiopian," asserted Miss Wiggin.

"A shyster," said Mr. Tutt, reading from the Century Dictionary, "is defined as 'one who does business trickily; a person without professional honor; used chiefly of lawyers.'"

"Well?" snapped Tutt.

"Well?" echoed Miss Wiggin.

"H'm! Well!" concluded Mr. Tutt.

"I nominate for the first pedestal in our Hall of Legal Ill Fame—Raphael B. Hogan," announced Tutt, complacently disregarding all innuendoes.

"But he's a very elegant and gentlemanly person," objected Miss Wiggin as she warmed the cups. "My idea of a shyster is a down-at-the-heels, unshaved and generally disreputable-looking police-court lawyer—preferably with a red nose—who murders the English language—and who makes his living by preying upon the ignorant and helpless."

"Like Finklestein?" suggested Tutt.

"Exactly!" agreed Miss Wiggin. "Like Finklestein."

"He's one of the most honorable men I know!" protested Mr. Tutt. "My dear Minerva, you are making the great mistake—common, I confess, to a large number of people—of associating dirt and crime. Now dirt may breed crime, but crime doesn't necessarily breed dirt."

"You don't have to be shabby to prey upon the ignorant and helpless," argued Tutt. "Some of our most prosperous brethren are the worst sharks out of Sing Sing."

"That is true!" she admitted, "but tell it not in Gath!"

"A shyster," began Mr. Tutt, unsuccessfully applying a forced draft to his stogy and then throwing it away, "bears about the same relation to an honest lawyer as a cad does to a gentleman. The fact that he's well dressed, belongs to a good club and has his name in the Social Register doesn't affect the situation. Clothes don't make men; they only make opportunities.

"But why is it," persisted Miss Wiggin, "that we invariably associate the idea of crime with that of 'poverty, hunger and dirt'?"

"That is easy to explain," asserted Mr. Tutt. "The criminal law originally dealt only with crimes of violence—such as murder, rape and assault. In the old days people didn't have any property in the modern sense—except real property. They had no bonds or stock or bank accounts. Now it is of course true that rough, ignorant people are much more prone to violence of speech and action than those of gentle breeding, and hence most of our crimes of violence are committed by those whose lives are those of squalor. But"—and here Mr. Tutt's voice rose indignantly—"our greatest mistake is to assume that crimes of violence are the most dangerous to the state, for they are not. They cause greater disturbance and perhaps more momentary inconvenience, but they do not usually evince much moral turpitude. After all, it does no great harm if one man punches another in the head, or even in a fit of anger sticks a dagger in him. The police can easily handle all that. The real danger to the community lies in the crimes of duplicity—the cheats, frauds, false pretenses, tricks and devices, flimflams—practiced most successfully by well-dressed gentlemanly crooks of polished manners."

(Continued on Page 173)

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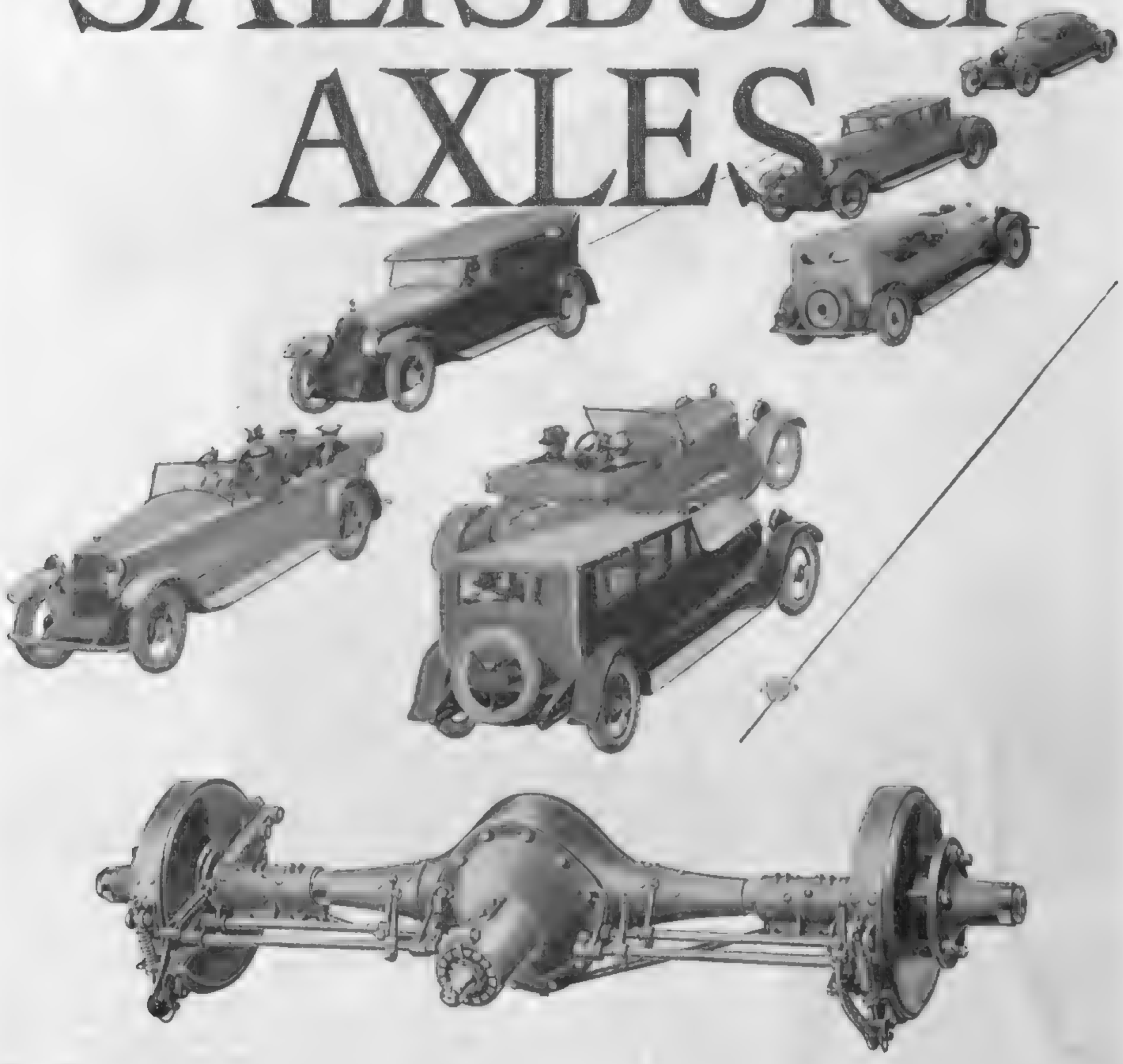

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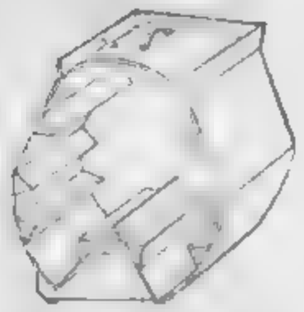

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(Continued from Page 170)

By this time the kettle was boiling cheerfully, quite as if no such thing as criminal law existed at all, and Miss Wiggin began to make the tea.

"All the same," she ruminated, "people—particularly very poor people—are often driven to crime by necessity."

"It's Nature's first law," contributed Tutt brightly.

Mr. Tutt uttered a snort of disgust.

"It may be Nature's first law, but it's about the weakest defense a guilty man can offer. 'I couldn't help myself' has always been the excuse for helping oneself!"

"Rather good—that!" approved Miss Wiggin. "Can you do it again?"

"The victim of circumstances is inevitably one who has made a victim of someone else," blandly went on Mr. Tutt without hesitation.

"Ting-a-ling! Right on the bell!" she laughed.

"It's true!" he assured her seriously. "There are two defenses that are played out—necessity and instigation. They've never been any good since the Almighty overruled Adam's plea in confession and avoidance that a certain female codefendant took advantage of his hungry innocence and put him up to it."

"No one could respect a man who tried to hide behind a woman's skirts!" commented Tutt.

"Are you referring to Adam?" inquired his partner.

"Anyhow, come to think of it, the maxim is not that 'Necessity is the first law of Nature,' but that 'Necessity knows no law.'"

"I'll bet you ——" began Tutt. Then he paused, recalling a certain celebrated wager which he had lost to Mr. Tutt upon the question of who cut Samson's hair. "I bet you don't know who said it!" he concluded lamely.

"If I recall correctly," ruminated Mr. Tutt, "Shakspere says in Julius Cæsar that 'Nature must obey necessity'; while Rabelais says 'Necessity has no law'; but the quotation we familiarly use is 'Necessity knows no law except to conquer,' which is from Publilius Syrus."

"From who?" cried Tutt in ungrammatical surprise.

"Never mind!" soothed Miss Wiggin. "Anyway it wasn't Raphael B. Hogan."

"Who certainly completely satisfies your definition so far as preying upon the ignorant and helpless is concerned," said Mr. Tutt. "That man is a human hyena—worse than a highwayman."

"Yet he's a swell dresser," interjected Tutt. "Owns his house and lives in amity with his wife."

"Doubtless he's a loyal husband and a devoted father," agreed Mr. Tutt. "But so, very likely, is the hyena. Certainly Hogan hasn't got the excuse of necessity for doing what he does."

"Don't you suppose he has to give up good and plenty to somebody?" demanded Tutt. "Cops and prison keepers and bondsmen and under sheriffs, and all kinds of crooked petty officials. I should worry!"

"Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad infinitum,"

quoted Miss Wiggin reminiscently.

"A flea has to be a flea," continued Tutt. "He, or it, can't be anything else, but Hogan doesn't have to be a lawyer. He could be an honest man if he chose."

"He? Not on your life! He couldn't be honest if he tried!" roared Mr. Tutt. "He's just a carnivorous animal! A man eater! They talk about scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar; I'd hate to scratch some of our legal brethren."

"So would I!" assented Tutt. "I guess you're right, Mr. Tutt. Christianity and the Golden Rule are all right in the upper social circles, but off Fifth Avenue there's the same sort of struggle for existence that goes on in the animal world. A man may be all sweetness and light to his wife and children and go to church on Sundays; he may even play pretty fair with his own gang; but outside of his home and social circle he's a ravening wolf; at least Raphael B. Hogan is!"

The subject of the foregoing entirely accidental conversation was at that moment standing contemplatively in his office window smoking an excellent cigar preparatory to returning to the bosom of his family. Raphael B. Hogan believed in taking life easily. He was accustomed to say that outside office hours his time belonged to his wife and children; and several times a week he made it his habit on the way home to supper to stop at the florist's or the toy shop and bear away with him inexpensive tokens of his love and affection. On the desk behind him, over which in the course of each month passed a lot of very dirty, tainted money, stood a large photograph of Mrs. Hogan, and another of the three little Hogans in ornamented silver frames, and his face would soften tenderly at the sight of their self-conscious faces, even at a moment when he might be relieving a widowed seamstress of her entire savings-bank account. After five o'clock in his own case the hyena purred at his wife and licked his cubs; the rest of the time he knew no mercy.

But he concealed his cruelty and his avarice under a mask of benignity. He was fat, jolly and sympathetic, and his smile was the smile of a warm-hearted humanitarian. The milk of human kindness oozed from his every pore. In fact, he was always grumbling about the amount of work he had to do for nothing. He was a genial, generous host; unostentatiously conspicuous in the local religious life of his denomination; in court a model of obsequious urbanity, deferential to the judges before whom he appeared and courteous to all with whom he was thrown in contact. A good-natured, easy-going, simple-minded fat man; deliberate, slow of speech, well-meaning, with honesty sticking out all over him, you would have said; one in whom the widow and the orphan would have found a staunch protector and an unselfish friend. And now, having thus subtly connoted the character of our villain, let us proceed with our narrative.

The telephone buzzed on the wall set beside him.

"That you, chief?" came the voice of Simpkins.

"Yep."

"Got one off Delany."

"What is it?"

"Kid smashed a window—malicious mischief. Held for examination to-morrow at two. Five hundred bail."

"Any sugar?"

"Don't know. Says his father's dead and mother earns seventeen a week in a sweatshop and sends him to school. Got some insurance. I'm going right round there now."

"Well," replied Hogan, "don't scare her by taking too much off her at first. I suppose there's evidence to hold him?"

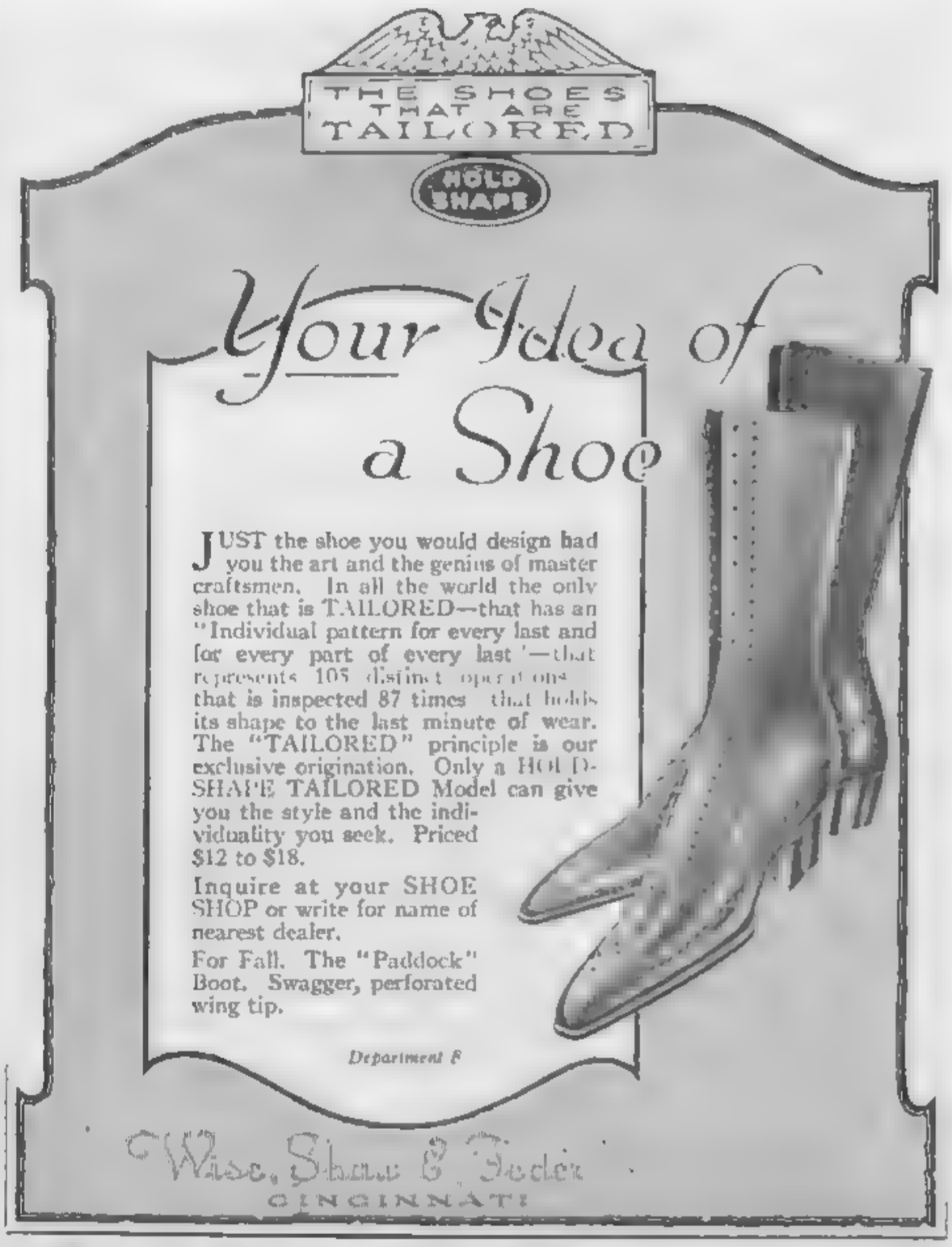
"Sure. Delany says he saw it."

"All right. But go easy! Good night."

"Leave that to me, chief!" assured Simpkins. "See you to-morrow."

It will be observed that in this professional interchange nothing at all was said regarding the possibility of establishing Tony's innocence, but that on the contrary Mr. Simpkins' mind was concentrated upon his mother's ability to pay. This was the only really important consideration to either of them. But Hogan did not worry, because he knew that Simpkins would skillfully entangle Mrs. Mathusek in such a web of apprehension that rather than face her fears she would if necessary go out and steal the money. So Mr. Raphael B. Hogan hung up the receiver and with his heart full of gentle sympathy for all mankind walked slowly home, pausing to get some roses for Mrs. Hogan and to buy a box for Daddy Long Legs at the Strand, for whenever he got a new case he always made it the occasion for a family party, and he wanted the children to benefit by passing an evening under the sweet influence of Miss Pickford.

Now just at the moment that he was buying the roses Mr. Simpkins entered the apartment of Mrs. Mathusek and informed her of Tony's arrest and incarceration. He was very sympathetic about it, very gentle, this dapper little man with the pale gray eyes and inquisitive, tapirlike nose; and after the first moment of shock Mrs. Mathusek took courage and begged the gentleman to sit down. There are always two vultures hanging over the poor—death and the law; but of the two the law is the lesser evil. The former is a calamity; the latter is a misfortune. The one is final, hopeless, irretrievable; from the other there may perhaps be an escape. She knew Tony was a good boy; was sure his arrest was a mistake, and that when the judge heard the evidence he would let Tony go. Life had dealt hardly with her and made her an old woman at thirty-two, really old, not only in body but in spirit, just as in the middle ages the rigor of existence made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even kings old at thirty-five. What do the rich know of age? The women of the poor have a day of spring, a year or two of summer, and a lifetime of autumn and winter.

Mrs. Mathusek distrusted the law and lawyers in the abstract, but Mr. Simpkins' appearance was so reassuring that he almost counteracted in her mind the distress of Tony's misfortune. He was clearly a gentleman, and she had a reverential regard for the gentry. What gentlefolk said was to be accepted as true. In addition this particular gentleman was learned in the law and skilled in getting unfortunate people out of trouble. Now, though Mr. Simpkins possessed undoubtedly this latter qualification, it was also true that he was equally skilled in getting people into it. If he ultimately doubled their joys and halved their sorrows he inevitably first doubled their sorrows and halved their savings. Like the witch in Macbeth: "Double, double toil and trouble." His aims were childishly simple: First, to find out how much money his victim had, and then to get it.

His methods were no more complicated than his aims and had weathered the test of generations of experience. So:

"Of course Tony must be bailed out," he said gently. "You don't want him to spend the night in jail."

"Jail! Oh, no! How much is the bail?" cried Tony's mother.

"Only five hundred dollars." His pale gray eyes were watching her for the slightest sign of suspicion.

"Five hundred dollars! Eoi! Eoi! It is a fortune! Where can I get five hundred dollars?" She burst into tears. "I have saved only one hundred and sixty!"

Mr. Simpkins pursed his lips. Then there was nothing for it! He reached for his hat. Mrs. Mathusek wrung her hands. Couldn't the gentleman go bail for Tony? He was such a dear, kind, good gentleman! She searched his face hungrily. Mr. Simpkins falteringly admitted that he did not possess five hundred dollars.

"But ——" he hesitated.

"Yes!"

"But ——" she echoed, seizing his sleeve and dragging him back.

Mr. Simpkins thought that they could hire somebody to go bail; no, in that case there would be no money to pay the great lawyer whom they must at once engage to defend her son—Mr. Hogan, one who had the pull and called all the judges by their first names. He would not usually go in to court for less than five hundred dollars, but Mr. Simpkins said he would explain the circumstances to him and could almost promise Mrs. Mathusek that he would persuade him to do it this once for one hundred and fifty. So well did he act his part that Tony's mother had to force him to take the money, which she unsewed from inside the ticking of her mattress. Then he conducted her to the station house to see how comfortable Tony really was and how much better it was to let him stay in jail one night and make sure of his being turned out the next afternoon by giving the money to Mr. Hogan, than to use it for getting bail for him and leave him lawyerless and at the mercy of his accusers. When Mrs. Mathusek saw the cell Tony was in she became even more frightened than she had been at first. But by that time she had already given the money to Simpkins.

Second thoughts are oftimes best. Most crooks are eventually caught through their having, from long immunity, grown careless and yielded to impulse. Once he had signed the complaint in which he swore that he had seen Tony throw the brick, Delany had undergone a change of heart. Being an experienced policeman he was sensitive to official atmosphere, and he had developed a hunch that Judge Harrison was leery of the case. The more he thought of it the less he liked the way the son-of-a-gun had acted, the way he'd tried to get Mathusek to ask for an immediate hearing. Why had he ever been such a fool as to sign the complaint himself? It had been ridiculous—just because he was mad at the boy for trying to get away and wanted to make things easy for Froelich. If he went on the stand the next afternoon he'd have to make up all sorts of fancy details, and Hogan would have his skin neatly tacked to the barn door for keeps. Thereafter, no matter what happened, he'd never be able to change his testimony. After all, it would be easy enough to abandon the charge at the present point. It was a genuine case of cold feet. He scented trouble. He wanted to renig while the renigging was good. What in hell had Froelich ever done for him anyhow? A few measly pieces of roast!

When Hogan returned home that evening with the little Hogans from the movies he found the cop waiting for him outside his door.

"Look here," Delany whispered, "I'm going to can this here Mathusek window case. I'm going to fall down flat on my identification and give you a walkout. So go easy on me—and sort of help me along, see?"

"The hell you are!" retorted Hogan indignantly. "Then where do I come in, eh? Why don't you come through?"

"But I've got him wrong!" pleaded Delany. "You don't want me to put my neck in a sling, do you, so as you can make a few dollars? Look at all the money I've sent your way. Have a heart, Rafe!"

"Bull!" sneered the Honorable Rafe. "A man's gotta live! You saw him do it! You've sworn to it, haven't you?"

"I made a mistake."

"How'll that sound to the commissioner? An' to Judge Harrison? No, no! Nothin' doin'! If you start anything like that I'll roast the life out of you!"

Delany spat as near Hogan's foot as he elegantly could.

"You're a hell of a feller, you are!" he growled, and turned his back on him as upon Satan.

The brick that Terry McGurk hurled as a matter of principle through Froelich's window produced almost as momentous consequences as the want of the horseshoe nail did in Franklin's famous maxim. It is the unknown element in every transaction that makes for danger.

The morning after the catastrophe Mr. Froelich promptly made application to the casualty company with which he had insured his window for reimbursement for his damage. Just as promptly the company's lawyer appeared at the butcher shop and ascertained that the miscreant who had done the foul deed had been arrested and was to be brought into court that afternoon. This lawyer, whose salary depended indirectly upon the success which attended his efforts to secure the conviction and punishment of those who had cost his company money, immediately camped upon the trails of both Froelich and Delany. It was up to them, he said, to have the doer of wanton mischief sent away. If they didn't coöperate he would most certainly ascertain why. Now insurance companies are powerful corporations. They can do favors, and contrariwise they can make trouble, and Lawyer Asche was hot under the collar about that window. Had he ever heard of the place he would have likened it to the destruction of Coucy-le-Château by the Huns.

This, for Delany, put an entirely new aspect upon the affair. It was one thing to ditch a case and another to run up against Nathan Asche. He had sworn to the complaint and if he didn't make good on the witness stand Asche would get his hide. Then he bethought him that if only Froelich was sufficiently emphatic in his testimony a little uncertainty on his own part might be excused. In the meantime, however, two things had happened to curdle Froelich's enthusiasm. First, his claim against the Tornado Casualty Company had been approved, and second, he had been informed on credible authority that they had got the wrong boy. Now he had sincerely thought that he had seen Tony throw the brick—he had certainly seen a boy in a red sweater do something—but he realized also that he had been excited and more or less bewildered at the time; and his informant—Mrs. Sussman, the wife of the cigar dealer—alleged positively that it had been thrown by a strange kid who appeared suddenly from round the corner and as suddenly ran away in the direction whence he had come.

Froelich perceived that he had probably been mistaken, and being relatively honest—and being also about to get his money—and not wishing to bear false witness, particularly if he might later be sued for false imprisonment, he decided to duck and pass the buck to Delany, who was definitely committed. He was shrewd enough, however, not to give his real reason to the policeman, but put it on the ground of being so confused that he couldn't remember. This left Delany responsible for everything.

"But you said that that was the feller!" argued the cop, who had gone to urge

(Continued on Page 177)

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New Jersey Zinc

(Continued from Page 174)

Froelich to assume the onus of the charge. "And now you want to leave me holdin' the bag!"

"Vell, you said yourself you seen him, didn't you?" replied the German. "An' you svore to it. I didn't svear to noddings."

"Aw, you!" roared the enraged cop, and hastened to interview Mr. Asche.

Aping a broad humanitarianism he suggested to Asche that if Mrs. Mathusek would pay for the window they could afford to let up on the boy. He did it so ingeniously that he got Asche to go round there, only to find that she had no money, all given to Simpkins. Gee, what a mix-up!

It is quite possible that even under these circumstances Delany might still have availed himself of what in law is called a *locus pœnitentiæ* had it not been that the mix-up was rendered still more mixed by the surreptitious appearance in the case of Mr. Michael McGurk, the father of the actual brick artist, who had learned that the cop was getting wabbly and was entertaining the preposterous possibility of withdrawing the charge against the innocent Mathusek, to the imminent danger of his own offspring. In no uncertain terms the saloon keeper intimated to the now embarrassed guardian of the public peace that if he pulled anything like that he would have him thrown off the force, to say nothing of other and darker possibilities connected with the morgue. All of which gave Delany decided pause.

Hogan, for his own reasons, had meanwhile reached an independent conclusion as to how he could circumvent Delany's contemplated treachery. If, he decided, the cop should go back on his identification of the criminal he foresaw Tony's discharge in the magistrate's court, and no more money. The only sure way, therefore, to prevent Tony's escape would be not to give Delany the chance to change his testimony; by waiving examination before the magistrate and consenting voluntarily to having his client held for the action of the grand jury, in which event Tony would be sent to the Tombs and there would be plenty of time for Simpkins to get an assignment of Mrs. Mathusek's insurance money before the grand jury kicked out the case. This also had the additional advantage of preventing any funny business on the part of Judge Harrison.

Delany was still undecided what he was going to do when the case was called at two o'clock. It is conceivable that he might still have tried to rectify his error by telling something near the truth, in spite of Hogan, Asche and McGurk, but the opportunity was denied him.

At two o'clock Tony, a mere chip tossed aimlessly hither and yon by eddies and cross currents, the only person in this melodrama of motive whose interests were not being considered by anybody, was arraigned at the bar and without being consulted in the matter heard Mr. Hogan, the fat, kindly lawyer whom his mother had retained to defend him, tell the judge that they were going to waive examination and consent to be held for the action of the grand jury.

"You see how it is, judge," Hogan simpered. "You'd have no choice but to hold my client on the officer's testimony. The easiest way is to waive examination and let the grand jury throw the case out of the window!"

Delany heard this announcement with intense relief, for it let him out. It would relieve him from the dangerous necessity of testifying before Judge Harrison and he could later spill the case before the grand jury when called before that august body. Moreover, he could tip off the district attorney in charge of the indictment bureau that the case was a lemon, and the latter would probably throw it out on his own motion. The D. A.'s office didn't want any more rotten cases to prosecute than it could help. It seemed his one best bet, the only way to get his feet out of the flypaper. What a mess for a few pieces of rotten beef!

"You understand what is being done, do you?" inquired the keen-faced judge sharply. "You understand this means that unless you give bail you will have to stay in jail until the grand jury dismisses the case or finds an indictment against you?"

Underneath the cornice of the judge's dais Hogan patted his arm, and Tony, glancing for encouragement at the big friendly face above him, whispered "Yes."

So Tony went to the Tombs and was lodged in a cell next door to Soko the Monk, who had nearly beaten a Chinaman to death with a pair of brass knuckles, from whom he learned much that was exciting if not edifying.

Now, as Delany was wont to say for years thereafter, that damn Mathusek case just went bad on him. He had believed that in the comparative secrecy of the inquisitorial chamber he could easily pretend that he had originally made an honest mistake and was no longer positive of the defendant's identity, in which case when the grand jury threw out the case nobody would ever know the reason and no chickens would come home to roost on him.

But when the cop visited the office of Deputy Assistant District Attorney Caput Magnus the next morning, to inform him that this here window-breaking case was a Messina, he found Mr. Nathan Asche already solidly there present, engaged in advising Mr. Magnus most emphatically to the exact contrary. Indeed the attorney was rhetorical in his insistence that this destruction of the property of law-abiding taxpayers must stop.

Mr. Asche was not a party to be trifled with. He was a rectangular person whom nothing could budge, and his very rectangularity bespoke his stubborn rectitude. His shoulders were massive and square, his chin and mouth were square, his burnsides were square cut, and he had a square head and wore a square-topped derby. He looked like the family portrait of Uncle Amos Hardscrabble. When he sat down he remained until he had said his say. It was a misfortunate meeting for Delany, for Asche nailed him upon the spot and made him repeat to Caput Magnus the story of how he had seen Tony throw the brick and then for some fool reason, not being satisfied to let it go at that, he insisted on calling in a stenographer and having Delany swear to the yarn in affidavit form! This entirely spoiled any chance the policeman might otherwise have had of changing his testimony. He now had no choice but to go on and swear the case through before the grand jury—which he did.

Even so, that distinguished body of twenty-three representative citizens was not disposed to take the matter very seriously. Having heard what Delany had to say—and he made it good and strong under the circumstances—several of them remarked disgustedly that they did not understand why the district attorney saw fit to waste their valuable time with trivial cases of that sort. Boys would play ball and boys would throw balls round; if not balls, then stones. They were about to dismiss by an almost unanimous vote, when the case went bad again. The foreman, a distinguished person in braided broadcloth, rose and announced that he was very much interested to learn their views upon this subject as he was the president of a casualty company, and he wished them to understand that thousands—if not hundreds of thousands—of dollars' worth of plate-glass windows were wantonly broken by young toughs every year, for which his and other insurance companies had to recoup the owners. In fact, he alleged heatedly, window breaking was a sign of peculiar viciousness.

Incipient criminals usually started their infamous careers that way; you could read that in any book on penology. An example ought to be made. He'd bet this feller who threw the brick was a gangster.

So his twenty-two fellow grand jurymen politely permitted him to recall Officer Delany and ask him: "Say, officer, isn't it a fact—just tell us frankly now—if this feller Mathusek isn't a gangster?"

"Sure, he's a gangster. He was blowin' about it to me after I arrested him," swore Delany without hesitation.

The foremen swept the circle with a triumphant eye.

"Wha'd I tell you?" he demanded. "All in favor of indicting said Tony Mathusek for malicious destruction of property signify in the usual manner. Cont'ri-minded? It's a vote. Ring the bell, Simmons, and bring on the next case."

So Tony was indicted by the People of the State of New York for a felony, and a learned judge of the General Sessions set his bail at fifteen hundred dollars; and Hogan had his victim where he wanted him and where he could keep him until he had bled his mother white of all she had or might ever hope to have in this world.

Everybody was satisfied—Hogan, Simpkins, Asche, McGurk, even Delany, because the fleas upon his back were satisfied and he was planning ultimately to get rid of

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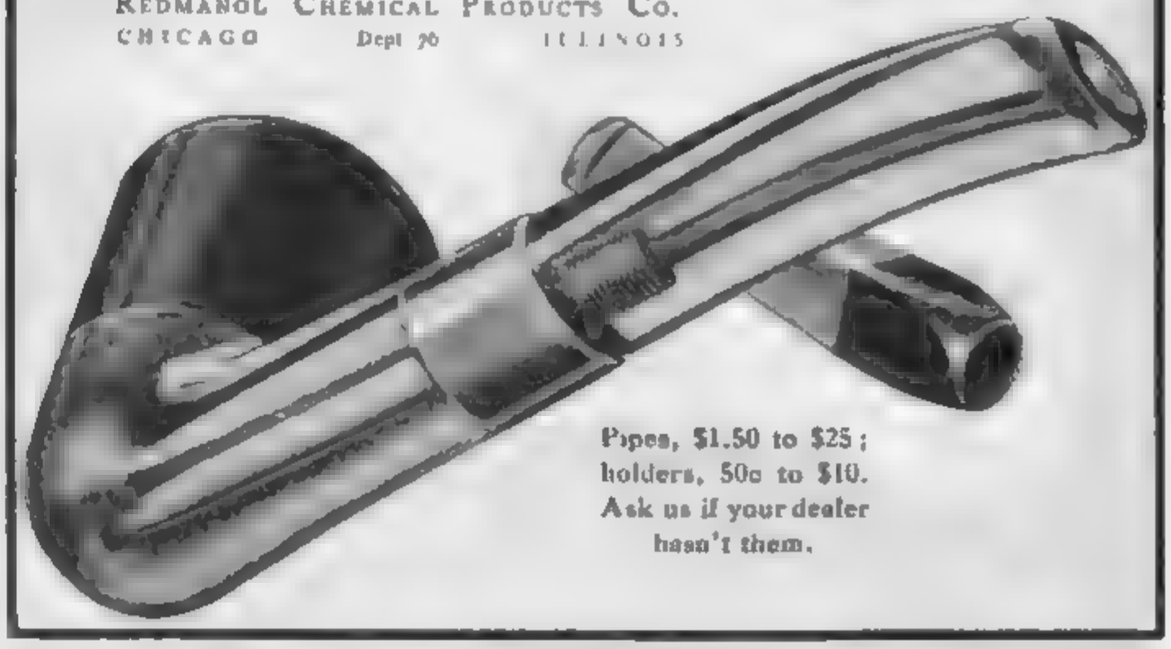

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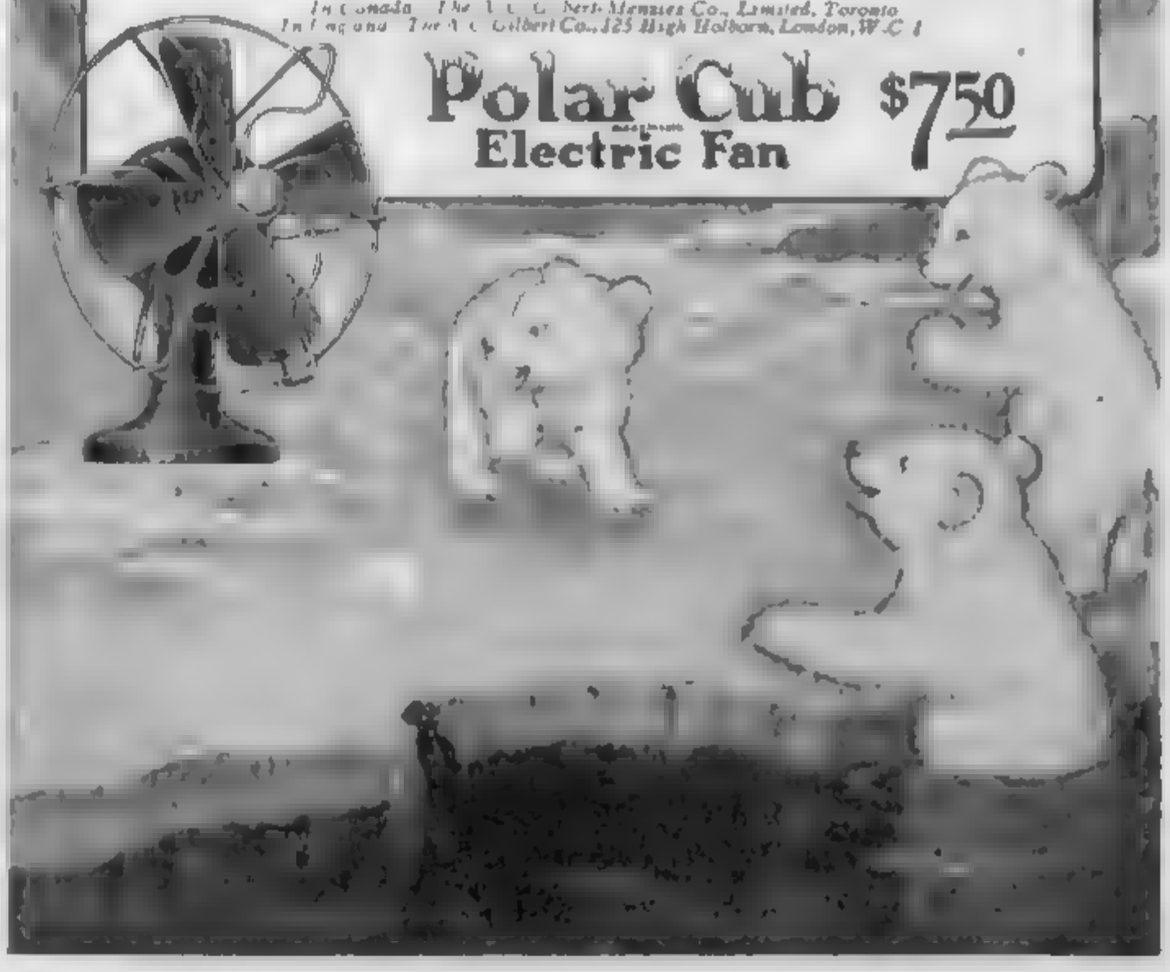

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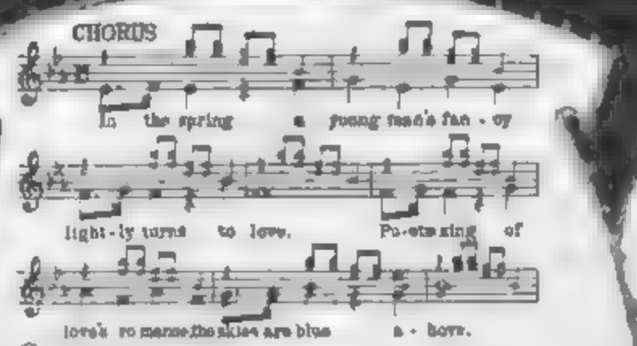

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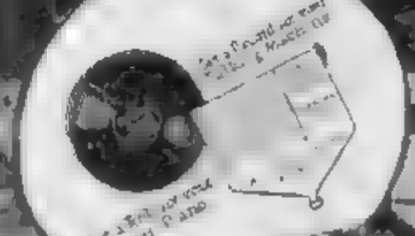

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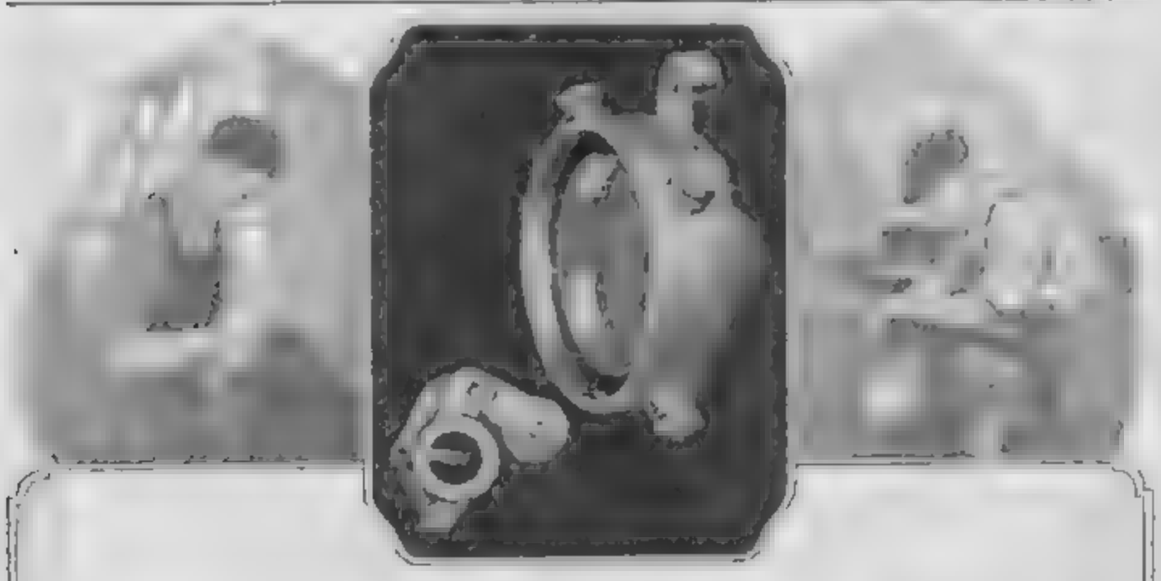

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the whole damn tangle by having the indictment quietly dismissed when nobody was looking, by his friend O'Brien, to whom the case had been sent for trial. And everything being as it should be and Tony being locked safely up in a cell Mr. Joey Simpkins set himself to the task of extorting three hundred and fifty dollars more from Mrs. Mathusek upon the plea that the great Mr. Hogan could not possibly conduct the case before a jury for less.

Now the relations of Mr. Assistant District Attorney O'Brien and the Hon. Raphael B. Hogan were distinctly friendly. At any rate, whenever Mr. Hogan asked for an adjournment in Mr. O'Brien's court he usually got it without conspicuous difficulty, and this is what occurred on the five several occasions that the case of The People versus Antonio Mathusek came up on the trial calendar during the month following Tony's incarceration, on each of which Mr. Hogan with unctuous suavity rose and humbly requested that the case be put over at his client's earnest request in order that counsel might have adequate time in which to subpœna witnesses and prepare for a defense.

And each day Simpkins, who now assumed a threatening and fearsome demeanor toward Mrs. Mathusek, visited the heart-sick woman in her flat and told her that Tony could and would rot in the Tombs until such time as she procured three hundred and fifty dollars. The first week she assigned her life-insurance money; the second she pawned the furniture; until at last she owed Hogan only sixty-five dollars. At intervals Hogan told Tony that he was trying to force the district attorney to try the case, but that the latter was insisting on delay.

In point of fact, O'Brien had never looked at the papers, much less made any effort to prepare the case; if he had he would have found that there was no case at all. And Delany's mind became at peace because he perceived that at the proper psychological moment he could go to O'Brien and whisper: "Say, Mr. O'Brien, that Mathusek case. It's a turn-out! Better recommend it for dismissal," and O'Brien would do so for the simple reason that he never did any more work than he was actually compelled to do.

But as chance would have it, three times out of the five, Mr. Ephraim Tutt happened to be in court when Mr. Hogan rose and made his request for an adjournment; and he remembered it because the offense charged was such an odd one—breaking a window.

Delany's simple plan was again defeated by Nemesis, who pursued him in the shape of the rectangular Mr. Asche, and who shouldered himself into O'Brien's office during the fifth week of Tony's imprisonment and wanted to know why in hell he didn't try that Mathusek case and get rid of it. The assistant district attorney had just been called down by his official boss and being still sore was glad of a chance to take it out on someone else.

"D'you think I've nothin' better to do than try your damned old window-busting cases?" he sneered. "Who ever had the idea of indicting a boy for that sort of thing anyhow?"

"That is no way to talk," answered Mr. Asche with firmness. "You're paid to prosecute whatever cases are sent to you. This is one of 'em. There's been too much delay. Our president will be annoyed."

"Oh, he will, will he?" retorted O'Brien, nevertheless, coming to the instant decision that he had best find some other excuse than mere disinclination. "If he gets too shirty I'll tell him the case came in here without any preparation and being in the nature of a private prosecution we've been waiting for you to earn your fee. How'll you like that, eh?"

Mr. Asche became discolored.

"H'm!" he replied softly. "So that is it, is it? You won't have that excuse very long, even if you could get away with it now. I'll have a trial brief and affidavits from all the witnesses ready for you in forty-eight hours."

"All right, old top!" nodded O'Brien carelessly. "We always strive to please!"

So Mr. Asche got busy, while the very same day Mr. Hogan asked for and obtained another adjournment.

Some people resemble animals; others have a geometrical aspect. In each class the similarity tends to indicate character. The fox-faced man is apt to be sly, the triangular man is likely to be a lump. So Mr. Asche, being rectilinear, was on the square; just as Mr. Hogan, being soft and round, was slippery and hard to hold. Three days passed, during which Mrs. Mathusek grew haggard and desperate. She was saving at the rate of two dollars a day, and at that rate she would be able to buy Tony a trial in six weeks more. She had exhausted her possibilities as a borrower. The indictment slept in O'Brien's tin file. Nobody but Tony, his mother and Hogan remembered that there was any such case, except Mr. Asche, who one afternoon appeared unexpectedly in the offices of Tutt & Tutt, the senior partner of which celebrated law firm was advisory counsel to the Tornado Casualty Company.

"I just want you to look at these papers, Mr. Tutt," Mr. Asche said, and his jaw looked squarer than ever.

Mr. Tutt was reclining as usual in his swivel chair, his feet crossed upon the top of his ancient mahogany desk.

"Take a stog!" he remarked without getting up, and indicating with the toe of one Congress-booted foot the box which lay open adjacent to the Code of Criminal Procedure. "What's your misery?"

"Hell's at work!" returned Mr. Asche, solemnly handing over a sheaf of affidavits. "I never smoke."

Mr. Tutt somewhat reluctantly altered his position from the horizontal to the vertical and reached for a fresh stogy. Then his eye caught the name of Raphael B. Hogan.

"What the devil is this?" he cried.

"It's the devil himself!" answered Mr. Asche with sudden vehemence.

"Tutt, Tutt! Come in here!" shouted the head of the firm. "Mine enemy hath been delivered into mine hands!"

"Hey? What?" inquired Tutt, popping across the threshold. "Who—I mean——"

"Raphael B. Hogan!"

"The devil!" ejaculated Tutt.

"You've said it!" declared Mr. Asche devoutly.

That evening under cover of darkness Mr. Ephraim Tutt descended from a dilapidated taxi at the corner adjacent to Froelich's butcher shop, and several hours later was whisked uptown again to the brownstone dwelling occupied by the Hon. Simeon Watkins, the venerable white-haired judge then presiding in Part I of the General Sessions, where he remained until what may be described either as a very late or a very early hour, and where during the final period of his intercourse he and that distinguished member of the judiciary emptied an ancient bottle containing a sparkling rose-colored liquid of great artistic beauty.

Then Mr. Tutt returned to his own library at the house on Twenty-third Street and paced up and down before the antiquated open grate, inhaling quantities of what Mr. Bonnie Doon irreverently called "hay smoke," and pondering deeply upon the evils that men do to one another, until the dawn peered through the windows and he bethought him of the all-night lunch stand round the corner on Tenth Avenue, and there sought refreshment.

"Salvatore," he remarked to the smiling son of the olive groves who tended that bar of innocence, "the worst crook in the world is the man who does evil for mere money."

"*Si, Signor Tutti,*" answered Salvatore with Latin perspicacity. "You gotta one, eh? You giva him hell?"

"*Si! Si!*" replied Mr. Tutt cheerily. "Even so! And of a truth, moreover! Give me another hot dog and a cup of bilge water!"

"People versus Mathusek?" inquired Judge Watkins some hours later on the call of the calendar, looking quite vaguely as if he had never heard of the case before, round Part I, which was as usual crowded, hot, stuffy and smelling of unwashed linen and prisoners' lunch. "People versus Mathusek? What do you want done with this case, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Ready!" chanted the red-headed O'Brien, and, just as he had expected, the Hon. Raphael Hogan limbered up in his slow, genial way and said: "If Your Honor please, the defendant would like a few days longer to get his witnesses. Will Your Honor kindly adjourn the case for one week?"

He did not notice that the stenographer was taking down everything that he said.

"I observe," remarked Judge Watkins with apparent amiability, "that you have had five adjournments already. If The

(Continued on Page 181)

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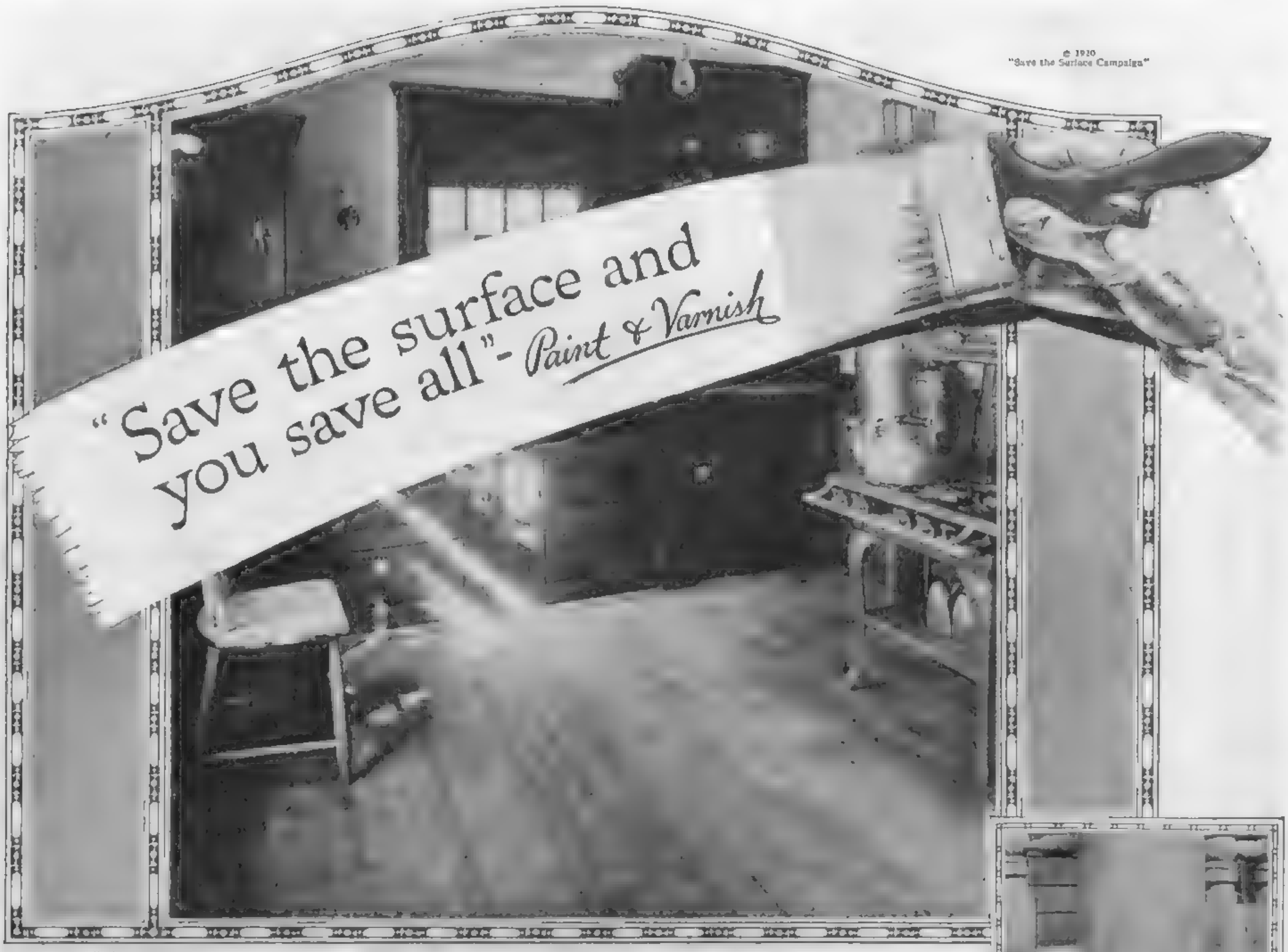

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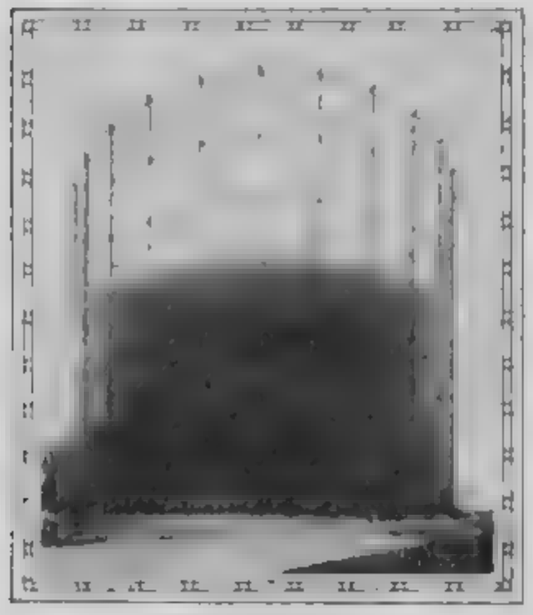
The Most-Used surface in your home

Always think of surface protection when you see a gas tank. They are kept well painted. Their immense area of surface would otherwise offer ample chance for rust. You may not own a gas tank but you own metal building trim and perhaps metal roofs or farm buildings which face the same danger and need the same protection.



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HOW many steps a day on your kitchen floor? Who would hazard a guess? Get the members of the family to try to figure it and then tell them the real significance of those footsteps—the need of surface protection.

Any family circle that loves its home will appreciate the value of saving the surface.

If it's the kitchen floor, whether wood or linoleum, think of the wear from treading, scraping, hurrying feet.

If it's the furniture, think of the friction and damage of constant use.

If it's the outside of the house, think of wood and metal and their constant exposure.

The responsibility, the financial responsibility, that is carried by a coat of paint or varnish is impressive. It stands between you and serious loss. But neglect to provide the protection which such a coat ensures shifts that responsibility to the owner's shoulders.

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A booklet we have prepared for you shows why Paint and Varnish are as necessary as fire insurance. It contains a fund of interesting and valuable information, illustrated. Send for a copy. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

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(Continued from Page 178)

People's witnesses are here I am inclined to direct you to proceed. The defendant has been under indictment for six weeks. That ought to be long enough to prepare your defense."

"But, Your Honor," returned Hogan with pathos, "the witnesses are very hard to find. They are working people. I have spent whole evenings chasing after them. Moreover, the defendant is perfectly satisfied to have the case go over. He is anxious for an adjournment!"

"When did you last see him?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

The judge unfolded the papers and appeared to be reading them for the first time. He wasn't such a bad old actor himself, for he had already learned from Mr. Tutt that Hogan had not been near Tony for three weeks.

"Um—um! Did you represent the defendant in the police court?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Why did you waive examination?"

Hogan suddenly felt a lump swelling in his pharynx. What in hell was it all about?

"I—er—there was no use in fighting the case there. I hoped the grand jury would throw it out," he stammered.

"Did anybody ask you to waive examination?"

The swelling in Hogan's fat neck grew larger. Suppose McGurk or Delany were trying to put something over on him!

"No! Certainly not!" he replied unconvincingly. He didn't want to make the wrong answer if he could help it.

"You have an—associate, have you not? A Mr. Simpkins?"

"Yes, Your Honor." Hogan was pale now and little beads were gathering over his eyebrows.

"Where is he?"

"Downstairs in the magistrate's court."

"Officer," ordered the judge, "send for Mr. Simpkins. We will suspend until he can get here."

Then His Honor occupied himself with some papers, leaving Hogan standing alone at the bar trying to work out what it all meant. He began to wish he had never touched the damn case. Everybody in the courtroom seemed to be looking at him and whispering. He was most uncomfortable. Suppose that crooked cop had welshed on him! At the same instant in the back of the room a similar thought flashed through the mind of Delany. Suppose Hogan should welsh on him! Coincidentally both scoundrels turned sick at heart. Then came to each the simultaneous realization that neither could gain anything by giving the other away, and that the only thing possible for either was to stand pat. No, they must hang together or assuredly hang separately. Then the door opened and a tall officer entered, followed by a very nervous Mr. Joey Simpkins.

"Come up here!" directed the judge. "You are Mr. Hogan's assistant, are you not?"

"Yes, sir!" quavered the anxious Simpkins.

"How much money have you taken from Mrs Mathusek?"

"Four hundred and thirty-five dollars."

"For what?" sharply.

"For protecting her son."

"Where? How?"

"Why—from his arrest to the present time—and for his defense here in General Sessions."

"Have either you or Mr. Hogan done anything as yet—except to waive examination in the police court?"

Mr. Simpkins turned hastily to Mr. Hogan, who realized that things were going badly.

"Your Honor," he interposed thickly, "this money was an agreed fee for my services as counsel. This examination seems to me somewhat uncalled for and unfair."

"Call Tony Mathusek to the bar!" suddenly ordered the judge.

It was a dangerous play, but Hogan decided to bluff it through.

"In view of the fact that I have not received my fee I shall refuse to appear for the defendant!" he announced brazenly.

"Indeed!" retorted the judge with sarcasm. "Then I will assign Mr. Ephraim Tutt to the defense. You two gentlemen will please sit down—but not leave the courtroom. We may need you."

At that moment, just as the defendant was led to the bar, Mr. Tutt emerged from behind the jury box and took his stand at Tony's side. Nothing much to look at before, the boy was less so now, with the prison pallor on his sunken little face.

There was something about the thin neck, the half-open mouth and the gaunt, blinking, hollow eyes that suggested those of a helpless fledgling.

"Impanel a jury!" continued the judge, and Mr. Tutt conducted Tony inside the rail and sat down beside him at the table reserved for the defendant.

"It's all right, Tony!" he whispered. "The frame-up isn't on you this time, my lad."

Cowering in the back of the room Delany tried to hide himself among the spectators. Some devilish thing had gone wrong. He hadn't heard all that had passed between the judge and Hogan, but he had caught enough to perceive that the whole case had gone blooey.

Judge Watkins was wise! He was going after Hogan just as old Tutt would go after him, Delany. There was a singing in his head and the blood smarted in his eyes. He'd better beat it! Half bent over he started sneaking for the door.

"Who is that man trying to go out?" shouted the judge in terrifying tones that shook Delany to the ankles. Hastily he tried to sit down.

"Bring that man to the bar!"

Half blind with fear Delany attempted to make a show of bravado and swagger to the rail.

"What is your name?"

"Delany. Officer attached to the Second Precinct."

"What were you leaving the room for?"

Delany could not answer. His wits were befogged, his throat numb. He simply stared vacuously at Judge Watkins, his lips vibrating with fear.

"Sit down. No; take the stand!" cried Judge Watkins. "I'll try this case myself."

As if his foot were already attached to a ball and chain Delany dragged himself

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up—up—hundreds of feet up, it seemed—to the witness chair. As if from a mountain side he saw dim forms moving into the jury box, heard the judge and Mr. Tutt exchanging meaningless remarks. The faces before him grinned and gibbered at him like a horde of monkeys. They had got him at last—all for a few pieces of rotten beef! That lean, hungry wolfhound would tear his tongue out by the roots if he even opened his mouth; claw wide open his vitals. And old Tutt was fixing him with the eye of a basilisk and slowly turning him to stone. Somebody sure had welshed! He had once been in a side show at Coney Island where the room simulated the motion of an ocean steamer. The courtroom began to do the same—slanting this way and that and spinning obliquely round and round. Through the swirl of its gyrations he could see old Tutt's vulture eyes, growing bigger, fiercer, more sinister every instant. It was all up with him! It was an execution, and the crowd down below were thirsting for his blood, waiting to tear him to bits!

"You saw this boy throw a brick through Mr. Froelich's window, didn't you?" coaxed Judge Watkins insinuatingly. Delany sensed that the old white fox was trying to trick him—get him for perjury. No! He wouldn't perjure himself again! No! But what could he do? His head swung stupidly, swaying like a dazed bull's. The sweat poured from every pore in his vast bulk. A hoarse noise—like a death rattle—came from his throat. The room dissolved in waves of white and black. Then in a vertigo he toppled forward and pitched headlong to the floor.

Deacon Terry, star reporter for the Tribune, who happened to be there, told his city editor at noon that he had never passed such a pleasant morning. What he saw and heard really constituted, he alleged, a great big full front-page story in a box—though it got only four sticks on the eleventh page—being crowded out by the armistice. Why, he said, it was the damnedest thing ever! There had been no evidence against the defendant at all! And after the cop had collapsed Judge Watkins had refused to dismiss the case and directed Mr. Tutt to go on in his own way.

The proceeding had resolved itself into a criminal trial of Hogan and Simpkins. Tony's good character had been established in three minutes, and then half a dozen reputable witnesses had testified that the brick had been thrown by an entirely different boy. Finally, Sussman and his assistant both swore positively that Delany had been in the back of the tobacco shop with his back to the door, holding them up for cigars, when the crash came.

Terry wanted two columns; he almost cried when they cut his great big full-page story to:

SHYSTERS ACCUSED OF EXTORTION

A dramatic scene was enacted at the conclusion of a minor case in Part I of the General Sessions yesterday, when upon the motion of Ephraim Tutt, of the firm of Tutt & Tutt, Judge Simeon Watkins, sitting as a committing magistrate, held for the action of the grand jury Raphael B. Hogan and Joseph P. Simpkins, his assistant, for the crime of extortion, and directed that their case be referred to the Grievance Committee of the County Lawyers' Association for the necessary action for their disbarment.

Earlier in the trial a police officer named Delany, the supposed chief witness for the prosecution, fainted and fell from the witness chair. Upon his recovery he was then and there committed for perjury, in default of ten thousand dollars bail. It is understood that he has signified his willingness to turn state's evidence, but that his offer has not been accepted. So far as can be ascertained this is the first time either Hogan or Simpkins has been accused of a criminal offense. District Attorney Peckham stated that in addition to separate indictments for extortion and perjury he would ask for another, charging all three defendants with the crime of conspiracy to obstruct the due administration of the law.

At the conclusion of the proceedings Judge Watkins permitted a voluntary collection to be taken up by Mr. Tutt on behalf of the accused among the jury, the court attendants and the spectators, which amounted to eleven hundred and eighty-nine dollars. In this connection the judge expressed the opinion that it was unfortunate that persons falsely accused of crime and unjustly imprisoned should have no financial redress other than by a special act of the legislature. The defendant in the case at bar had been locked up for six weeks. Among the contributions was found a new one-thousand-dollar bill.

"Talk about crime!" quoth the Deacon savagely to Charlie Still, of the Sun. "That feckless fool at the city desk committed assault, mayhem and murder on that story of mine!" Then he added pensively: "If I thought old man Tutt would slip me a thousand to soothe my injured feelings I'd go down and retain his firm myself!"

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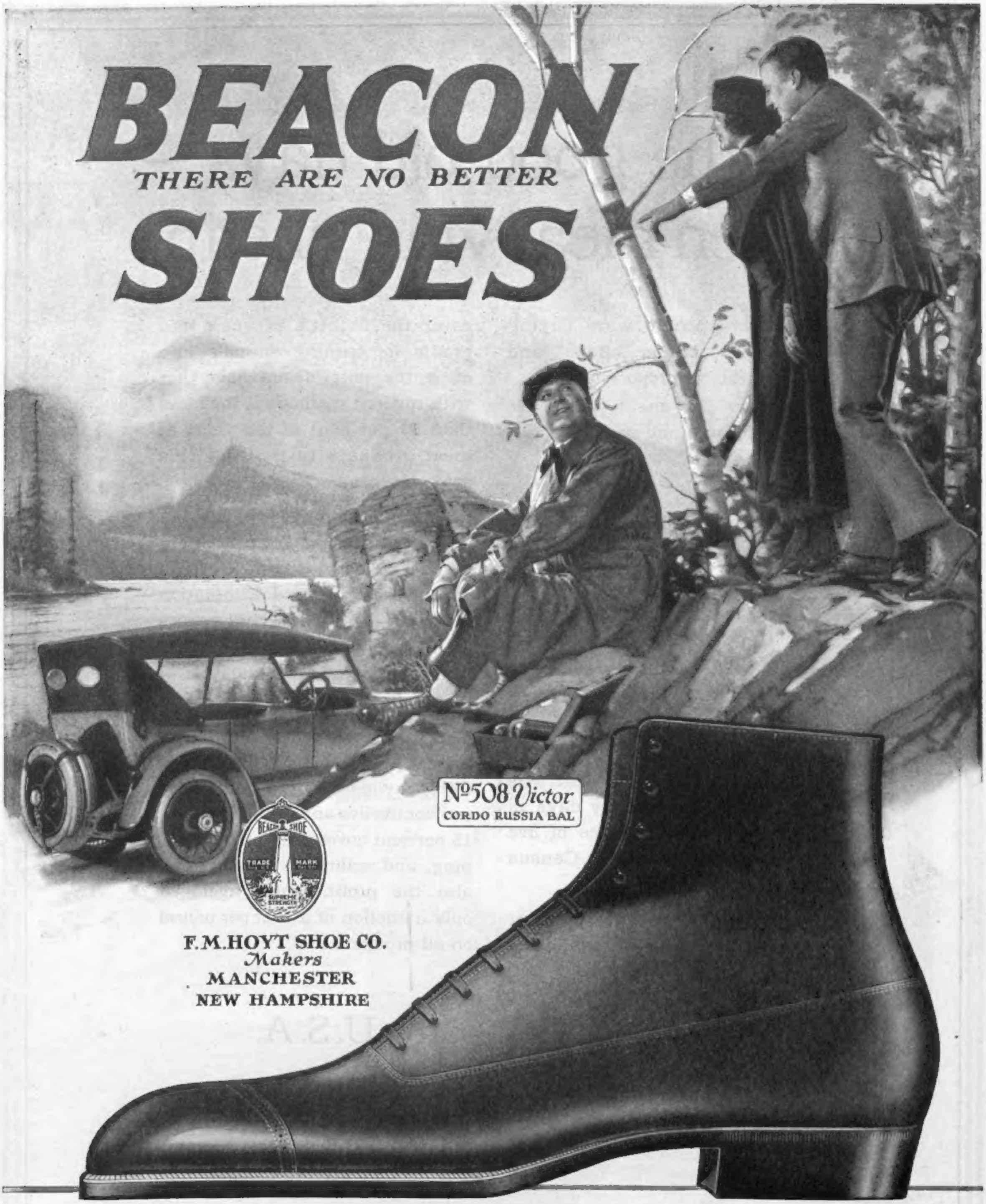

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As a matter of fact, meat was *not* cheap in the early days as compared with the price of live stock. See what U. S. Census figures show:

In 1870 it took nearly 19 per cent of the value of meat products to cover the packer's expenses and profits for turning animals into meat; the latest Census shows that with modern methods it took less than 13 per cent of the value of meat products to perform this same service.

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Out of all receipts from the sale of animal products last year, Swift & Company paid out over 85 per cent for the live animals. The other 15 per cent covered all plant, shipping, and selling expenses—and also the profit, which averaged only a fraction of a cent per pound on all products sold.

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